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3 pounds, 25c

Veal Stew
Pound, 10c

Pork Loin Chops
25c pound

GS GAZETTE: SATURI

Three McLennan Boys in Service

Battery C. McLennon, when the war came, enlisted in Colorado Springs' own unit and went overseas. He faced the hell of war in Belleau Wood; he fought with the rest of his comrades at St. Mihiel and Chateau Thierry. And then when the war was over he came home, broken in health—the victim of insidious tuberculosis contracted in the exposure and hard life of the trenches.

McLennon didn't give up. He applied to Uncle Sam for training and rehabilitation. His case was investigated and he got it. He wanted to be a dental technician, and Uncle Sam's experts declared [illegible] fine type of work for him [illegible]

So he went to [illegible]

HISTORY OF

Battery "C"

148th Field Artillery

American Expeditionary Forces

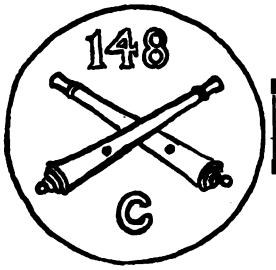
Written in Germany by

PAUL M. DAVIS *and* HUBERT K. CLAY

Drawings by

JOHN F. HUBACEK *and* ALLEN W. HALE

MEMORIAL EDITION



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BY
PAUL M. DAVIS AND
HUBERT K. CLAY

OUT WEST
COLORADO SPRINGS

DEDICATION

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

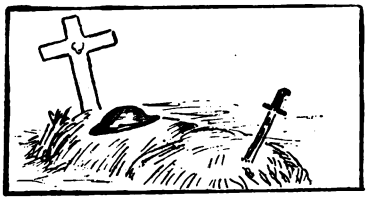
To Mother:

WHOSE LOYALTY; WHOSE SACRIFICE;
WHOSE PURE, NOBLE PATRIOTISM,
SINCERE PRAYERS AND FORTITUDE
MADE POSSIBLE THE VICTORIES
OF OUR ARMIES

WE RESPECTFULLY AND
FERVENTLY
DEDICATE THIS VOLUME

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

VICTORY



Killed in Action

They gave too much, far too much, for us to do
Them honor by our humble words and expressions.
Their gift was supreme, their sacrifice so noble
That only our Master can befittingly requite.

Gerald A. Malarkey
John L. Lahey
Angelos Poulos
William H. Warden

They gave for their country, and our country shall give them a place in the portals of its palace of heroes.

Died in Service

They fell not to the rifle ball and shrapnel.
Their living was good.
Their death was victorious.
They died to perpetuate an ideal.
That ideal lives—the ideal shall ever live.
The world is better for their undaunted sacrifice.

Ralph L. Davis
Charles A. Lucus
Omer O. Akin
Conrad A. Jensen

Their devotion to their country, their patriotism for her, has won for them undying glory and the gratitude of the American people.

Our Wounded

We do them honor. They are worthy of our sincerest praise. Their living blood they gave. They are patriots. The gashes in their bodies instilled in them a profound sense of duty and service that shall be everlasting.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Major Victor W. Hungerford

Rhynehardt E. McCaskill
Louis J. Schnell
Frank L. Estes
Carl H. Groth
Hubert K. Clay
Jesse Pierce
William B. Stanley
Dante Martinelli
Joseph D. Condon
Joseph H. McCuan
Eric A. Johnson, Jr.
Irvin B. Birdabove
Guy W. Hansen

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

They will carry those marks through life. Those marks are honorable, untarnishable. They reflect all that is worthy in man.

Cited in Action

It was for distinguished conduct, for courage under fire, that these men of Battery "C" were awarded each a silver star to wear upon his campaign badge as a personal citation from General Pershing, in recognition of their valorous conduct.

First Lieutenant **Roy F. Turner**
First Sergeant **Eric A. Johnson**
Sergeant **Fred O. Brown**
Sergeant **Everett C. McAninch**
Sergeant **Neal J. Hawkins**
Sergeant **Arthur N. Roberts**
Corporal **Thomas Graning**
Corporal **John Bankerio**
Wagoner **John Loberg**
Private **Ira H. Peterson**

★★★

What they did was for the honor of our country; what they received was a badge of merit graciously bestowed upon them by a Great Republic.

OUR APOLOGY

Before leaving America, a Harvard Professor, in wishing us Bon Voyage, fervently expressed a willingness to accompany us across the waters to defeat the Hun. "The most pleasant and worth-while adventure in life is that in which you face death with your comrades," said he.

Little thought was paid to that particular remark until we had the Huns safely upon their knees. Now that the war is over and we have endured the necessary hardships and faced death without hesitation, we feel bound together as only men of our calibre and experience can be bound.

In the years to come we contemplate recalling our various larks and adventures with pride and satisfaction. To enable us to remember more easily and recall more vividly, we must fall back upon something more reliable than our poor memories.

We hope to describe in this work, without any mental reservation whatsoever, our hardships and our good times. We hope to honestly register conditions, not as might be depicted by a biased and disinterested outsider, but conditions as they actually existed.

We sincerely trust that in perusing this book that our comrades and the folks at home will be elated with its accuracy, be pleased with its frankness and delighted with its valuable contents as a souvenir of the Great World War.

The authors are indebted to the officers and men of Battery "C" for their co-operation and assistance in making this work a success.

Waldorf, Germany.
December 9, 1918
Corporal Hubert K. Clay.
Private Paul M. Davis

MAJOR VICTOR W. HUNGERFORD
Father of Battery "C."

IN MEMORY OF THE PALS WE LEAVE BEHIND

We're soldiers here on a foreign soil,
  We've fought a gallant fight.
Lives there a man who can recall
  We were not in the right?
One moment lest we forget,
  The sacrifice supreme.
Once comrades too, with death they met,
  To realize a dream.

A dream I said, but not a dream
 Of power iron-heeled.
Their blood they gave, a living stream
  Democracy to shield.
It's up to us and all the rest
  To take the final chance.
They did enough, they did their best,
  They're buried here in France.

CAPTAIN DORAN

Who commanded Battery "C" in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne Offensives.

CAPTAIN O'DONNELL

Who at one time commanded Battery "C."

OUR RECORD

Battery "C" was organized in May, 1916. Several Colorado Springs business men, urged by the National Security League, met and formed what is now Battery "C" 148th Field Artillery.

Victor W. Hungerford and Daniel W. Knowlton, prominent lawyers of Colorado Springs, were elected Captain and 1st Lieutenant respectively.

On June 19th the Battery was called to camp at the Rifle Range, near Golden, Colorado. Here nearly one-half of the men were discharged for physical reasons. The Battery was recruited to peace strength of 133 men and mustered into Federal Service on August 14th, 1916. Before being mustered into Federal Service the Battery elected William H. Schade 1st Lieutenant to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Lt. A. J. Lawton.

We received our three-inch equipment, also an officer and non-commissioned officers from the regular army to instruct us in its usage.

We left the Rifle Range for Deming, N. M., the latter part of September. The Battery spent a month in Deming and then hiked overland to El Paso, Texas, where we were assigned to the 5th Field Artillery under the direct command of Colonel Menoher, who is now a Major-General in France.

Battery "C" made an enviable record for efficiency during its stay at Ft. Bliss. Other batteries never outdid or outmaneuvered this organization.

The Battery was ordered to Ft. D. A. Russell, Wyoming, to be mustered out the 26th of February, 1917. The majority of the men returned to civil life about the 6th of March. From this time until the declaration of war by the United States, Battery "C" 1st Colorado Field Artillery, existed on paper only.

After war was declared with Germany, efforts were made to recruit the Battery to war strength. Practically all of the old men returned and several men from Colorado Springs, and the Cripple Creek District also joined up.

We went in camp at Overland Park, Denver, on July 13th with an approximate strength of 100 men. After two months of disciplinary drill we entrained for Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.

Our stay here was pleasant but very short. We were no more than comfortably located when orders came, sending us to Camp Mills and one degree nearer the firing line. Before leaving Camp Greene, Troop "C," Oregon Cavalry, was united with us and we became known as Battery "C," 148th Field Artillery, and were assigned to the 66th Field Artillery Brigade of the 41st Division.

At Camp Mills most of our drill was as infantrymen, but we also had several days of service firing with the three-inch pieces. We put in some severe and most trying days here during the latter part of November and

COL. BURKE H. SINCLAIR
Our Beloved Regimental Commander

the early part of December. While here we received an addition of about 60 men from California.

We welcomed an order taking us to Camp Merritt, at Cresskill, N. J. Here a scarlet fever epidemic broke out, putting sixty of our men in the hospital and the Battery in quarantine.

We sailed from New York aboard the S. S." Baltic" on the morning of the 23rd of January for Liverpool, England. We formed part of an American convoy at Halifax.

On the fifth of February we narrowly escaped being torpedoed and witnessed the sinking of the "Tuscania" which was directly to our rear.

We docked in Liverpool a day later and were hurried to Winchester for a rest. A brief stay here and we departed for Southampton and embarked on the cattle ship "Prince George," for France.

Arriving at Le Havre the next morning, we spent two days in a camp there and then entrained for Camp de Souge, not far from Bordeaux.

At Camp de Souge, where we learned that our regiment and the 146th Field Artillery of our brigade had been detached from the 41st Division and assigned to the 1st American Corps as Corps Artillery, we sent most of the Battery away to school to learn how to handle the tractors and trucks which we were to get.

Our guns and equipment were issued to us about the first of May, and on the eighth of that month we convoyed to Castillon to complete our training.

We left for the front on July the fourth, the one hundred-forty second anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

On the seventh of July we arrived on the front and fired our first shot of the war on the 10th.

We took up seven positions on the Chateau-Thierry front which were in the Grand Foret, near Fontenelle, near Fransauges, in the Rochet Woods, near Epieds, near Beuvardes and near Chery-Chartreuve.

After leaving the Chateau-Thierry front we went to the St. Mihiel Salient, where we occupied three positions which were near Mouilly, near Minorville and at Limey.

From the St. Mihiel sector we took up positions in the Verdun sector which were at Germonville and Esnes.

Our next front was east of the Argonne woods where we fired from Nantillois and Aincreville. Our last position was near Lion-devant-Dun where we were ready to open fire when the signing of the Armistice ceased all operations.

We were placed in the Army of Occupation and left for the rear to be re-equipped.

On December second we left for Coblenz via Luxembourg. We spent thirty days enroute arriving at Höhr, Germany on the thirtieth of December, where we were billeted among the German people to await orders to go back to the United States.

CAPTAIN FRANK C. MERRIELL
In command of "C" Battery for the four months previous to its demobilization.

THE 148th FIELD ARTILLERY

The 148th Regiment of Field Artillery was organized at Camp Green N. C., in September, 1917, and originally comprised Companies "A, "B," "C" and "D," the Headquarters Company and the Supply Compan of the 2nd Wyoming National Guard Infantry Regiment, under the com mand of Colonel Joseph W. Cavender, of Wyoming. Its organizatio was completed the following month by the transfer to it of Batteries "A,' "B" and "C" of the Colorado National Guard, composing the 1st Separat Battalion of Colorado Field Artillery, and Troops "A," "B," "C" and "D' of the Oregon National Guard, formerly the 1st Separate Squadron o Oregon Cavalry.

The final disposition of these organizations was as follows: A portion of Troop "A," Oregon Cavalry and Headquarters Company, Wyoming Infantry, formed the Headquarters Company. The balance of Troop "A," Oregon Cavalry and the Supply Company, Wyoming Infantry, formed the Supply Company. Battery "A," Colorado Field Artillery, became Battery "A." Battery "B," Colorado Field Artillery, became Battery "B." Battery "C," Colorado Field Artillery and Troop "C," Oregon Cavalry, became Battery "C." Company "A," Wyoming Infantry and Troop "D," Oregon Cavalry, became Battery "D." Company "D," Wyoming Infantry, became Battery "E," and Company "C," Wyoming Infantry, became Battery "F." Company "B," Wyoming Infantry, and Troop "B," Oregon Cavalry, were divided between Batteries "D," "E" and "F." The Regiment trained at Camp Greene until late in October. From there it moved to Camp Mills, L. I., N. Y., where it remained until December 14th, on which day it changed station for Camp Merritt, N. J., where it was held until its movement overseas.

Leaving Camp Merritt on the 22nd of January, 1918, the following day we sailed from New York for Liverpool, the entire regiment embarked on the S. S. "Baltic." On February 6th we disembarked at Liverpool and moved by rail to Winnall Down Camp, near Winchester, England. Two days later the regiment embarked at Southampton for France. Arriving in France we loaded on trains and traveled two days to Camp de Souge where we began our preliminary training for service on the front. We were issued our guns and felt a keen pride in them, for they were the latest design in Artillery.

On July 4th, 1918, we entrained at Libourne, France, for the Chateau-Thierry front. We went into position July 7th and opened up July 10th. From the time we arrived on the front our regiment figured in every offensive of the American Army until November 11th, when the Armistice ceased all hostilities.

The only Armory that we ever knew—Temple Theatre, Colorado Springs.

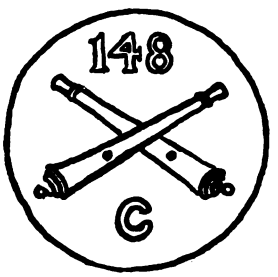
We were quite comfortable in this old garage at Camp Baldwin.

We were never relieved and are proud to say that our regiment w one of the very few that served without a rest from the time the Hu threatened Chateau-Thierry until the Allies drove them to their kne on November 11th.

We left France with the Army of Occupation and after one month traveling we arrived at the City of Höhr, Germany, on December 30t Höhr is about 18 kilometers from Coblenz, on the east side of the Rhin From Höhr we expect to leave direct for the United States.

ARTILLERY SONG

Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail
And the caissons go rolling along.
Up and down, in and out, counter march and left about
As the caissons go rolling along.
Then it's Hi, Hi, He,
For the Field Artillery,
Sing out your numbers loud and strong.
For where'er you go, you will always know,
That those caissons go rolling along.



1st LIEUT. JOHN W. McDONALD
With Battery "C" in Germany

MAJOR HUNGERFORD
At Camp Greene

CAPT. SCHADE AND LIEUT. GOWDY
Formerly with Battery "C."

2nd LIEUT. WILLIAM P. CHOATE
A former Sergt., now a Lieut. in Battery "C."

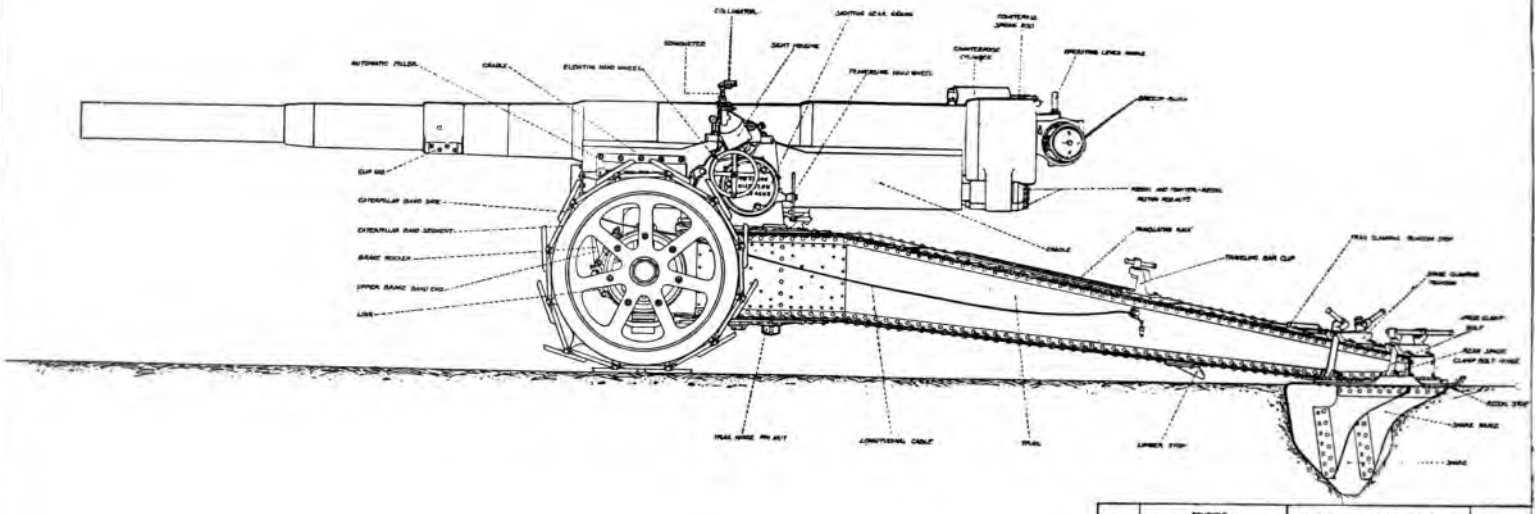
OUR LIEUTENANTS

Much of the credit for the efficiency of the Battery is due to its Lieutenants. Our officers have been indispensable and are absolutely necessary for the harmonious and effective operation of the Battery. We have been extremely fortunate in having, during our career, a set of officers that in every respect upheld the honor of the American Army and worked with zeal and energy to better the efficiency and morale of Battery "C." The present standing and reputation of Battery "C" reflects the unstinted efforts of these officers:

1ST LIEUT. JOSEPH B. BLACKBURN
1ST LIEUT. JOHN W. MCDONALD
1ST LIEUT. ROY F. TURNER
1ST LIEUT. WILLIAM R. MCALLASTER
2ND LIEUT. WARREN D. LEARY

PLATE I

PLATE I.



THE 155mm. FILLOUX GUN

There is not the slightest doubt but that every man in the 148th will be proud to say that his regiment handled the G. P. F's. during the war with Germany. We think this gun to be the best in the world. The Yanks made it famous. The French, who invented it, did not think it at all an exception. The Americans were very enthusiastic about it and accomplished results the French thought impossible with such a gun.

The G. P. F., as we term it, is a rifle of 155 millimeter bore, or about six inches in our measurements. The length of the barrel is 19 feet, 5 inches. The length of the entire piece in traveling position is 28 feet, 6 inches. The piece can be fired with a full charge from 0 to 35 degrees elevation, and possesses a horizontal field of fire of 60 degrees. The maximum range reached with the steel shell is about 16 kilometers (10 miles). The shell travels at a speed of 2700 feet per second; an unbelievable velocity for a shell of this calibre, weighing 96 pounds, to pass through the air. The gun cradle which constitutes the oscillating mass, rests on the top carriage by means of the cradle trunnions. The top carriage is supported by the chassis, on which it turns when the gun is laid for direction. The chassis, on which is mounted the barrel, forms a platform, carried by the gun axle and by two trails. The gun is provided with rubber tired wheels, constructed to receive caterpillar bands. When in firing position the trails are opened and anchored in the ground by means of spades. The weight of the chassis rests directly on the gun axle at a single point only, through the agency of the pivot pin; this arrangement permits the axle to follow irregularities of the ground. When in traveling position the trails are closed, locked together, and secured on the limber. The limber is merely a carriage on which rest the rear ends of the trails and is supplied with rubber tired wheels, and is steered in a similar manner to an automobile. The limber wheels are the same as those of the gun proper. They are intended to receive caterpillar bands if the nature of the ground makes this necessary. The gun wheels are provided with brake drums. The total weight of the rifle in road position, without trail spades or caterpillar bands, is 25,740 pounds, or a trifle more than 12 tons.

The gun is classed as heavy artillery, but being perfectly balanced and mounted on rubber tired wheels, it can be moved about with considerable rapidity. It is pulled by high powered Renault or Holt Caterpillar tractors.

When we received our equipment we could make fifteen miles an hour on a level stretch. This was one of the factors that contributed to our great successes while operating about Chateau-Thierry.

In beauty the gun has no comparison. A long, graceful barrel; rigidly constructed and attractively designed trails; neat and strong iron wheels with rubber tires; has a very low road clearance and impresses one as a powerful, destructive greyhound.

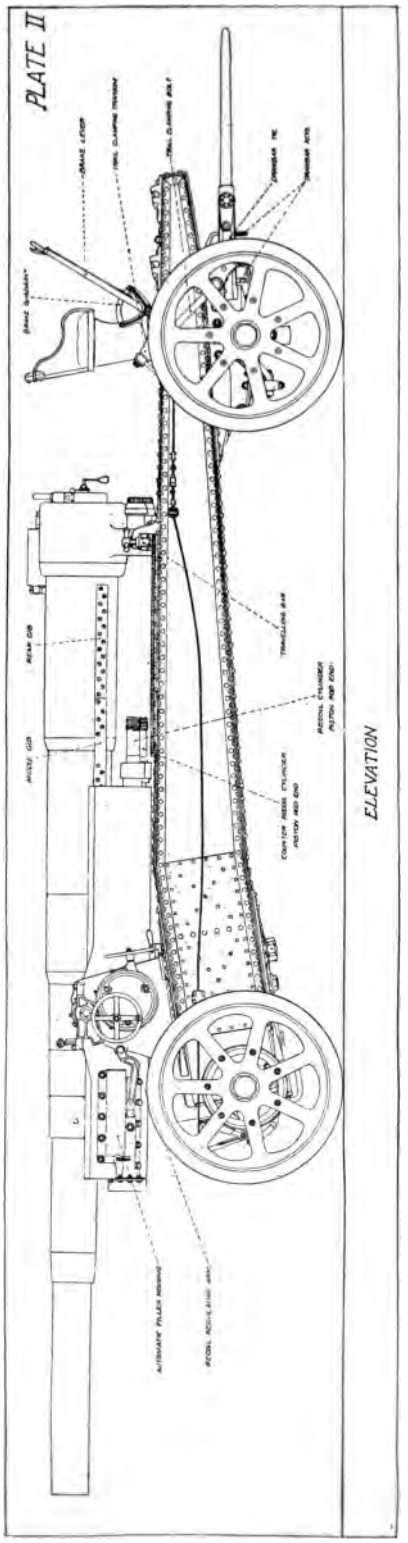


PLATE II
ELEVATION

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

February 13, 1919.

FROM: Commander-in-Chief.

TO: Commanding General, 66th F. A. Brigade.

SUBJECT: Commendation of the 66th F. A. Brigade.

1. It is with pleasure that I send you this letter of commendation upon the excellent service rendered by the 66th F. A. Brigade during the war with Germany.

2. This Brigade was always to be depended upon when in the region of the Marne and Aisne Rivers. In the St. Mihiel battle and Meuse-Argonne Offensive, it supported our gallant infantry in many a pitched battle.

3. This duty so well performed will always be a source of pride to each and every member of the Brigade.

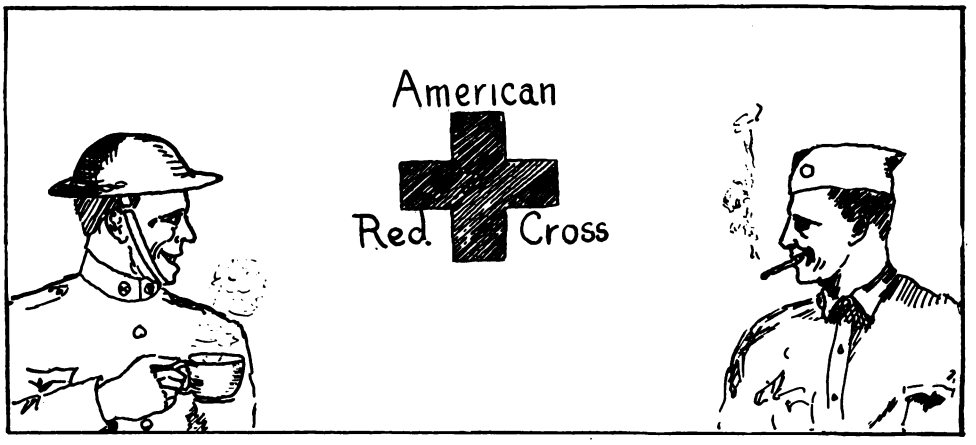
JOHN J. PERSHING,
General, U. S. Army.

A true copy:

J. H. WALLACE,
Major Field Artillery, Adjutant.

Copy to Corp. Hubert K. Clay, Battery C, 148th Field Artillery.

The above recommendation was written by General Pershing, solely for publication in the "History of Battery C."



American Red Cross

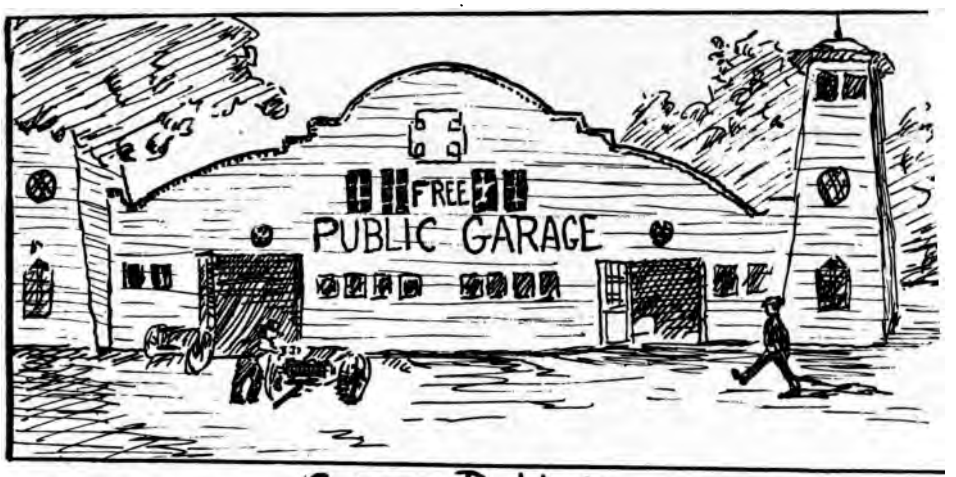
It is not necessary for us here in this book to reveal to its numerous readers the wonderful achievements and benevolent services rendered by the American Red Cross, for every civilized man knows of this organization and of its far-reaching, tender, and motherly protection. In every part of the earth, extending to the remotest corners, the Red Cross has become known as an institution that is without parallel in the history of the world. It is reputed as the "Greatest Mother in the World," and we, who have served on the Western Front, offer no substitute for that perfectly appropriate title.

We are more familiar with its work on the battle fields of France than of its work in any other part of the earth. It is for services rendered on the firing line that we are judging this institution. Ever since we left our home shores, our sphere of knowledge and life has been bound by the "Loving Bands of Mercy" in which this organization has held us.

The praise we have to give cannot be given by the pen. It is a praise that comes from the heart and the innermost parts; it is held there and is not revealed by word of mouth.

The soldier's appreciation of the Red Cross comes from his most noble character, and is expressed by his deeds, which reflect his gratitude for the "Divine Mercy" which he has received.

The American Red Cross is a "Statue of Mercy:" It will long endure; it shall stretch its "Motherly Arms" and hold the entire world in a spirit of everlasting "Brotherly Love."



Camp Baldwin

DAYS AT CAMP BALDWIN

Battery "C," a mere handful of men, entrained at Colorado Springs for Camp Baldwin, Denver, Colorado, on Friday the thirteenth day of July, 1917. About five months previously the Battery had returned to Colorado Springs from service on the Mexican Border, where they proved themselves to be an organization that could be depended upon for results, no matter how hard the task. We arrived the same day, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. We were welcomed into camp by "A" and "B" Batteries who had been there for some days. Our quarters consisted of a large garage which accommodated the whole battalion. We were known as the 1st Sept. Battalion, Colorado Field Artillery.

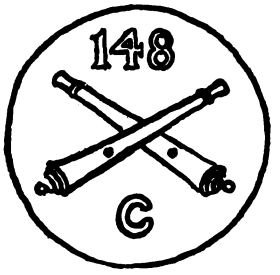
After getting accustomed to our surroundings we started in to drill from the very beginning and learned the school of the soldier. We had neither our artillery nor our rifles. Our drill was infantry drill and general instructions necessary for a recruit. We had no uniforms and did not get them for some weeks. All of our drills and hikes were in our civilian clothes and shoes. There were several enjoyable hikes that we took. Probably the most enjoyable one, and the one that we will least forget, was the three-day hike to Starbuck Park, which is situated in a beautiful canon among the hills about Mt. Morrison.

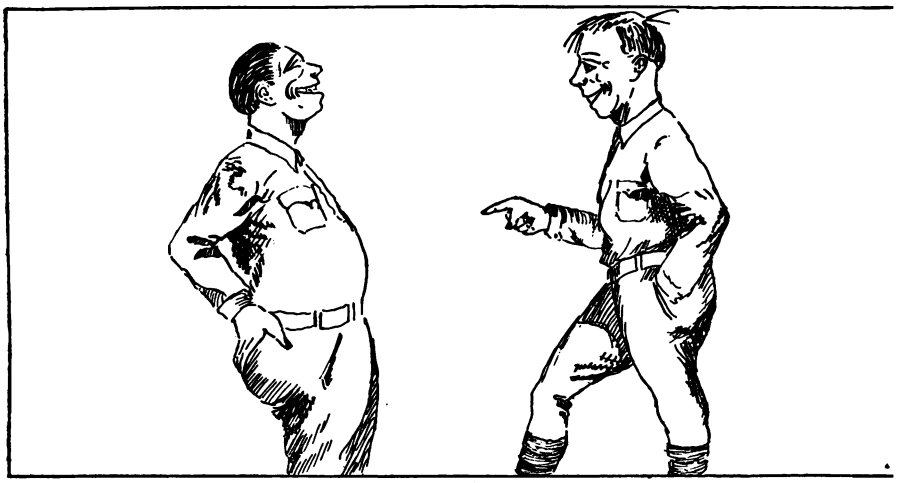
We all lived near the hills and were always among them, so our mountain hikes were no more than reminiscences of our civilian days.

Denver was only two miles and passes were given to most of the men on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays. Furloughs for Saturday and Sunday were given to members whose homes were in Colorado Springs.

We never failed to have a good time in Denver, for she's a gay old city and can show anyone a good time.

We will remember Camp Baldwin as the place where we spent our Rookie days and shared the joys and disappointments of a Rookie's life. On the whole our days were filled with pleasure. The army life was a new game and we were fresh and enthusiastic. It was in the good old summertime and the whole atmosphere was one of pleasure and excitement. It never dawned upon us that we were indulging in a serious occupation. We were on a big vacation and acted as such.





The peddlers with nuts and chocolate?

McAninch and Harris in conversation "a la Chinois?"

Your visits on the sly to the canteens?

Decker as a laundry agent?

The Chinese Latrines?

The finger prints upon the walls?

The rotten egging of the Chinks?

Bob and his Vin Blanc?

All the hot cakes Otto fed us?

The Auto School gang?

How the non-coms planned a dinner in Bordeaux?

Rumors of the front?

The French fleas?

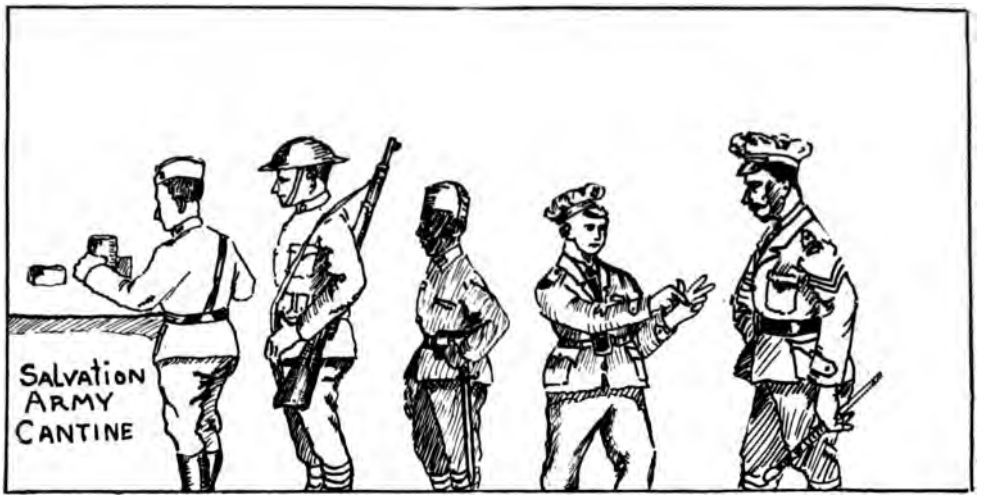
Whit, Small and Joseph exploring the wilds of Bordeaux?

Why the sand was at De Souge?

Otto, Pennewill and Pierce in the guard-house at Bordeaux.

The Cafe straight down the road?

Schnell and his Provost guard?



Salvation Army

It was on the St. Mihiel front, twenty-four hours before the drive opened, that "C" Battery was laboring and cursing furiously in order to get their guns in action for the opening of the big offensive. The men were weary from forced marches and the rain and muck made the roads almost impassable. For thirty-six hours they had been slowly but surely maneuvering their guns over the treacherous roads, and finally had got them camouflaged in a woods near by the gun positions. The men were "all in," the weather was nasty, the meals had been scarce and scanty.— It was in this predicament that the Salvation Army became endeared to "C" Battery. And a real salvation it was. In those same woods, only a few kilometers from the front line, there was a hut bearing the symbol of the Salvation Army. Two young women were in charge of the haven. They were young and spirited. They had a dug-out at the rear of the hut which they were forced to occupy several times. Quite often a "Big Boy" would find its way into those woods and the bombing planes were ever searching them out. The girls stayed. They told us "we are as safe as you are; why should we leave because a drive is about to be opened?"

The day before we went into position these girls were making doughnuts for "C" Battery. They gave each man in the outfit four doughnuts, the first we had had since leaving America; nine months. They were good, they were delicious, they converted the morale of the outfit into happy and sunny dispositions. The men forgot their troubles. The mud and rain no more had disastrous effects on our accomplishments. We asked the price of the doughnuts. They set no price; the doughnuts

were free. This surprised the men, it amazed them. Doughi luscious doughnuts, the kind mother makes, on the front, and all nothing. They refused all of our most willing offerings.

We pulled out that night, but before we left, a large sum of m was enclosed in a packet bearing a brief note begging acceptance, sent by courier to the Salvation Army hut.

WE HAD 'EM TOO

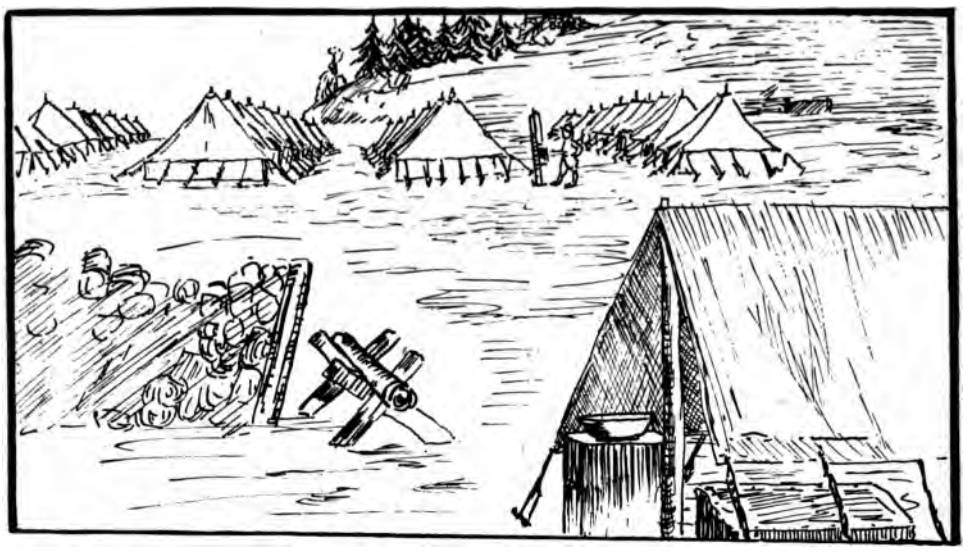
Dear Dad, he wrote, I'm here in France
And skating with every Yank advance,
We're driving back the filthy Huns,
The Heinies now are on the run;
And I am well and strong tonight,
Except for little things that bite.

Do you recall those happy days
We sat before the log fire's blaze
Within our little parlor, snug,
With Shep asleep upon the rug,
And heard the clock tick on the shelf,
Except when Shep would scratch himself?

And there were times with sudden zip
He'd bite himself upon the hip,
Then turn his head in manner queer
To scratch himself behind the ear;
Then, like the whirling of a gale,
Get up and madly chase his tail.

Well, dad, I do not want to brag,
But since in France I've served the Flag,
I'll say in running down a flea
Shep never had a thing on me;
In fact I think I've learned to do
Some twists our old dog never knew.

We used to scold and put him out,
We would not let him stay about
When he began to thump the floor;
But, oh, when I get home once more
I'll let Shep scratch the evening through,
Because, you see, I've had 'em too.



Clackamas

TROOP "C" AT CLACKAMAS

After two weeks' recruit drill in the streets around the Armory in Portland, the Oregon Squadron of Cavalry, on July 25, 1917, made its first move towards Germany. This move was for a distance of twelve miles, to Camp Whitycombe at Clackamas, Oregon.

Under the command of Captain Maguire, Troop "C" soon was at "home." As all of the men still wore their civilian clothes everyone was eager to don the khaki. Finally the O. D's arrived; not woolen as was expected, but cotton. It wasn't long then until we were all "real" soldiers. The first Saturday every man wanted a pass to go home to show what a "neat fitting" uniform he wore.

It was h re that we learned the fundamental rudiments of soldiering. The men also learned how to go over the top. But this top was not the top that is generally spoken of. It was the fence at the rear of the camp, just right for a good hurdle. Every evening after retreat the boys would "go over" in mass formation and soon would be saying "hello" to their best girl in Portland. This was fine sport and all enjoyed it as long as they could get away with it. One evening the Colonel spoiled the fun by ordering a check to be taken every evening. Needless to say that the absentees from this check were peeling spuds or scouring pots and pans the next day.

The drill was dismounted cavalry drill, Manual of Arms, Guard Duty and the essential things necessary for the performance of a soldier's duty. Naturally rumors soon started; first, we were to be made infantrymen, then artillerymen, and most everything imaginable. We were all anxious to go to Palo Alto, California, for there we would draw our horses and be real Cavalrymen. It had been rumored for some time that we were to go to Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., but nothing was certain until September 5, when orders were received and read to us telling of our fate. The Camp was in a state of turmoil, every man wanted a pass to go and say "goodbye." All had said that little ditty about a dozen times in the last few days. Also we had eaten several farewell dinners, so naturally all wanted to repeat this formality once more.

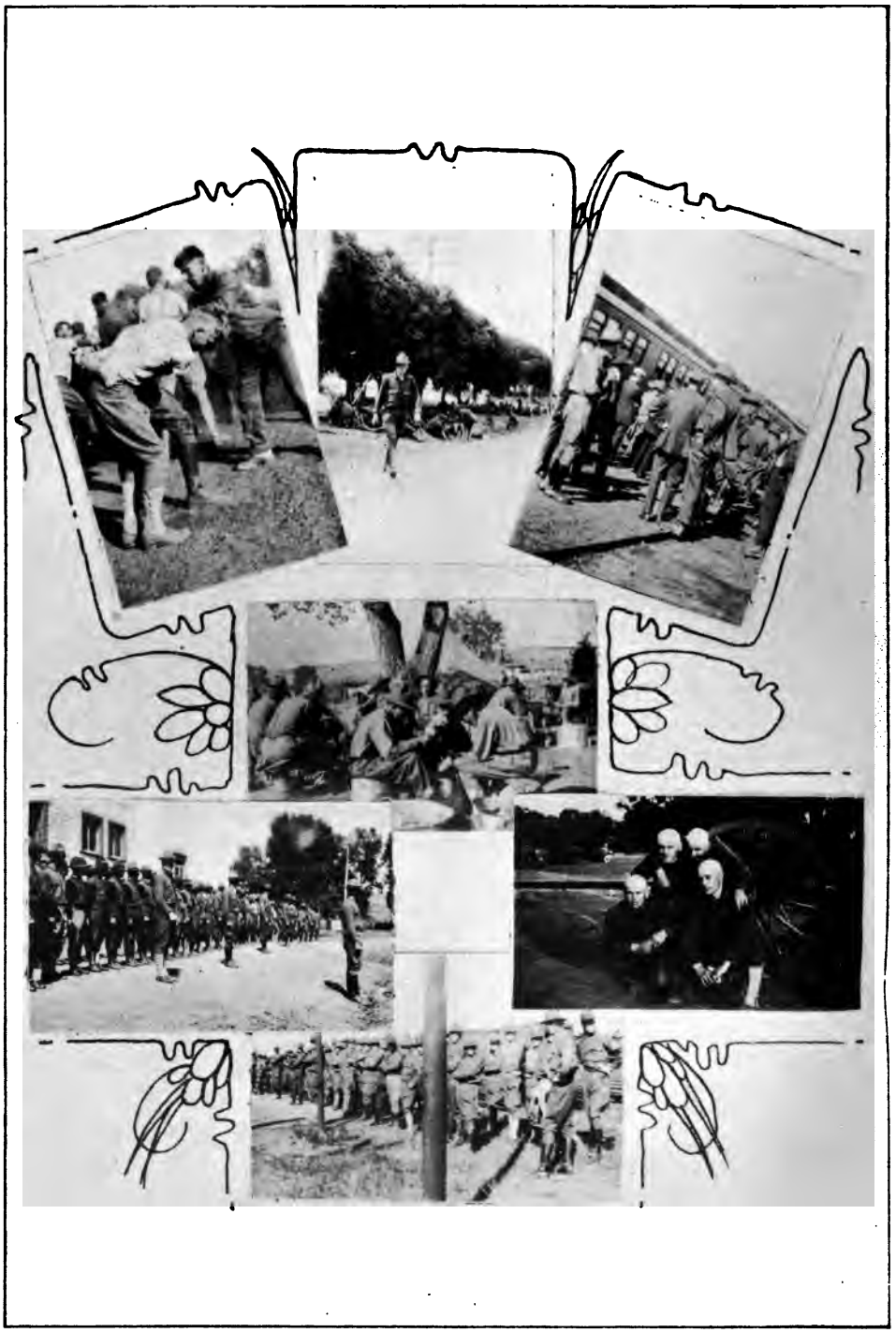
Bright and early on Friday morning, September 6, we packed our equipment and amid cheers and fond farewells left Clackamas on a fourteen car train headed for Camp Greene, North Carolina.

THE COURTSHIP OF A YANK

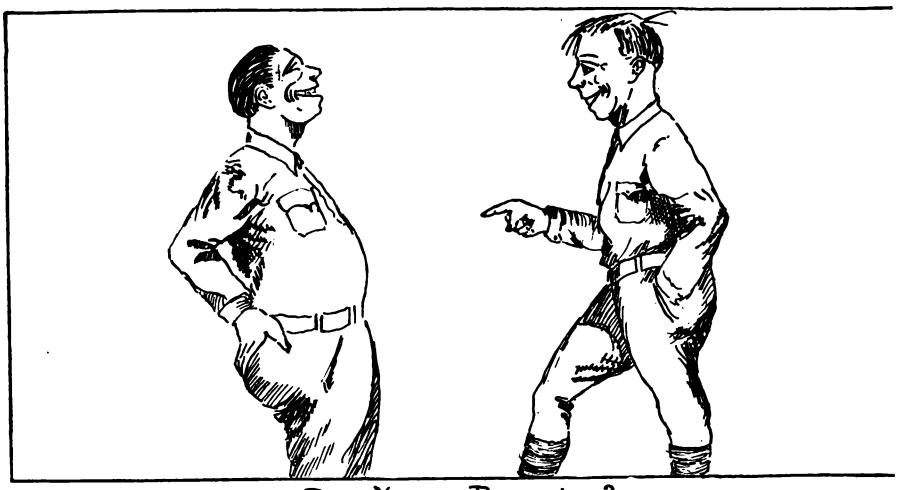
A soldier fat took off his hat
And bowed himself low down.
    Before him stood the womanhood,
    Of that small German town.
His head was bald, his voice it drawled
His teeth stuck out in front.
    And when he smiled he seemed a child.
    It made his face so blunt.

But women fair were standing there,
Not two or three, but four.
    It was his chance, he felt his pants,
    The sweat began to pour.
Then he began; like this it ran,
"Guten Abend, eins, zwei, drei,
    Ich will ein Frau—say, what's the row,
    Amerika dabei."

With lifted eyes, to their surprise,
He started with a curse.
    He saw the pin, to his chagrin;
    "American Red Cross Nurse."
A man came up—a soft Liccup—
The soldier scarce could gargle,
    "Say what's your name?" at last it came,
    "At home they call me Argall."



Scenes Around Camp Baldwin.



Tom Smith and Paul Davis attending the Chinese picture sh

The Observation Balloon?

Hutch and his party for the prisoners?

The main attraction in Bordeaux?

The Cafe at Martigny?

Scottie Baxter's sudden illness one night?

Skinny McGlinn running Fuchs out of the kitchen?

Miller's shadow boxing?

Forty inches Gowdy?

Capt. Hungerford's debut in a Dodge?

The Stag dances at the Y. M. C. A.?

The 75's blowing up?

The wine barges at Castillon?

The band concerts?

The circus?

The fire?

The free wine?

The River Rat?

THE Y. M. C. A.

We are all indebted to this organization for its helpful service and its forceful co-operation with the Allied Armies. It has built up a chain or system of recreation huts and canteens reaching all parts of the allied countries. It has provided rest and amusement for soldiers going to and coming from the front. On the front itself we of the 148th regiment are not qualified, nor would it be just, for us to judge the work of this organization on the front line. While our brigade was on the line, we participated in all of the offensives as either Army or Corps Artillery and consequently no "Y" has ever been assigned to our brigade.

Each Division has assigned to it a "Y" which belongs to it and operates only for it. Its supplies are assured by military transportation. Corps and Armies have no "Y" assigned to them and they are left to get along the best way they can. That was our predicament while on the front.

Having no "Y" of our own and endeavoring to buy from some Divisional "Y," we were always refused. The Divisional "Y's" are under orders to sell to no other than their own Division, and since we did not belong to any Division we were unable to purchase from the "Y's" on the front. It is not unusual. The government commissaries refused to sell to us because we were not attached to a Division. Many a time a "Y" or commissary operating in our region has declined to cater to us. It is hard to realize, but then, if every "Y" or commissary were allowed to sell to anyone, the Division to which they are attached would only partially be cared for.

In all the Camps we have been in, the "Y" has rendered excellent service. They have always provided recreation and amusement. At Camp De Souge we had a fine "Y" and there is not one of the fellows who didn't appreciate its presence.

Here in Höhr, our Brigade has as fine a "Y" as any outfit in the Arm of Occupation. Every night there is a program and all the arrangement are made by the Y. M. C. A. Hot chocolate and doughnuts are serve at all times, free of charge and all you want.

When the next war comes around we think it would be a good ide to provide each Army Corps with a representative Y. M. C. A., and alsc devise some means of providing the Army Troops with the amusements and refreshments that are necessary to the combat units.

OH! AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING

—when, after four hours in the rain and mud, you hear your relief coming up?

—when the shell you think is going to get you, breaks over your head?

—when the Buglers forget to blow reveille?

—when your girl writes that she still loves you?

—when, after the bombing plane passes over, it does not drop an orange?

—when you get a letter from home?

—when the Buglers blow pay-day?

—when our observer reports "target?"

—when, after several days of hard fighting, our doughboys advance?

—when cold and dreary, you discover a misplaced cigarette?

—when you hear "all clear?"

—when a couple of hundred Boche prisoners come marching by?

—when you dive for your dug-out and make a direct hit?

—when on convoy we pass through a town with lots of pretty girls in it?

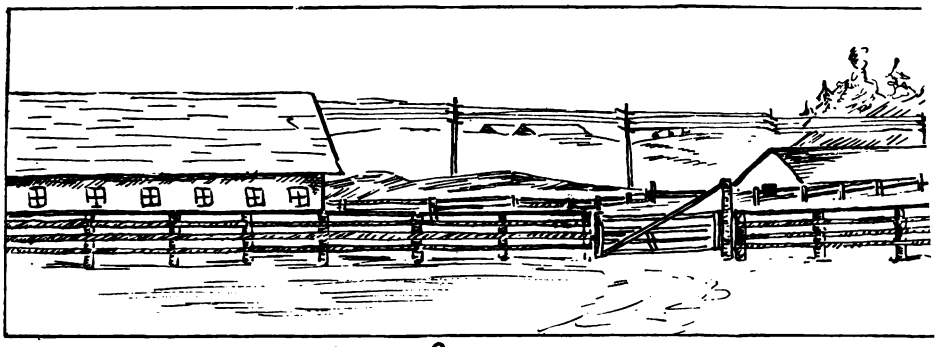
—when, after asking for water, you are refused and offered wine?

—to see a captured gun reversed and firing at the swine?

—when, after several hours of toil the gun is finally put on the road?

—to get a daily newspaper while on the front?

We endured hardships at Camp Mills unknown at Valley Forge. Court martials are still pending and investigations are still under way to fix the blame for this misconstructed camp.



Camp Greene

DAYS AT CAMP GREENE

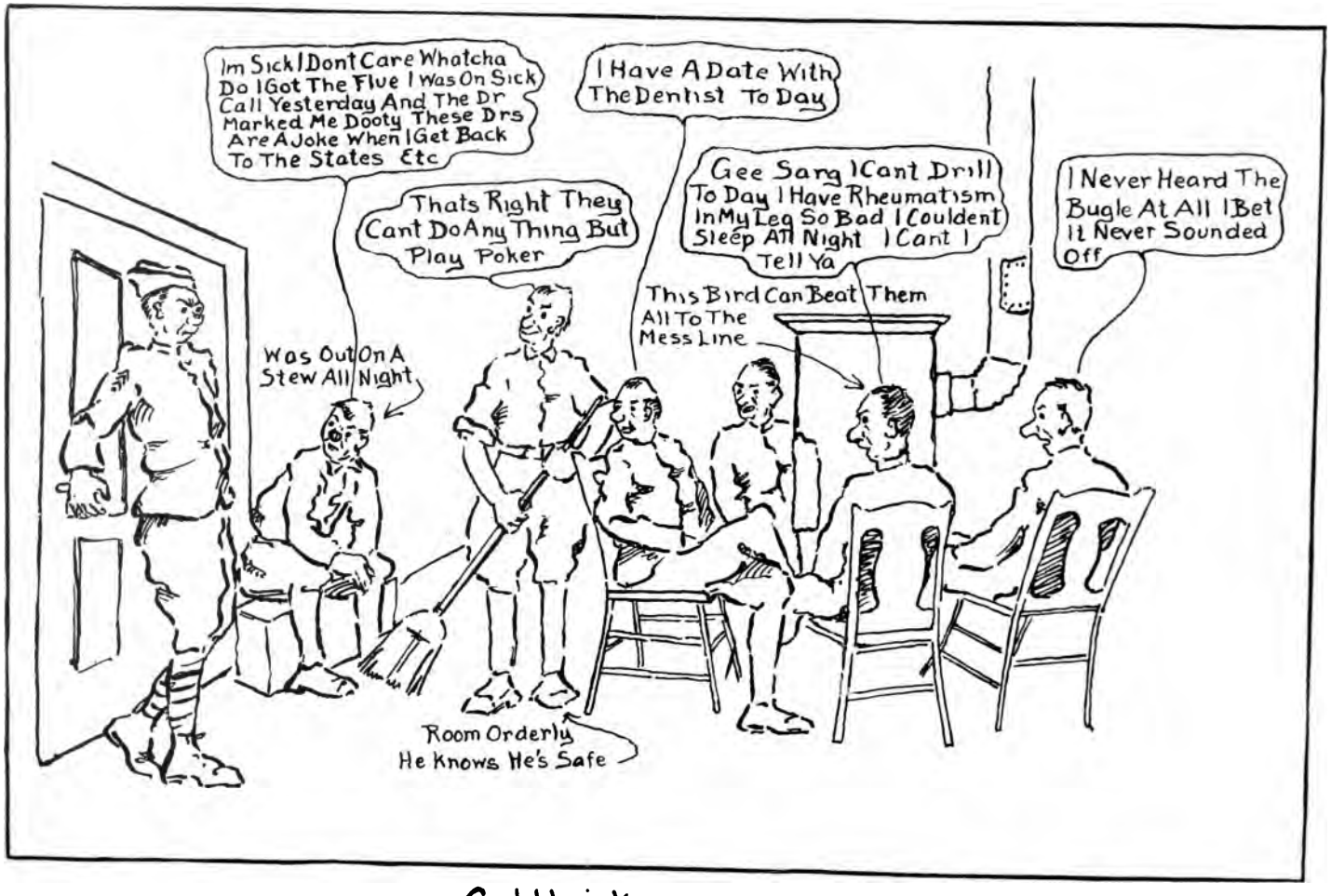
Battery "C" entrained at Camp Baldwin for Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., in the latter part of September, 1917. The trip which required about five days and nights was one which we will not soon forget. We enjoyed all the comforts a Pullman could give and in comparison with the box-cars in which we traveled in France they were "Palaces on Wheels."

Before leaving for Camp Greene we heard rumors that we were going to a very pleasant camp near a very beautiful city. On arriving at the camp we found it to be all that we expected.

The camp lies just outside the city of Charlotte and is composed of tent houses. The site of the camp is unsuitable for drill or parade grounds and its use is more for concentration purposes.

The climate there is comparatively mild. We spent three weeks there which were filled with pleasure, but little drill, and paying frequent visits to Charlotte. For the short time we were there we had a better time than at any other camp.

The people of Charlotte were very kind and friendly and saw that no soldier was without a friend or a place where he could enjoy a real home cooked meal. The girls were nor a bit bashful and if a fellow didn't get acquainted it was his own fault. At every church there were receptions, dances and entertainments for the men at the camp. The receptions were prepared by the younger set of Charlotte and were attended by the city's best. The southern girls were great. There is not one of them who does not portray the real old southern hospitality; they desire to be your friend and treat you as a prince.


Im Sick I Dont Care Whatcha Do I Got The Flue I Was On Sick Call Yesterday And The Dr Marked Me Dooty These Drs Are A Joke When I Get Back To The States Etc
I Have A Date With The Dentist To Day
Gee Sarg I Cant Drill To Day I Have Rheumatism In My Leg So Bad I Couldent Sleep All Night I Cant I Tell Ya
I Never Heard The Bugle At All I Bet It Never Sounded Off
Thats Right They Cant Do Any Thing But Play Poker
This Bird Can Beat Them All To The Mess Line
Was Out On A Stew All Night
Room Orderly He Knows He's Safe

Goldbricks

At camp, probably the one thing that impressed us the most were the niggers and the way they worked. Our mess hall floor was of dirt and one end being about three feet higher than the other, it was necessary to level it off. A gang of niggers were put on the job. The niggers formed themselves in two lines extending from one wall to the other. The first line was equipped with picks and the second, which was about five feet behind, with shovels.

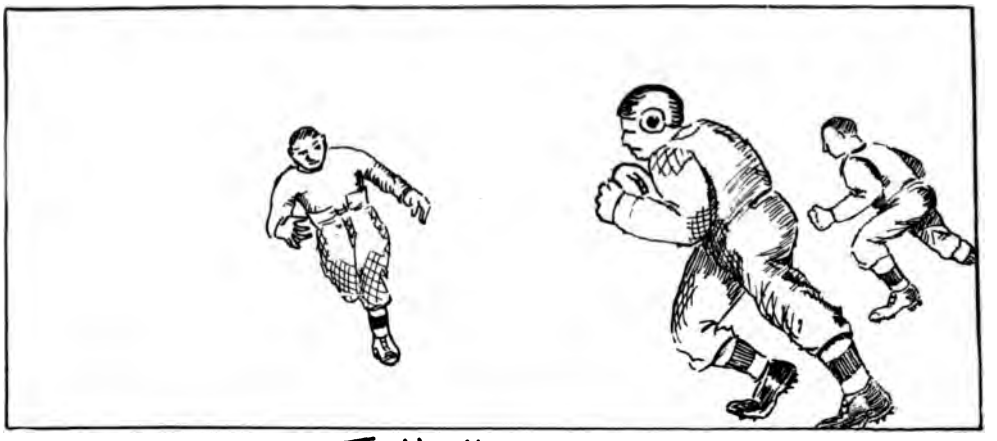
The niggers in the first row would start chanting some old song that was probably made up by a gang of such laborers. At a certain part every pick would come up and at another part every pick would come down. They came down as one, and the niggers, after taking a step forward, repeated the operation. The men in the second row followed behind, shoveling away the loose dirt and in less time than one can imagine the floor was as level as a table.

That was the first time that we had seen a gang of southern niggers work and they caused us considerable amusement.

While at Camp Greene the campaign for the Second Liberty Loan was opened with a celebration and parade of all the soldiers at the camp. We were assembled for the parade early in the morning and it was nearly noon before the column was in satisfactory formation. We paraded all of the principal streets of Charlotte and after three hours of marching at attention in the hot sun and on the hot asphalt streets, we returned to camp, "all in." The opportunity to purchase Liberty Bonds appealed to our men, and Battery "C," composed of one hundred and twenty-six men, subscribed for thirteen thousand dollars worth of bonds.

A few days before we left the camp, a part of the men in Troop "C," Oregon Cavalry, were transferred to the Battery. We were placed in the 148th Regiment of Field Artillery and were assigned to man the six inch rifle.

We left Camp Greene during the first week of November. In the train we became acquainted with our new men and found them to be a bunch of real westerners like ourselves. They agreed with us that we had left a camp, the like of which we would never see again.



Football

In spite of the fact that the boys were kept on the job all the time, they still had pep enough to put "C" Battery in the sporting world, and it required real pep and lots of it to go out for athletics, especially after a hard day of "squads east."

Our athletic record is by no means a poor one, and besides making the Battery known to other outfits as a real Battery, full of live men, we put ourselves in excellent physical condition for the big game that was to come.

CAPT. WILLIAM H. SCHADE,
Coach.

FOOTBALL

The Battery was represented by a husky football squad.

The team was first under the tutelage of Lieutenant Daniel W. Knowlton—All American tackle (1902) Harvard. Lieutenant William H. Schade, quarterback, University of Colorado (1907) later took the team and remained head coach throughout the season. Under these wizards the men developed into a machine which proved its mettle in the contest with the far-famed 146th regiment.

At the beginning of the season, the Battery was stationed at Camp Baldwin, Colorado. The men turned out in their O. D.'s and before many nights of practice they were wearing their fatigue clothing to drill. This difficulty was overcome by seeking subscriptions with which to buy football uniforms. Every man in the Battery did his bit in the way of a donation, and the suits, olive drab and dark red in color, were purchased from a Denver firm.

Lieut. Schade arranged for a practice game with the University of Colorado eleven but the Battery entrained for Camp Greene before the two teams could get together.

During our stay in Camp Greene we had a few hotly contested practice games with the scrubs. Two important games were scheduled, but before the games could be played, we broke camp for Long Island.

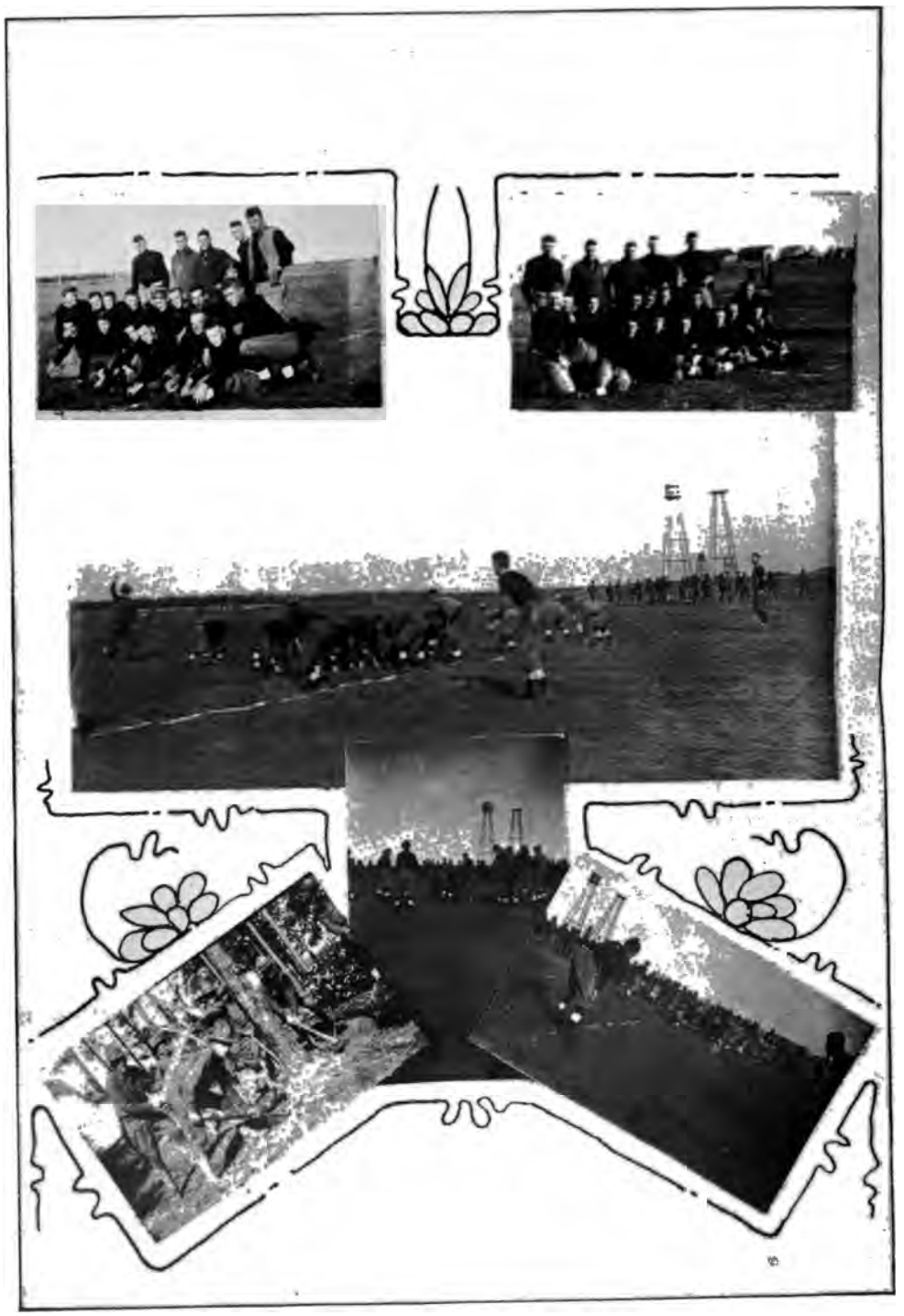
At Camp Mills there was plenty of competition. Our first game being with the 116th Regiment Trench Mortars. We came out of this massacre with a 54 to 0 victory. Soon after this game we met the same team and walloped them again to the tune of 35 to 0.

The big game of the season was that with the 146th regiment of Field Artillery, who boasted of a team that was able to wipe up the earth with us—and they had *beaucoup* money with which to back up said boast. Their money was quickly gobbled up by the Battery fans. There was much "bull" passed between the 146th and the Battery as to the merits of the two teams.

Coach Schade concluded all necessary arrangements with the Lieutenant who captained the 146th team. A detail composed of men from each of the respective organizations laid out the gridiron and erected goal posts. Men on the team received no guard nor other details.

The game was called at one thirty, after both teams had gone through light signal practice. It was conspicuous to all present that "C" Battery was outweighed fifteen pounds to the man. It later leaked out that two thirds of the opposing team consisted of men bearing college football "reps."

In the first quarter of the game neither team could gain but little ground, line plunges and close end runs being tried exclusively. The quarter ended with the ball in the middle of the field.



Our Undefeated Football Team.

The second quarter showed the 146th to be stronger in line plunging, but the advantage was not great enough to allow them a touchdown. "C" Battery obtained possession of the ball on her 35 yard line. After two line bucks, full back Johnson broke loose around left end. He had a clear field, but he sprained his knee and fell after a twenty yard gain. The quarter ended with the ball on the 146th's twenty yard line.

In the third quarter, both teams used a large number of subs. The forward pass and wide end runs featuring this period. Neither team could break the opposing defense.

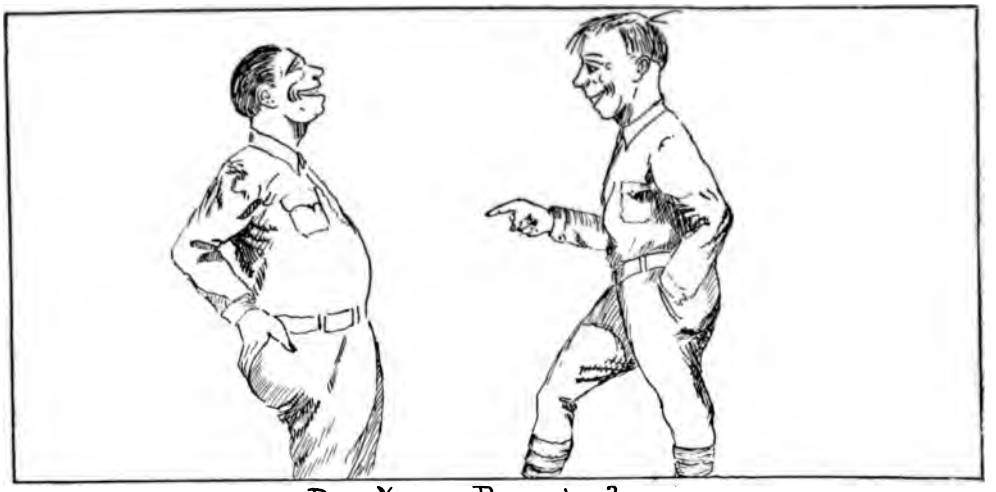
The fourth quarter was a repetition of the third, forward passes, punts and wide end runs being used almost entirely. The game ended with the ball in the possession of the 146th, "C" Battery holding them on their 15-yard line.

Score 0 to 0.

This game terminated the Football season.

THE LINE UP

Position.	Player	Weight.
Left end	Bruce	152 lbs.
	Hatch	158
Left Tackle	King	162
	Haas	143
Left Guard	McAninch	166
	Reisinger	155
Center	Ballowe	150
Right Guard	Strange	190
Right Tackle	Eaton	160
Right End	Brauer	159
	Brown, E. A.	135
Quarterback	Graham, Captain	140
	McLennan	135
Left Half Back	Whittenberger	159
	Larrison	150
Full Back	Johnson	190
	Clay	175
Right Half Back	Nifong	155



Do You Remember?

The first stragglers?

The first souvenir hunters?

The first disabled aeroplane?

The gas masks carried by the peasants?

How we blew up the bridges on the Marne?

When the big Allied offensive started?

When the guns became so hot it was dangerous to fire them?

How afraid you were to take pictures at the front?

When the French cited us?

The first "good" Germans?

The first destroyed town?

How the guns jumped off the platforms?

Who had the most cooties?

Who had the first cootie?

How often the aiming lights went out?

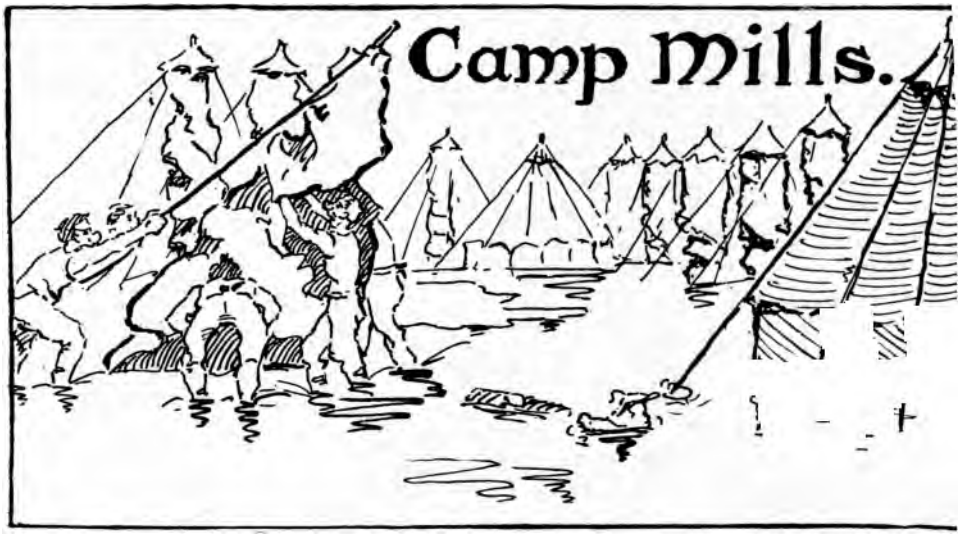
How we wished we were doughboys?

Shifting the trails?

"Put on another two sacks?"

"Mechanic Smith! Mechanic Smith! Primer holder's broken?"

The Montfaucon Express?



DAYS AT CAMP MILLS

On the 26th of October, 1917, we arrived at Camp Mills and found to our surprise a dilapidated and forlorn conglomeration of tents, situated in a marshy low-land, called Hempstead Plains. Coming from Camp Greene with its dry climate and thoroughly modern quarters, we felt it an insult to have to live in mud and water, old leaky tents, and a place which had no drainage whatsoever. The men grumbled and complained. The camp was not fit for swine. We were told that the camp was condemned and that our stay there would be a matter of only a few days. This quieted the men and we settled down for a few days stay. We pitched and repaired the tents, made a battery street, constructed a drainage system and in general, made the place as comfortable as was possible. The weather was fairly warm when we arrived there, but a rain storm, a few days previously, had buried half the camp under about six inches of water.

Unless you wore hip-boots it was very disagreeable to travel about the camp. Our first week there proved to be rather a novel experience. Later it was disagreeable and then it developed into one continual round of hardships.

After the first few days the privations and inconveniences ceased to be a novelty. The weather grew colder and rain and sleet storms were frequent. Being situated on a low plain the air was damp and the ground moist practically the entire period which we spent there.

Our time was taken up by drill. We were drilling continuously. We were instructed in the Manual of Arms and infantry drill; close order

We received our initiation to mud and water at Camp Mills.

This is not at the Front, but Camp Mills as it appeared the day we arrived.

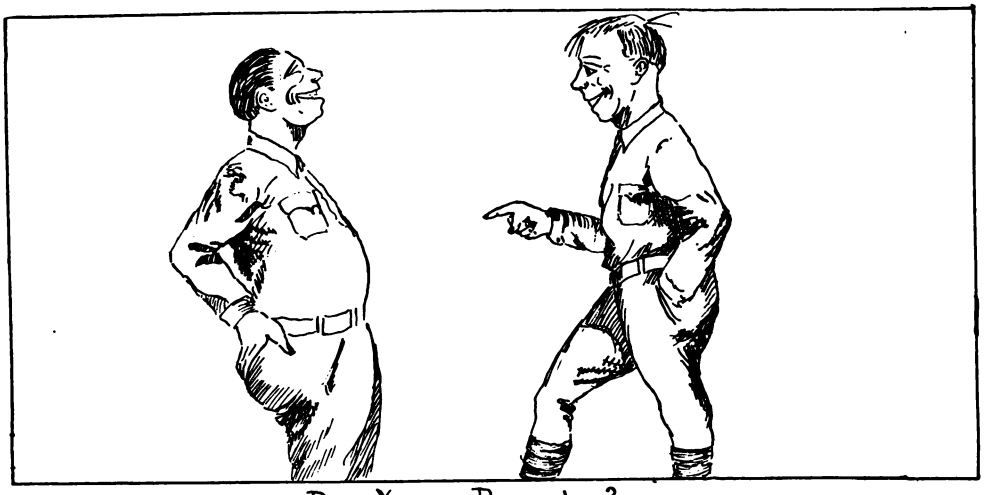
formations. Our drills were tiresome and monotonous. We couldn't understand why we should spend all of our time in learning infantry tactics when we were a battery of artillery, and would never use them. Now we apprehend, we didn't drill for the drill itself, but for the muscular development and hardness which resulted. It made us hard and fit for what we were to encounter on the fields of France. The conditions under which we lived at Camp Mills resulted in a large number of men taking sick, but after their sickness they were ready for anything.

The camp lacked the comforts and conveniences a camp in the United States should have. It was in the winter and there was no adequate means of providing warmth. There was no mess hall and the kitchen lacked the conveniences that are necessary. The water pipes were frozen half the time. There was no bath house and the only means of taking a bath was to heat a bucket of water and take a sponge bath in your tent or wait until you could get a pass and go into town to a public bath house. On account of no drainage systems the water flooded the floor of our tents and put out the fires in the stoves. We endured all of the discomforts with good spirits and took matters as they came.

There was one pleasure we enjoyed while there, and that was our trips to New York. We were only a few miles from there and they were liberal with passes. Every Saturday, after inspection, passes would be given to a large per cent. of the Battery, enabling them to be absent from Saturday at one o'clock to Monday at Reveille. We need not describe or enumerate the good times we had in New York for every one knows what an enjoyable time one can have in that gay city.

As long as we remember about our experiences in the army, both over there and over here, Camp Mills to us will be a disgrace to the government of the United States. The only good thing we can say of the camp is that it is near New York and gave us the opportunity to see our greatest city and its wonderful conveniences.

At Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.



The soiled underwear?

The Colonel's investigation of the menu?

When the winch broke loose?

How popular we were with the crew?

Cronquist's battle with the fighter from the signal corps?

Irvin Cobb's speech?

Seeing the famous aviator, Major Bishop?

Burns and his fake fight?

Major Nivens with his medals?

His stories of the front?

The ill-fated Tuscania?

Seeing land?

How glad we were to hit Liverpool?

The coffee we got at Birmingham?

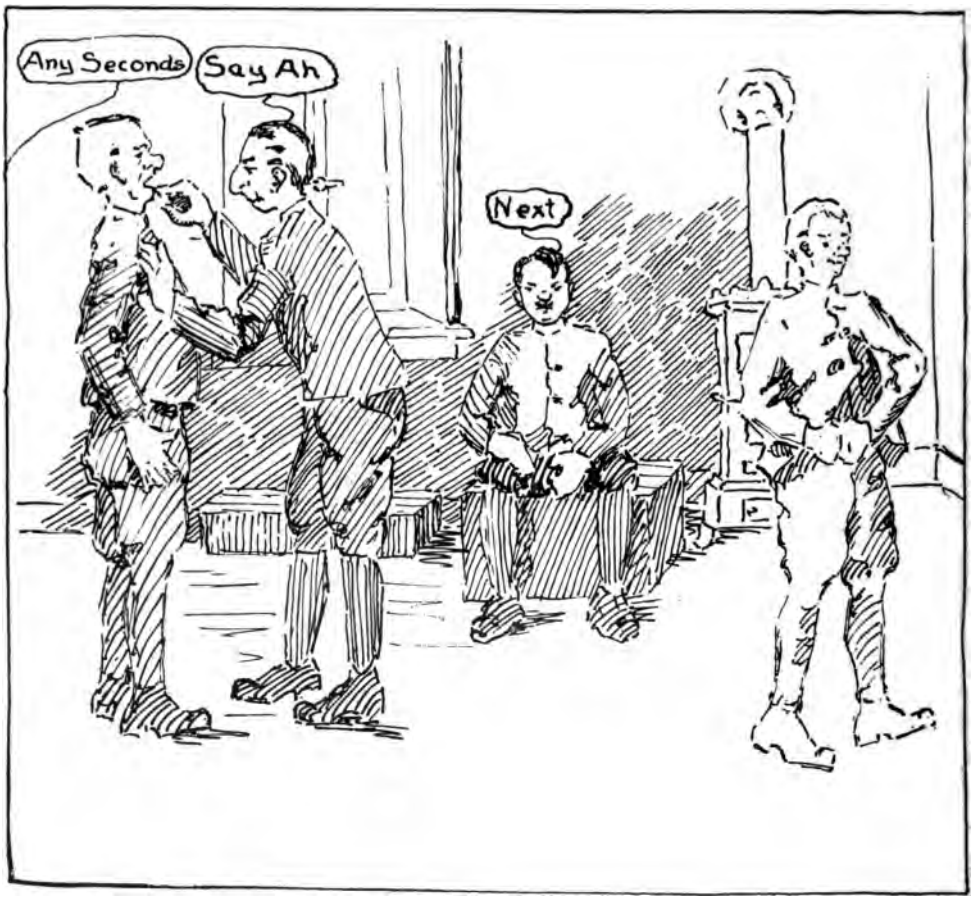
The hike to Winnal Down that night?

The vegetables growing about our hut?

The famous church at Winchester?

The Prince George?

Inspections



Nothing irritates a soldier more than the bi-monthly physical examination.

Camp Merritt

DAYS AT CAMP MERRITT

Camp Merritt, New Jersey, was the first camp where we occupied wooden barracks with sufficient heat and good hot water showers attached. After coming from Camp Mills in the dead of winter we thought indeed that we were housed in regular quarters commensurate with what an American soldier should have. We had a mess hall large enough to accommodate the whole Battery and a kitchen with all the modern conveniences. We appreciated the mess hall more than anything, for several weeks of eating our meals out in the open air in mid-winter was no joke. It was so cold that the coffee was nearly frozen when ready to drink and the gravy and sauce froze to our mess kits. You can imagine how much we appreciated our opportunity to sit down and enjoy a good hot meal.

We were put under quarantine soon after arriving here and the duties consisted of hikes and guard. We took short hikes, occasionally full pack, over the icy roads and wore our hob-nailed shoes which proved to be regular sled skates. It was difficult to stand up and the sport of laughing and jeering at the ones that went down, compensated us for our grievances.

As we were in quarantine, there were no passes available and the only way to see the outside world was to break quarantine, which was a serious misdemeanor. Regardless of the restrictions, there is no doubt but that several men saw quite a bit of the surrounding country.

We enjoyed a Christmas Eve smoker which is described elsewhere in the book. All of the Christmas packages from home were kept until the day before Christmas. In addition to the packages from home, the Red

LOUIS SCHNELL
Wounded August 11, 1918, is seen looking over the stove pipe.

The "Y" at Camp Merritt.

RAY DARLING was ever popular as a Hula Hula dancer. His admirer, CONRAD JENSEN ("Steamboat") died at Camp de Souge.

Camp Merritt Headquarters.

Cross gave every soldier a liberal box of assorted presents. When the boxes were distributed Christmas Eve, there was a real Christmas spirit prevailing.

It was on Sunday, January 21, that we packed our bags down to Cresskill and loaded them into baggage cars. At camp everything was packed for the trip and early the next morning we formed ranks and marched to the station through the blackness of the night and without a whisper. We boarded a ferry boat at Hoboken and crossed the river to New York Harbor and embarked on the S. S. "Baltic."

The following morning at 6:15 we pulled out of New York bound for Halifax, our final destination being Liverpool.

PARDNERS IN CRIME

Colonel Sinclair and Major Hungerford.

Captain Schade and Sergeant Rosenzweig.

Swede Johnson and Beat Jones.

Darling and Goof Harris.

Whittenberger and Joseph.

Anderson and Noren.

McLennan and Goodspeed.

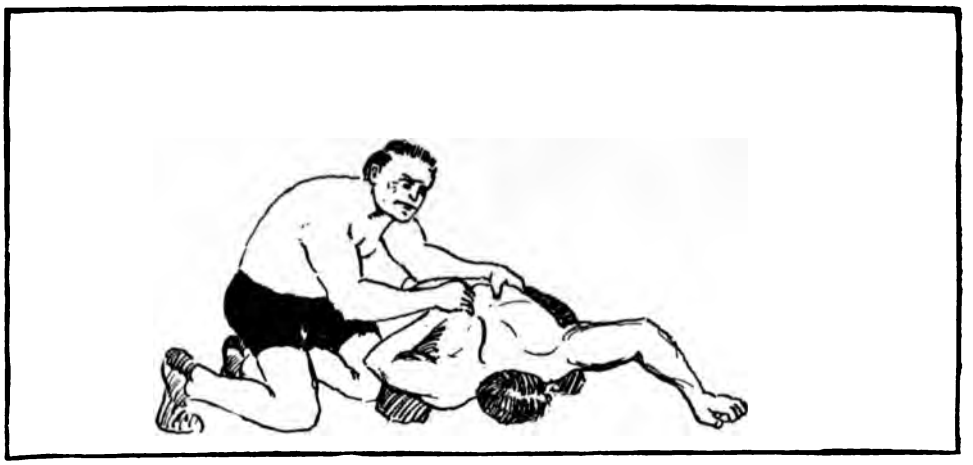
Sergeant Cator and Ernie Bruce.

Ben Gaylor and Skinny McGlinn.

Otto and Pennewill.

Raggio and Travi.

Balding and the Denver Post.



Indoor Sports

With a quarantine hanging over our heads in Camp Merritt, and nothing to do but entertain ourselves, we got out the gloves and mat. Our barracks provided excellent room for both boxing and wrestling. The hot showers looked pretty good after a few rounds with the gloves.

Christmas was fast approaching and a smoker was on the bill for Christmas Eve. Every evening the boys were industriously engaged in flattening out each others maps. The men who were matched up for the smoker went into training (?) and for several days the barracks resembled a large sized training camp.

Darling furnished indoor sport for us all.

PROGRAM OF THE SMOKER

WRESTLING

Leach vs. Martin	Burns vs. Walks
Davis vs. Brown	Kaser vs. Roberts
Eaton vs. Schachter	McCartney vs. Warden
Bellows vs. Blaine	Stringham vs. O'Bryan
Nicolini vs. Molignoni	Austin vs. Demos

BOXING

Graning vs. Graham	Haas vs. Reisinger
Ballowe vs. Bruce	Lahey vs. Bankeiro

Violin Solo—Francis R. Eastlake

Recitation—James W. Reed

Rope Spinning—Louis Caplett

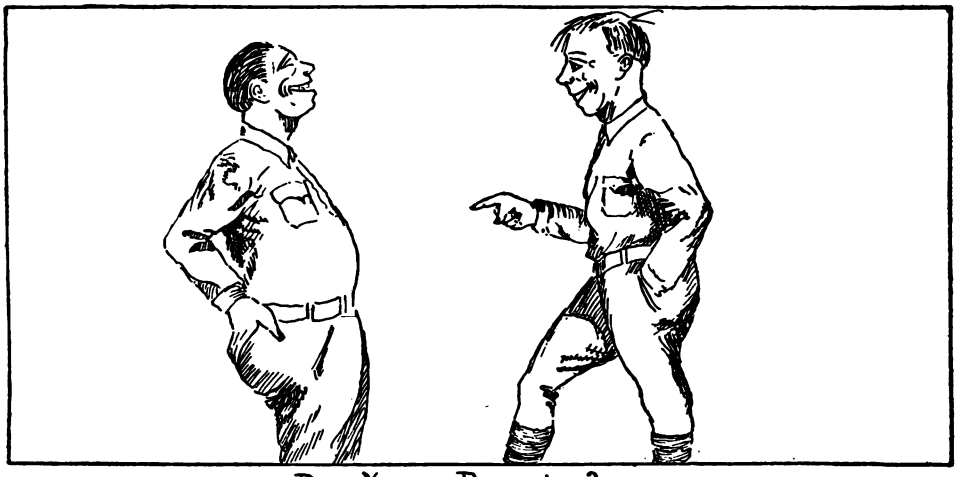
QUARTETTE

Same Old Singers

Brunell Noren Long and Stout

ADDRESS—Edward J. Milne

DANCE—Raymond Darling



"Back way to Camp"?

The football game with the 146th?

Dick Lahey getting married?

The Jew canteens?

Vail, the crap shooter?

When we got our wool clothing?

The Oregon Gang's shirt tail parade?

The big snow?

Argall getting confined to camp?

The spark arresters at Camp Mills?

The arrival of the Frisco gang?

The scarlet fever goldbricks at Camp Mills?

The night the canteen was washed out?

The wood details?

That physical exam. in the Y. M. C. A. tent?

The service firing?

The day "Beat" lost his quad?

The horse detail?

Free Medical Treatment

Dr. ?- Well.
Soldier- I Have A Toothache, Sir
Dr— How Long Have You Had It
S. — About A Week, Sir
Dr — After Profound Study— Take
Two CC Pills Every Ten Minutes

CALENDAR-

1918-

1919-

January 1918.

TUES. 1. In quarantine in Camp Merritt, New Jersey. The New Year is ushered in by a snow storm. Over forty men have been sent to the hospital with scarlet fever.

WED. 2. Embarkation lists posted. Numerous rumors that we will embark soon. Kangaroo Court finds Schnell guilty of breaking regulations.

THUR. 3. We carry our barrack bags to the warehouse and load them into box-cars.

FRI. 4. Barrack bags are unloaded from train, and we are again placed under quarantine.

SAT. 5. We move to new barracks.

THUR. 10. Sergeant Barr attached to Regimental Headquarters and detailed to take care of mail.

SAT. 12. Regular Saturday inspection. Sergeant Cator taken sick.

MON. 14. Goldbricks who tried to beat the hikes, scatter ashes on icy roads. Davis back from Springs.

TUES. 15. We move to new barracks. We are the last unit of our Division now remaining in America.

WED. 16. Numerous Casuals attached to "C" Battery for rations.

SAT. 19. Orders posted regarding preparation for embarkation. New rumors about leaving. We clean up for the voyage.

SUN. 20. Packed our barrack bags to Cresskill and loaded them into baggage cars. It looks like good-bye now.

The Tuscania Hugged our Side Continually.

We Stood on the Stern of the Baltic as the Tuscania Went Down.

CALENDAR—Continued

January 1918.

MON. 21. Pay-day. We are ordered to leave tomorrow. Reveille at 1:20 A. M. The men avail themselves of the opportunity to visit New York for the last time. Large quantities of tobacco and sweets purchased for the voyage. We are forbidden to write of our departure.

TUES. 22. We leave Camp at 4:00 A. M., entraining at Cresskill at 5 A. M. We arrive at the pier at 8 A. M. Down the gang-plank of the S. S. "Baltic" at 10. "C" Battery is quartered in the steerage. No one allowed on deck. Utmost secrecy observed.

WED. 23. Sailed at 7:30 A. M. We take a final view of the harbor through the port holes in the dining room. Before sailing Cole was removed on account of mumps. Allowed on deck at 9:00 A. M.

THUR. 24. We head north and well out to sea. Speed 15 knots.

FRI. 25. Arrived at Halifax 10 A. M. Piloted into the harbor about noon. Several transports already in harbor. Good view of ruined city. Battery given sighting and aiming drill with rifles.

SAT. 26. Our convoy is being formed. We take on coal. Detail brings beer on board for officers. Sgt. Ballowe is landed stricken with mumps.

SUN. 27. Convoy starts at 2 P. M. 11 transports and one British Cruiser fall into line, the "Baltic" taking the lead. We follow the coast line all day. Extremely cold. No lights, nor cigarette smoking on deck at night.

MON. 28. Convoy changes formation. We are now formed in three columns of four each, with cruiser in the lead. Speed of ten knots.

TUES. 29. Heavy seas. Ships again change positions. Weather cold and crisp. Band Concert. We have on board ship Major-General Crozier, Chief of Ordnance, U. S. Army; Irvin Cobb, writer; Major Bishop, Canadian Aviator; and Capt. Robert Warwick, movie actor. Lots of war news.

WED. 30. Freezing weather continues. We wear life belts and attend boat drills daily at 3 P. M. Some seasickness. The food is not very good. Complaint is registered with the Colonel who can find no fault with same.

CALENDAR—Continued

February 1918.

FRI. 1. Our quarters down in the hold are becoming very close and foul smelling. Fresh air is forced down from deck through canvas tube.

SAT. 2. We strike the gulf stream and weather is warmer. Men sleep on deck wherever possible. Rumors of submarines and the danger zone. Major Nivens relates experiences on the front.

SUN. 3. Heavy seas running. We enter the submarine zone. Pick up convoy of eight British Destroyers. They take position, four on each side of the convoy.

TUES. 5. We are still in the danger zone and the utmost precaution is exercised to safeguard us. Life belts are never removed. The guard is trebled. All ships follow zig-zag course. We enter the Irish Channel. The Tuscania is torpedoed at 5:26 P. M. Report reaches us by wireless that two hundred men went to the bottom with the Tuscania.

WED. 6. We enter the port of Liverpool at 1 P. M. Disembark at 2 P. M. We entrain for Winchester, leaving Liverpool at 2:30. We arrived at Winchester at 11 P. M.

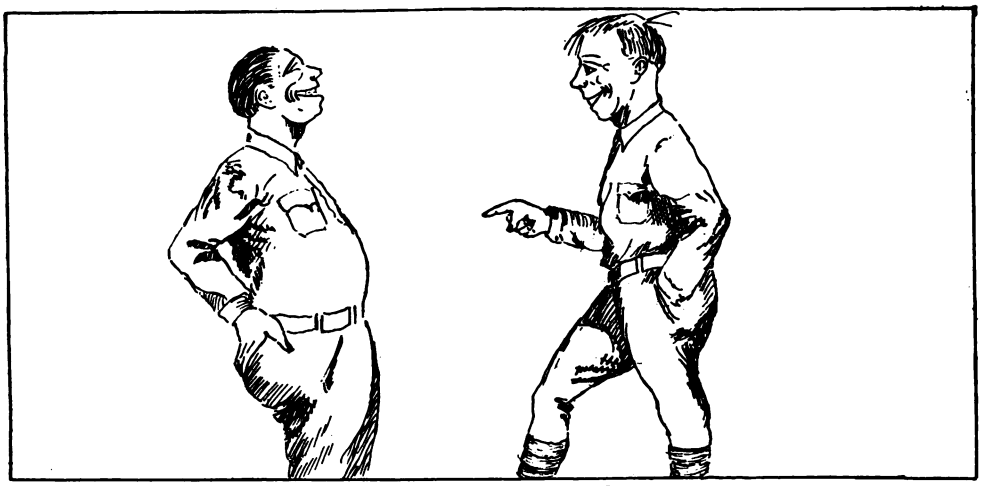
THUR. 7. In Camp Winnall Down, three miles from Winchester. We have our shoes repaired.

FRI. 8. We visit Winchester Cathedral. We get bath, the first time in a month. Food is scarce and prices are high. The children on the streets beg us for pennies.

SAT. 9. We leave Camp Winnall Down at 6:30 A. M. Entrained at Winchester at 9 A. M. Arrived at Southampton at 10 A. M. We leave Southampton on board the Prince George at 5 P. M. for France. We pass the Isle of Wight and the famous checkered forts.

SUN. 10. The sea is running high and the ship is tossed about like a cork. The men are packed like sardines, without sleeping quarters. Everybody without exception becomes violently sick. We make port at 2. A. M. Disembark at Le Havre 8 A. M. Hike to rest Camp No. 1. Four French boys sing Tipperary for us.

MON. 11. Practice hike in afternoon to sea coast. View wrecked ships on rocky shore. To-day, for the first time since our enlistment, we are permitted to purchase light wines and liquors.



Bill Eubank raising HELL?

Loberg trying to clean up the Cavalry?

Balding's tales of Paris?

The rough necks, including Cochran, at Libourne?

Schomaker and his Goldbrick baseball job?

Pew as Ty Cobb?

Sergeant Robert's phonograph?

Come fill up my cup! Come fill up my cup!?

Peck's arrival with a gas mask and helmet?

Corporal Cole?

The Reunion?

Elsie Janis?

The Chink and his squirrel?

"Steamboat" as a monkey?

When Bob Eubank was sober?

Our officers donning overalls?

Jeff Davis, aviator?

Camp De Souge

DAYS AT CAMP DE SOUGE

It was in February, while after two days and nights of suffering and being bounced and jolted from side to side of those frail and wabbly little box cars of the French Troop trains we finally, to our great relief and comfort, arrived at Camp de Souge. We found the Camp to be a true haven of rest. Upon leaving New York the previous month we set out on a journey which was filled with thrills, hardships and inconveniences. We were fifteen days in crossing the Atlantic and in taking a northerly course the intense cold was very disagreeable. Seasickness was prevalent and the grub was "pas bon." We entered the Irish Sea and were thrilled by the sinking of the ship to our rear, the Tuscania. We arrived in Liverpool where we appreciated the opportunity to once again set foot on "Terra Firma."

After enduring a torturing trip across England and a sickening trip across the English Channel and a few stiff hikes in Le Havre, we found ourselves willing and jubilant to settle down for a quiet repose in Camp de Souge with its mild and agreeable climate.

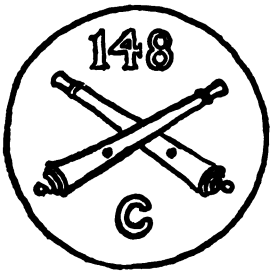
Our time at the camp was taken up mostly by having a good time. Shortly after arriving there most of the Battery left for various schools at or near Paris. While these men were attending school we all know that they fully enjoyed and appreciated their opportunity to see Paris and that they took advantage of their position and found that Paris offers a very pleasant resort for recreation.

It was here that we first became acquainted with the French and found them to be very sociable and pleasant. They enjoyed a good time and exerted every means to assure us of a pleasant stay while in their country.

We had various activities while there. "C" Battery formed a baseball team and contested a few good games with other outfits in the camp. We had an occasional scrub-game of football. The "Y" erected tennis and basketball courts which provided recreation for the men who find sport in these activities. Probably the most sport in the camp was offered by the Chinks. We were continuously pestering them and inciting them to anger which we would quell with a few rotten eggs. They were a source of amusement to us and were the object of all of our evil designs which proved to be harmless sport, both factors enjoying equally, except in extreme cases when the Chinks would get the worst of the deal.

After six weeks or so at school our fellows returned and shortly after we drew our guns, tractors and trucks. From the time we were issued our equipment the days were filled with hard and laborious work. Here we learned the fundamentals of the guns and of their use. We were a proud bunch when our guns pulled into camp and parked in our own gun park and became a part of "C" Battery. Ever since we left for a training camp we were anxious for our guns and at various times thought the six inch rifles were too good for us and that we would be turned into doughboys. So when we finally got our guns and equipment we were a proud and happy organization and had clear visions of the front and of fighting the Hun as we chose, as artillerymen and with the G. P. F., the best gun of its caliber in the world.

After a few weeks of drilling and convoys and finally four days of service firing, in which our regiment excelled all previous regiments handling the G. P. F.'s we left Camp de Souge on May 8th for Castillon, and took our first step to the front.



Wine, Women and Song Could be Found Outside the Gate.

POULOS, the first man in the second row, was the only Colorado Springs boy killed in action.

CALENDAR—Continued

February 1918.

TUES. 12. We prepare to leave Le Havre. The Regiment is formed with the band in the lead, playing popular airs, including the Marseillaise and the Star Spangled Banner. We hike a distance of six miles through Le Havre to the railroad station. Watch German prisoners of war perform labor in the yards. After six hours rest we were loaded into French box-cars. Hommes 40. Chevaux 8.

WED. 13. We spend a miserable night in the cars. Flat wheels give cars a rolling effect. At noon we arrive at Le Mans, where we rest an hour.

THUR. 14. We arrive at Bordeaux, 5:30 A. M. Arrived at Camp de Souge at 11 A. M. We are issued cots and straw for ticks.

FRI. 15. We get shower baths. No work to do.

SAT. 16. We explore the camp, visiting the French canteens and the Y. M. C. A.

MON. 18. Battery takes hike. The men investigate the turpentine cups on the trees. Rats in the barracks.

WED. 20. Mal Graham takes the Battery for a hike to Martigny. Wine replaces water in the Canteens.
Big day in the history of "C" Battery.

SUN. 24. Baseball squad makes its initial appearance.

MON. 25. About sixty men, including Lieutenants Turner and Bossart, leave to attend the French automobile school near Paris.

WED. 27. We learn the knack of tying knots with heavy rope under the instruction of Lieut. Merriman.

THUR. 28. Muster today. We received pay at 9 P. M.

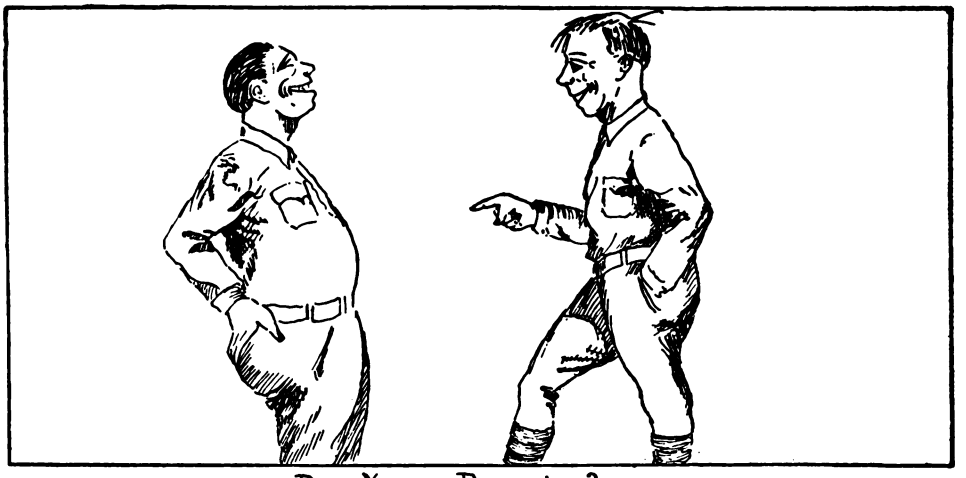
March 1918.

FRI. 1. Cleave leaves for Libourne.

SAT. 2. Regular Saturday inspection. Schomaker, Beneka and Lahey hike to St. Medard.

SUN. 3. Passes issued to Bordeaux.

MON. 4. We put the big guns into position.



The sacrifice battery?

The M. P. escort for the 5th Division?

"Heave," "Ready," "Fire?"

How often the firing pins broke?

When the men forgot to put fuses in the projectiles?

Who ate all the jam, milk and good steaks?

How surprised we were to see so many Americans on the front?

Who had the best rations, the echelon or the guns?

How hard it was to keep up with the Germans?

The bacon grease and toast?

How some men sounded off to the men just arriving on the front?

"Show us your pictures, Ned?"

The German propaganda?

Who used the candles?

"I'm selling for just what it cost me?"

"Have you got any "Bull?"

When you were glad there was a war?

The oranges from the aeroplanes?

CALENDAR—Continued

March 1918.

WED. 6. Gun pits completed.

SAT. 9. Capt. Hungerford takes the Battalion for a hike. Inspection in the afternoon. Jimmy Cochran leaves for Paris to attend school.

TUES. 12. Forest fire.

WED. 13. Secretary Baker and General Pershing visit Camp de Souge. The Secretary of War was elated with our equipment. Corpl. Floyd A. Johnson detailed to Libourne.

SAT. 16. Corpl. Graning arrives from England.

SUN. 17. "C" Battery defeats "A" Battery in first baseball game of season. Fight between negroes and Chinamen.

THUR. 21. French woman peddler enters camp to sell smutty pictures. Guns and tractors arrive. Expected German drive begins.

SAT. 23. Usual inspection. "C" Battery complimented by the Colonel. The big Bertha, range seventy miles, opens fire on Paris. Rosenzweig proves conclusively that there is no such gun in existence.

WED. 27. We go out on convoy and experience great difficulty in getting the guns into position.

SUN. 31. Easter Sunday. The students from Paris return. Bring vivid tales of air raids, wild women and gaiety. Capt. O'Donnell in charge of "C" Battery.

April 1918.

TUES. 2. First night convoy. Midnight lunch.

THUR. 4. Two French seventy-fives blow up during target practice.

FRI. 5. Malarkey and Gill transferred from Brigade Headquarters to "C" Battery. Overman and Sgt. Purdy transferred from the Supply to "C" Battery.

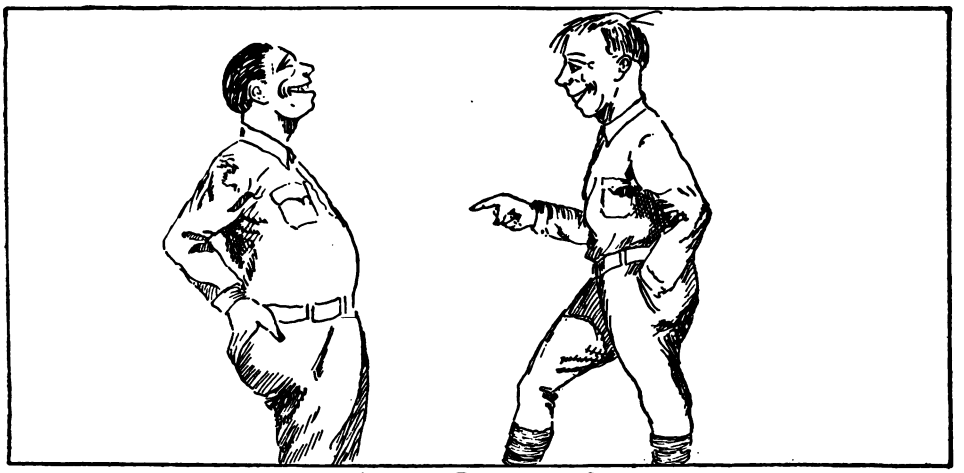
SAT. 6. Inspection by Colonel Cavendar. Baseball game between the 148th and the 51st C. A. C.

MON. 8. All day convoy.

THE BIG FOUR

Rosenzweig, Cator, Santschi and Erlbrookes.

ALLIES!



Do You Remember?

The fire extinguishers at Merritt?

The gang that went to church to get a good Sunday dinner?

Steamboat on guard with his fire bucket?

Lilley storming New York society?

Bill Sells' uncle and his cigarettes?

The train ride to the ferry?

Trying to get a farewell look at the Statue of Liberty?

Ballowe being removed from the boat.

Semaphoring to the men aboard the Tuscania?

Our first touch of sea-sickness?

The Monte Carlo on the boat?

The smell of the dining room?

How we took the English food?

How we used to buy pies on the Q. T. from the cook?

Guard duty on the ship?

The fire extinguisher falling on the floor?

Taking a peep at the engine?

Ducking life-boat drill?

We were Equipped with the Latest French Guns.

This is the way they appeared when ready for action.

CALENDAR—Continued

April 1918.

THUR. 9. Sgts. Roberts, Leonard, Harley and McAninch, Corpl. Cole, Henry Harris, Harry Hunt, John Reisinger and Francis Hinds rejoin the Battery.

FRI. 10. Q. M. detail of twenty men to Bordeaux. Night convoy. Capt. O'Donnell transferred to Headquarters. Capt. Hungerford turns over the Battalion to Lieutenant-Colonel Sinclair and takes charge of "C" Battery.

SAT. 13. Erlbrookes transferred to Headquarters Company.

SUN. 14. Over-seas caps issued to the Battery. Caused no little amusement. Sgt. Negus appointed Provost Sergeant. Jim Peck arrives from America.

MON. 15. The Germans are still driving for Amiens and Calais. Purdy transferred back to the Supply.

WED. 17. Le Quatte and Tyson transferred to 1st Corps. Sgt. Harley and Corpl. Cole reduced one grade.

THUR. 18. Harem reports for duty.

FRI. 19. Seven Corporals appointed. Peck reduced to Private without prejudice.

MON. 22. Our officers commence firing with the 75's.

TUES. 23. Corporal Negus transferred to "B" Battery. Leonard made Corporal.

WED. 24. The first Battalion leaves Camp de Souge. Sweeney, Noyer and Johnson become first-class privates.

THUR. 25. Lieut. Rounds attached to "C" Battery. Williams, Chapple, Bruce and Raleigh Harris promoted to the rank of Corporal.

SAT. 27. Lieut. John J. Dunn attached to Battery.

MON. 29. Corporal Cox made Wagoner. Eaton leaves for officers school.

TUES. 30. We place guns into position beyond St. Jean. Lieut. McAllaster attached to the Battery.

The Boys who "Put 'em over."

Battery Front!

Our Officers used the French 75's during their training.

CALENDAR—Continued

May 1918.

WED. 1. Beginning of service firing. First section fires first. Everybody scared and a little gun shy. The explosion is terrific. Third battalion leaves Camp de Souge.

THUR. 2. We change gun positions.

FRI. 3. Service firing continues.

SAT. 4. Service firing completed. No targets left at which to fire. Our officers make remarkable showing and receive praise from the French Mission.

SUN. 5. A regiment of negro Engineers arrive at Camp de Souge.

MON. 6. We make preparations for departure. We believe we are going to Libourne.

WED. 8. We left Camp de Souge at 8:10 A. M. Passed through Bordeaux at noon. Arrived at Castillon at 5 P. M.

THUR. 9. The day is spent in policing up billets. First band concert in Castillon. Populace turns out to enjoy the music.

FRI. 10. Gas Mask drill.

SUN. 12. Mother's Day. Every soldier in the A. E. F. is requested by General Pershing to write a letter to his mother this day. Pay-day.

MON. 13. Fair day in Castillon. Numerous booths and open shops lined the streets.

TUES. 14. Convoy.

THUR. 16. Second Battalion convoy. Guns placed in firing position near Libourne.

SAT. 18. Parks reports for duty from the hospital.

SUN. 19. Band Concert.

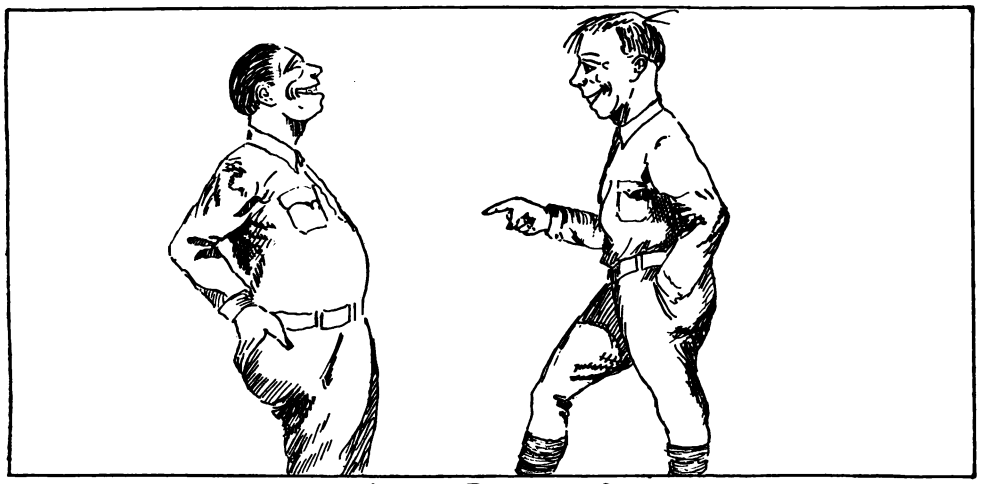
MON. 20. Fair day in Castillon.

WED. 22. First hike in gas masks.

THUR. 23. Ike Anderson returns from hospital. Second battalion convoy. Place guns into position on the other side of Libourne.

FRI. 24. We camouflage the gun positions. This is our first work in camouflaging.

C - Battery Mess line



Do You Remember?

"Put out that light?"

When we fired our first shot at the Huns?

The first shell that went over our heads?

The swim in the lake near our first position?

How far away the front was?

The night spies cutting our telephone wires?

"Chevaux 8—Hommes 40?"

Going to Paris for ammunition?

The farmers harvesting their crops?

The buzz of the German aeroplanes?

How the "Frogs" took a monopoly on the roads?

How excited we were when we got our issue of Melinite?

How great we thought our danger was?

Our first gas alarm?

The time you were afraid to eat your supper because you thought it was gassed?

The five gas casualties?

Baxter using mud for a gas mask?

The night the German plane dropped star shells?

A Donkey and Cart was the Uncertain Means of Transportation.

Entrance to the Ancient City of Castillon.

A Lecture on the River Bank.

The Horses were all at the Front.

DAYS AT CASTILLON

We blew into this little place about four o'clock one sunny afternoon and were welcomed to a town which met with our approval in every respect. It was small but not too small; on the banks of a river that offered good swimming holes; was peopled with generous and sociable inhabitants; was clean and nestled among gentle sloping hills which, in an indescribable way, excluded it from the outside world and gave to it an atmosphere of peace and comfort; probably the best of all were the pretty girls that lived here.

France has its pretty girls and the quaint little city of Castillon was not slighted. We mention the girls because at Castillon was the first time we were billeted among the natives and at that time they were a novelty to us and the beautiful daughters won our hearts at first sight. The studying of French was the prevalent occupation and under the tutelage of some attractive little mademoiselle we quickly became versed in the knowledge of their language. You can bet we were very proficient in the use of the various love and courtship phrases and used them over and over, but always found willing ears and sympathetic hearts.

We indulged in much pleasure and merriment but we kept distinct our time for work, and put in the majority of our time learning to handle our guns in battle maneuvers. A part of each week was set aside for battalion convoy. Our first convoys were two days in length but as we became more and more skilled in the operations on maneuvers our convoys later were four and five days in length. The convoys we went on, were the real stuff. Travel all night and work all day or travel all day and work all night. They tested our endurance. It was all the same as what we went through on the western front except firing the shots and killing the men. The weather did not enter into the matter. A convoy left when scheduled, whether the weather was agreeable or not. In fact, outside of the actual killing, we had and underwent everything on our convoys that confronted us at the front, except that famous and detested product of France, MUD. It was here that we put on the finishing touches and learned the game as we were to play it. We learned the game from A to Z and when we opened up at Chateau-Thierry two months later it was only a repetition of our activities in Castillon.

On Sundays the regiment would be free and in the afternoon our band would give a concert. A stranger alighting at Castillon on a Sunday afternoon would not dream of war aside from the fact that nearly all of

the males were clad as United States soldiers, there would not be the least doubt in his mind but what the world was enjoying peace and prosperity. The love-sick men would call on their girls and go promenading. The bashful boys would sit in the park and amuse the little children. The restless ones would wander about the town, take in all the sights and occasionally flirt with a passing mademoiselle. On the whole it was similar to a peaceful American village and when on the 4th of July we were ordered to the front it was with regret that we left the joyous little haven and with faces set and firm we marched away, to experience the "Great Adventure."

CASTILLON, JUNE 27, 1918.

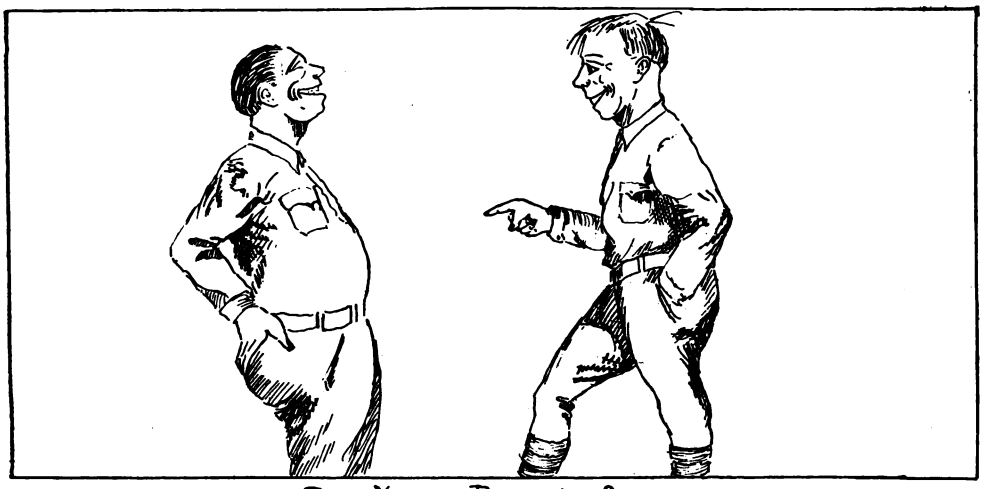
To the Commanding Officer148th Field Artillery:

We, the undersigned habitants of the village of Castillon, wish to express to your valiant troops our appreciation of the great services rendered on the occasion of the fire which broke out in the morning in our village.

On this sinister occasion, which endangered the town and threatened to destroy a portion of it, your men, with courage and on their own initiative, overcame the obstacles and difficulties of the fire, and at the same time to have a great regard for our welfare and the preservation of the town. They overcame all these circumstances and showed their courage and the proverbial individuality of the American, which showed them to be second to none in spirit and devotion.

Thanking Providence for having been spared from greater misfortune by your brave boys from Noble America, we have chosen to say to them how much we appreciate their efforts for the way they conducted themselves for our interest. We feel that this comes from our most gratuitous hearts.

B. Dinars,
F. Cinveri,
F. Lefon,
Y. Trache,
B. Lamartine,
L. Lamartine,
E. Lefevre,
V. Bertram,
L. Darfooiulle
E. Ainds,
A. Guilhampaul,
Coulombons,
Rouix,
L. F. Burnateau,
Grenier,
V. Arlot,
Kremiave,
V. Clamont,
Armand,
H. Boinefout,
Fouriand,
Gouiu,
L. Tages,
Ch. Gouiu,
L. Cauatin,



Do You Remember?

Kindsfater's fight with Austin?

Evans being lost in New York?

Your Thanksgiving dinner, 1917?

"Alabama's coming?"

The shower baths at Camp Mills?

Saying, "So this is Paris?"

"Sound off, Decker?"

The Italian Aviator at Mineola?

The hike to Mt. Morrison?

Lilley missing the train at Los Angeles?

The back fence at Clackamas?

The Bull Pen?

Maharry's cake?

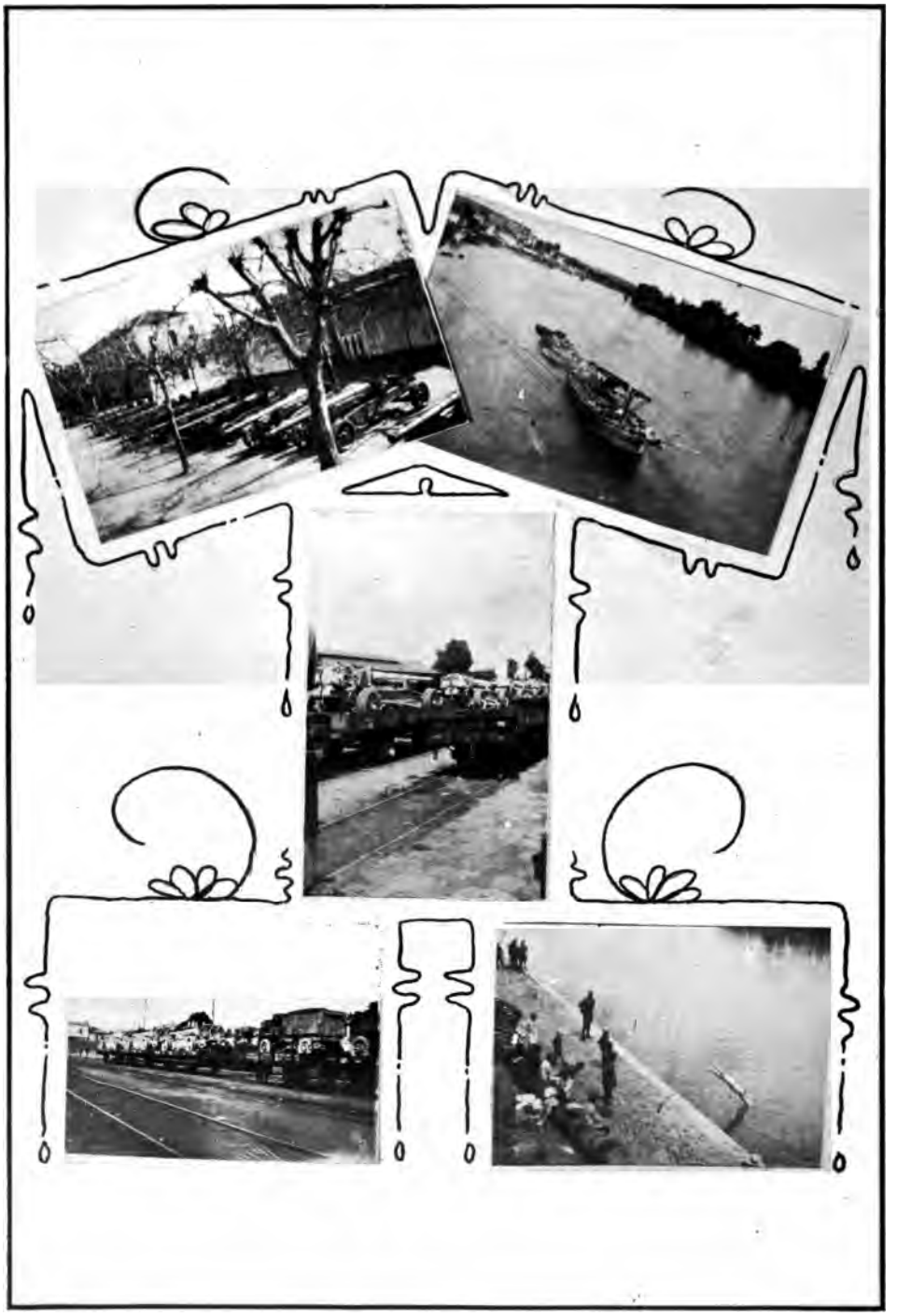
Bovard returning with the shrapnel report?

The night the prisoners escaped?

The dance given by the Mothers' Club?

Your swim in the Clackamas river?

The Sunday Maneuvers?



Scenes at Castillon and Libourne.

CALENDAR—Continued

May 1918.

SAT. 25. Men leave Castillon in trucks to see camouflaged positions.

SUN. 26. Aviator takes pictures of camouflaged positions from aeroplane. "C" Battery was successfully hidden from view.

MON. 27. Guns placed in position in ancient grave yard. Bones were dug up in constructing pits.

FRI. 31. Gas mask drill under special instructor. Men try out masks in gas chamber. Lecture on gas.

June 1918.

SAT. 1. More gas drill. Inspection.

TUES. 4. Body of a soldier who drowned in the river Dordogne is recovered. French women in hysterics.

WED. 5. Twenty minute hike in gas masks.

THUR. 6. Gun drill with gas masks on. We double time in the mask. Inspection by the dentist.

FRI. 7. We turn in the French gas mask. We understand that the Germans are using a gas which renders the French mask useless.

SAT. 8. Inspection. The papers show that the Americans are massing at Chateau-Thierry.

MON. 10. More hikes. It is rumored that we will be sent to the Chateau-Thierry front.

TUES. 11. We construct gun pits and connecting trenches while wearing our masks. Ike Nifong transfers from the 146th back to the Battery.

THUR. 13. The battalion goes out on convoy and holds maneuvers. Simulated fire on nearby villages.

FRI. 14. The battery returns from convoy.

SUN. 16. The men take hikes into the country exploring ancient churches and old chateaux.

MON. 17. Convoy and maneuver for the first and third sections. Nicolini and Raynor back from hospital.

WED. 19. Simulated firing continued on villages.

We Opened Registration Fire on Chateau-Thierry July 9.

One of our Shells Made a Direct Hit on an Ammunition Train July 10.

CALENDAR—Continued

June 1918.

THUR. 20. Inspection of camouflage by brigade commander. Akin back for duty from hospital.

FRI. 21. Tommy Graning has a wisdom tooth pulled.

SAT. 22. Sgt. Sells and other men who are instructing the 57th C. A. C. return to the Battery. Fred Jensik transfers to the Supply Company.

SUN. 23. Concert in the afternoon. Sgt. Haugsten makes bicycle trip into the country.

MON. 24. Gas mask hike. Harris bets that the war will be ended by Christmas 1918.

TUES. 25. Gas mask close order drill. Lieut. Turner, Sgt. Ballowe and Corpl. Harris off to gas school.

THUR. 29. Billeting detail leaves for Coulomiers. John Lahey transfers to the Battery from the Supply.

July 1918.

MON. 1. Estes and Miller back from the hospital. Clarence McLennan pays Goodspeed a visit.

TUES. 2. Rumors that we are to be sent to the front at once.

WED. 3. We pack our barrack bags and turn them in to the Q. M. Lieut. McAllaster assigned to "C" Battery.

The 146th leaves for the front. "C" Battery men go to Libourne to see them off.

THUR. 4. "C" Battery on the one-hundred forty-second anniversary of the Declaration of Independence leaves Castillon for the front. Wessell, Estes and McCaskill move in on a keg of wine.

FRI. 5. We pass through Tours, twelve noon. Pass through the Suburbs of Paris about eight P. M. The American Red Cross served us coffee today.

SAT. 6. We arrive at La Ferte Gaucher at 3 A. M. We unload the guns and trucks. We can hear firing on the front. We visit a huge hole near the station caused by a bomb dropped by a Boche Aviator. Final gas mask inspection by Lieut. Turner. Many men shave to guarantee perfect fitting mask. The road leading to the front is one solid line of speeding motor vehicles. They are driven by French and Chinese in French uniform, and are packed with French infantrymen. We start overland for the front, a distance of 18 miles. At 7:30 P. M. we make camp for the night.

Cooties

We all know what he is. Those who don't, have lacked the greatest joy a soldier can have. Did we say joy? We beg your pardon—we mean misery. Yes, real misery, with the sting left in. They are a perfectly harmless pest when left to their own pursuits, but when they once find you to be a suitable hunting ground they stick to you like the paper to the wall. They are quite content to rest peaceful during the day but at night they find no greater pleasure than in frolicking about your anatomy, holding sweepstake races around your neck. Why they persist in holding their carnivals at night we have never been able to find out. But we do know if it were not for the cooties and gas alarms a soldier could rest and sleep quite comfortably when his tired body seeks its haven.

We have in our Battery a hard boiled corporal who saw service on the Mexican Border, that delights in giving these harmless pests a home for life. If cooties were to us as they are to him they would be one of the least of our worries.

It is a very good idea to keep your six shooter loaded, for at midnight, when you are awakened by their love squirms, you are apt to find one or

two large enough to demand a man's size bullet, and it is a duty to your country to extinguish the life of the foe which recognizes neither the righteousness of our cause nor the folly of our enemies.

They squirm, crawl, wiggle and scratch on all and every part of your anatomy, and how a fellow gets accustomed to them, well, after providing them with perfectly good homes for the past six months, we are about to find out.

A soldier is known by the cooties he keeps.
How many little cooties have you?

TAKE ME BACK TO OLD AMERICA

Take me back to old America
Where the folks are civilized.
Where we can shed our O. D. clothing
And not be criticized.
Where they have got no hard-boiled Colonels
Watching every move we make,
To see that we don't miss inspections
And the usual hikes we take.

Take me where the grub is plenty
And where there's plenty of pie and cake
Where a stack of hots costs twenty,
Where we can get a T-bone steak.
Where there are no regulations
And we don't line up for chow,
And we've got no loud-mouthed K. P.'s
To tell us where and when and how.

Take me where there are no guard mounts,
Nor no Officers of the Day,
Coming around most any minute,
To have me halt him in the proper way.
Where we can hear no shrapnel bursting,
And dug-outs a thing of the past.
Where we can live in peace and harmony
For the remainder of the time we last.

Take me where they all talk English,
And we can mix with our own kind.
Where we can see the Statue of Liberty,
Which has always been in our mind.
Land of Liberty and Freedom,
The land that we all love the best.
Take me back to old America,
Let me live there with the rest.

We moved over to Dormans, as the Germans had crossed the River Marne and gained a foothold there.

In the Wake of our Advance.

CALENDAR Continued

July 1918.

SUN. 7. Awakened at 12 midnight and resumed the march. The guns wait for "D" Battery. The signal detail goes up to the front and puts in communication. Officers go ahead on reconnaisance. Ammunition detail returns to La Ferte Gaucher for ammunition.

MON. 8. Our guns are in position ready to fire at 5 A. M. Several shells come over but land to our rear. Brownie loses his gas mask and climbs a tree. We see several air battles during the day.

TUES. 9. From 3 A. M. till 6 A. M. there is heavy firing. With Tommy Graning as gunner and Christenson at the lanyard "C" Battery fires its first shot of the war at 4:31 P. M. We fired 11 rounds on buildings in Chateau-Thierry, making several direct hits.

WED. 10. Last night our telephone wires were cut by spies. A detail will guard the lines tonight. Two Boche planes, the first which we have identified as being German, fly overhead. Dug-outs constructed.

THUR. 11. At four A. M. the Germans continued firing on areas to our rear. It rains all day.

"C" Battery opens fire again, the second section firing for registration. Sgt. Rosenzweig goes to the hospital. The men spend the day in camouflaging the guns and constructing communication trenches.

FRI. 12. Germans send more shells over at 1:30 A. M. "C" Battery opens firing at 7:30 P. M. All guns fire all night.

SAT. 13. Several air battles but otherwise quiet. Packed blankets and rolls ready to move. The men take a bath in the lake. "E" Battery has casualties. One of the guns of the 146th explodes, killing one Sergeant. More firing at night. One year ago today we were following the peaceful pursuits of the civilian.

SUN. 14. We receive orders to open fire again at 2:15 A. M. Rumors of Hun attack. Quiet all day. 11 P. M. the firing is recommenced. Heavy artillery firing all along the front.

MON. 15. Terrific firing all morning. Continual roar from midnight till after dawn. Sky lighted continuously by flashes from the guns. Germans cross the Marne.

Bridge Over the Marne Below Chateau Thierry.

CITATION

A. L. 4 C. A., U. S.

Le Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant l'A. L. du 4 C. A. A. est heureux de transmettre aux Unites Americaines sous ses ordres les felicitations du General Commandant l'Artillerie du C. A. pour les resultats obtenus dans la preparation de l'attaque du 12 Septembre.

Le Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant l'A. L. sait que ces resultats sont le fruit de la bonne volonte et de l'energie de tous et que les difficultes renonntrees n'ont pu etre surmontees que grace aux efforts de tours, a tous les eshelons. Pour sa part, il est fier d'avoir commande aux batteries qui ont contribue a ecrire le 12 Septembre une des belles pages de l'histoire de la Republique des Etats-Unis et il est heureux de pouvoir leur dire qu'elles se sont montrees dans la tache sommune les egales do leurs aoeurs ainees francaises.

Le 14 Septembre 1918.

Le Lieutenant-Colonel Coppens
Commandant l'A. L. 4 C. A., U. S.

The Results of Our Accurate Firing.

July 1918.

TUES. 16. We move to a new position closer to Chateau-Thierry. Everybody needs sleep. Expect casualties in this position. Penniwell brings tobacco up to the guns. The Ford turns topsy-turvy with Graham, Kurtz and O'Bryan, no one injured. Lieut. Hart and Sgt. Leonard left for the United States yesterday, where they are to be instructors in the Field Artillery.

WED. 17. We move to Fransauge, where we prepare to fire on bridges across the Marne. We are warned of the accuracy of the Hun Artillery by members of the 109th infantry. We meet here the first stragglers of the war. We open fire at 10:30 A. M. and put over an intense barrage which lasted many hours. Heavy rain. "C" Battery men go up front and return with gassed and wounded soldiers.

THUR. 18. 1 A. M. gas alarm. We wear our masks for one and a half hours. Nine gas "casualties." Baxter loses his mask and uses mud as a substitute. This is the beginning of the Allied counter-offensive.

FRI. 19. Heavy firing continues. Boche aviator drops star shells to locate our position. Orders are given to cease firing while he is in the vicinity. Souvenir hunters go up front and return with trophies. Rumors that the 148th Field Artillery has been mentioned in special orders as being very efficient, very accurate and always on the job. Order issued today authorizing the men to wear gold service chevron.

SAT. 20. The Germans have evacuated Chateau-Thierry. We cross the Marne west of Chateau-Thierry and await orders.

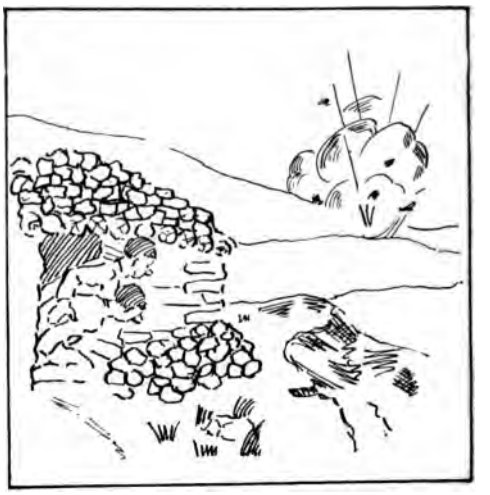
SUN. 21. We rest near the Marne. The Germans are on the run. We get paid here.

MON. 22. We go into position in the Bois de Rochet, near old German dressing station. We are now on territory formerly held by the Huns. Near by is a Hun grave yard, the resting place of twenty-seven "good" Dutchmen. One has been buried but twenty-four hours previous. En route to this position we pass through the remains of Vaux, seeing for the first time Huns killed in action.

The Evolution Of A Veteran

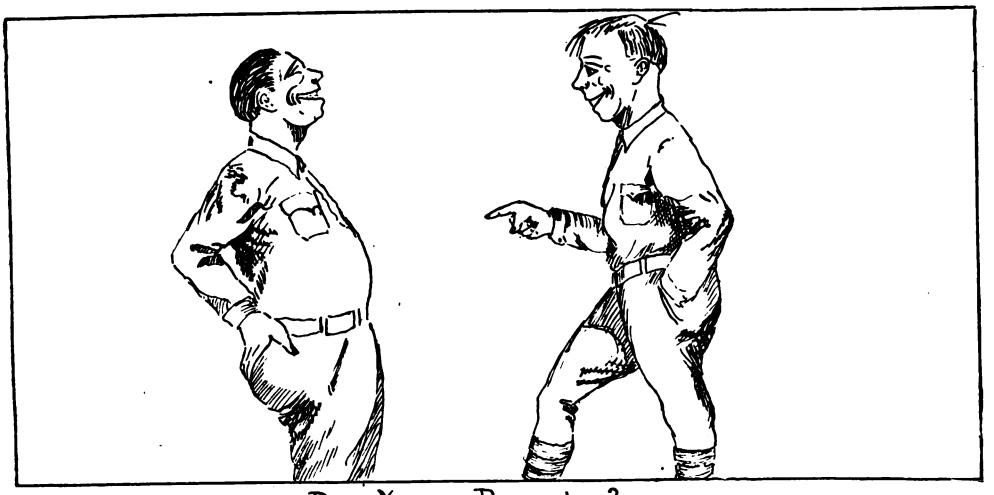
Fear

Precaution



Curiosity

Indifference



Do You Remember?

Dead Man's Curve?

Whose dug-out was the first built?

The Capstan?

The Powder Monkeys?

"Under Cover?"

When the paint on the guns was blistered?

Whose section brought down an aeroplane?

Whose section could fire the most rapidly?

How well we liked Salmon?

The first time you thought Germany was ready to quit?

How we originated rumors?

The men we picked up?

"Everybody outside, firing data?"

Happy Townsend?

When you ran out of gas?

The echelon "birds?"

How often the guns took to the ditch?

"All together, 'Heave'?"

Thirty Feet Underground was a German First Aid Station.

We Ate and Slept on these Graves.

Q. G. 17th July, 1918.

VI ARMY.

38 Army Corps.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 343.

The General commanding the 38th Army Corps, congratulates all groupments of American Artillery, and French A. D. and A. L. groupments of the Army for their co-operation in the defense of the Marne.

Although fatigued under an intense bombardment, causing sensible losses, upsetting the liaisons, they have accomplished with energy all their missions from the beginning to the end of the action, with a constant care to co-ordinate their efforts and support at all costs the troops engaged, and this not only on our front, but supporting also the units in the vicinity.

Troops and Staff may take their share of the success obtained over the enemy, which has been entirely thrown back beyond the river, on the front of our army corps.

The present order will be read as soon as possible in all the batteries.

General commanding the 38th Army Corps.

(Signed) DE MONDESIR.

P. C. 18th July, 1918.

REGIMENTAL ORDER No. 519.

The Major commanding the p. c. of the 81st R. A. L., and the groupment of A. L. A., is pleased to bring to the knowledge of all, the order of congratulations of the General, commanding the 38th Army Corps.

In his name and in the name of Colonel Charlier, obliged to leave his command at the moment when he might have been able to assertain the happy result obtained, thanks to perfect organization of his command, and the impulse he has given to the units under his orders, he thanks the officers and troops which have made such a magnificent effort. Americans and French, aviators and artillerymen, with zeal and courage helped the infantry in stopping the enemy, and their conduct is beyond all praise.

To all—Thanks.

MAJOR BLANCHET,
Commanding the 81st R. A. L.,
1st Groupment A. L. A.

(Signed) BLANCHET.

(NOTE.—The 148th F. A. operated with the sixth French Army during the defense of the Marne.)

CAPTAIN DANIEL W. KNOWLTON

Declared that he would resign his commission and enlist in "C" Battery as a private rather than return to the States as an instructor.

CALENDAR—Continued

July 1918.

TUES. 23. The woods are filled with the graves of Americans and Germans. We open fire at 3:55 A. M. Men visit Chateau-Thierry and Hill 204, exploring the deserted German dug-outs. We have souvenirs in abundance, including machine guns, rifles, trench mortars, instruments, field glasses, ammunition, swords and helmets.

WED. 24. We continue the firing. The Yanks go over the top. We are firing on the Foret de Fere. We are issued service chevrons.

THURS. 25. President Poincare and Marshall Foch decorate American soldiers in Chateau-Thierry. General Pershing is in the party. We receive seventeen men from replacement camp. March order at 4 P. M.

FRI. 26. The Boche is retreating so fast that we experience difficulty in identifying the ever changing front. We rest for the day in the edge of the woods. Airplane guard established. Men visit Crown Prince's headquarters. Forbidden to enter woods on account of German mines concealed there. It was in a nearby field that women, operating German machine guns, were supposed to have been captured.

SAT. 27. We move into position in the Bois de Barbillon, a little beyond Epieds. We have a helluva time getting into firing order on account of the mud. Ammunition is hauled up to the guns but we do not fire as the Germans have retreated beyond the range of our guns. The road was camouflaged and lined with machine gun nests. Pennewill brings up candy, gum and cigars. Frequent gas alarms but no gas.

SUN. 28. We go into position near Beuvardes and are ready to fire early in the evening. Gas alarm during the supper hour.

MON. 29. Trouble is being caused by the trail spades refusing to take hold in the soft ground. We are firing at a high angle. The recoil pits are continually filled with water.

TUES. 30. "C" Battery has premature bursts. Private Bebout, U. S. Infantry, killed. Several men wounded. Horse killed by the same shell. Boche aviator compels balloon observer to jump. Several gas alarms. "B" Battery is firing directly over our heads and in case of a premature burst we all would be wiped out. Sgt. Ballowe leaves for officers' school.

SERGT. GEORGE BALLOWE
Left the outfit for Officers' School.

Several Infantrymen were killed by a Premature Burst from the Guns.

HEADQUARTERS 66th F. A. BRIGADE

AMERICAN E. F.

August 14, 1918.

General Orders No 6.

1. The Heavy Artillery Commander desires to express to the officers and enlisted men of the 66th Field Artillery Brigade his appreciation of their untiring efforts under many trying situations that have confronted them since the beginning of the operations on the Marne on July 18, 1918.

2. It must be gratifying to realize that you have been actively engaged in the first operation in which a Corps of American troops has participated. The operation resulted in the enemy's second retreat from the Marne.

3. The knowledge of the results more than compensates you for the efforts you were called upon to put forth and should be an incentive to profit by the experience through which you have just passed, in order to be the more ready for such further efforts as may be demanded of you.

E. D. Scott,
Colonel, Field Artillery.

ARMY CHOW

GUN POSITION —

Hard Tack Corned Willy

Black Coffee

ECHELON—

Beans Hot Cakes

Bread Stew

Coffee with Sugar

REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS—

Biscuits Pie Celery

Tomatoes Roast Beef

Mashed Potatoes

Coffee with Sugar and Cream

BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS—

Doughnuts Choice Steaks

Pie, Cake French Fried Potatoes

Coffee and Wine

S. O. S.—

Soup Crackers

Sweet Pickles

Shrimp Salad Waldorf Salad

Olives

Baked Turkey Oyster Dressing

Creamed Peas

Mashed Potatoes Sweet Potatoes

Apple Sauce

Mince Pie Pumpkin Pie

Chocolate Cake Cocoanut Cake

Fruit

Coffee Cigars Cigarettes

Champagne

CALENDAR—Continued

July 1918.

WED. 31. Germans shell ammunition dump to our left rear. Troops nearby scatter in all directions. B. C. station moves its position on account of danger of premature bursts from "B" Battery's guns. Aerial activity. Lieut. Knowlton detailed to the United States as instructor. Gas.

August 1918.

THUR. 1. Heavy artillery firing. Boche aviators make frequent flights above our gun positions, flying so low as to invite rifle fire. American planes flying overhead drop messages in field nearby. The Boche is continuing his retreat.

FRI. 2. We continue harassing fire on cross roads and rear areas.

SAT. 3. Firing discontinued, all guns. Inspection of personal equipment by Capt. Hungerford. The Colonel inspects the gun positions.

SUN. 4. We are ordered to place the guns in traveling position and take out communication. We spend the night lined up along side the road. Heavy rain. Davis and Hale are sent to the echelon sick. Big mail from the States. The water is making everybody sick.

MON. 5. We leave Beuvardes at 6. A. M. and travel about 15 kilometers. The roads are in bad condition and are being repaired by engineers. We leave road to take up position in valley at 4 P. M. We are unable to reach the gun platforms owing to the deep mud. The valley is shelled and many soldiers belonging to other outfits are killed and wounded. "C" Battery men, tired and sleepy, pay little attention to bursting shells. Capt. Hungerford receives instructions from Battalion Headquarters regarding the use of Melinite. If the Boche counter-attacks we are to blow up our guns. Sneezing gas.

TUES. 6. The sun comes out and drying up the mud makes the roads to the positions more favorable. Doughboys assist us in getting the guns out of the mud. Not in position to fire yet. Sgt. Sells leaves for the States as instructor.

WED. 7. Many Boche planes fly overhead making attacks on observation balloons to our rear.

G. H. Q.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

GENERAL ORDERS *France, August 28, 1918.*

No. 143.

It fills me with pride to record in General Orders a tribute to the service and achievements of the First and Third Corps, comprising the 1st, 2nd, 4th, 26th, 28th, 32nd, and 42nd Divisions of the American Expeditionary Forces.

You came to the battle field at the crucial hour of the Allied cause. For almost four years the most formidable army the world had as yet seen, had pressed its invasion of France, and stood threatening its capital. At no time had that army been more powerful or menacing than when, on July 15th, it struck again to destroy in one great battle the brave men opposed to it and to enforce its brutal will upon the world and civilization.

Three days later, in conjunction with our Allies, you counter-attacked. The Allied Armies gained a brilliant victory that marks the turning point of the war. You did more than give our brave Allies the support to which, as a nation, our faith was pledged. You proved that our altruism, our pacific spirit, our sense of justice have not blunted our virility or our courage. You have shown that American initiative and energy are as fit for the test of war as for the pursuits of peace. You have justly won the unstinted praise of our Allies and the eternal gratitude of our countrymen.

We have paid for our success in the lives of many of our brave comrades. We shall cherish their memory always, and claim for our history and literature their bravery, achievement and sacrifice.

This Order will be read to all organizations at the first assembly formation after its receipt.

JOHN J. PERSHING,
General, Commander-in-Chief.

OFFICIAL:

ROBERT C. DAVIS,
Adjutant General.

(NOTE—The 66th F. A. Brigade, fighting as Corps Artillery, was an important factor in the offensive mentioned).

DIVISIONS WE SUPPORTED
IN
THE AISNE-MARNE OFFENSIVE.

26th.

42nd.

28th.

32nd.

4th.

77th.

3rd

CALENDAR—Continued

August 1918.

WED. 7. (*Cont'd*) They are the boldest aviators we have seen, ignoring the anti-air craft barrages and pay no attention to machine gun fire. Second section ready to fire at 4 A. M. All guns in firing position at 6 P. M. Sneezing gas.

THUR. 8. The enemy is making a stand on the river Vesle. Numerous shells fall near us. Our guns are firing continually, having great trouble with the firing pins. The breech blocks are changed, a new model being substituted for the old. Two Allied balloons shot down. The Germans have the supremacy of the air. The town of Chery Chartreuve is subjected to constant shelling. Sneezing gas.

FRI. 9. We continue heavy firing. All American Artillery located in the valley is putting over fierce bombardment. Tractor drivers are heavily shelled at park. Unable to continue firing for a short interval on account of no ammunition. Batteries near by are heavily shelled. Allied balloon forced to land. Sneezing gas.

SAT. 10. We continue firing on sensitive points. Shells are lighting in all sections of the valley. The Artillerymen directly in front of us are forced to take another position in the valley. Chery Chartreuve is heavily shelled. American Artillery stationed there forced to vacate. Aeroplane duel in the afternoon. The General in command of the artillery inspects our position and decides that we had not sufficient dug-outs. Mustard gas shells fall at the position. Lieut. Turner gets into a gas suit, obtains a hand full of mud from the shell crater and each man in turn takes a smell of this deadly poison gas. Sneezing gas.

SUN. 11. The Germans continue shelling the valley. March order at 11 A. M. Guns ordered on road at 500 yard interval. Two Boche aviators locate our position and order shell fire by wireless. Our positions heavily shelled for three-quarters of an hour. Three killed and thirteen wounded. The night is spent near the town of Coincy.

MON. 12. Rest. Lieut. Col. Sinclair assumes command of Regiment, Capt. Hungerford of 2nd Battalion.

TUES. 13. Several men visit the big Bertha gun position. Lieut. Doran, "D" Battery, assumes command of Battery "C".

The "Big Bertha" Gun Position Camouflaged in the Woods Near the Town of Coincy.

A French Tank
in the Chateau-Thierry Sector.

The "Big Bertha" Gun Position was Guarded by French Soldiers.

The Marne Near Chateau-Thierry.

CALENDAR—Continued

August, 1918.

WED. 14. The hospital in Coincy is bombed by the Boche. We are issued revolvers and wrap-leggins.

THUR. 15. Because of our accurate shooting we are becoming known as the "Long Range Snipers." The Battery now is all together for the first time since we left for the front. The guns are put into firing position and given a thorough cleaning. Sergt. Otto takes an interest in the food and gives us hot cakes. Lieut. Doran's orders are that the kitchen will close with a snap at 8:30 A. M.

FRI. 16. Orders to move. Reveille at 4 A. M. Convoy starts at 6:30 A. M. Camp established at Le Limon Farm, near Bezv-le-Gvery, a few kilometers southwest of Chateau-Thierry.

SAT. 17. Guns taken down to be cleaned. A number of men visit La Ferte-sous-Jouarre, a distance of 15 kilometers, making the trip by truck. Stout, Engbeck, Bode, Haugsten, Noren, T. Smith, Thornton, Deistlekamp, Miller, Hunt and Sargent visit Paris.

SUN. 18. The motorcycle detail, Kindsfater, Henderson, Hodgkinson, McCoy and Randall, leave for Brest. Men take daily baths in the bloody Marne.

TUES. 20. We break camp and spend the night at Viels Maison.

WED. 21. Continued the convoy, passing through Mont Mirail and Sezanne. Crossing the river Seine and camping for the night near Mery-sur-Seine.

THUR. 22. We pass through Prey-sur-Aube and Vaupoisson and camp for the night near Soulaines.

FRI. 23. We arrive at Bouzancourt shortly after noon. Men go swimming in the creek. Everybody disappointed because there were no girls in the village.

SAT. 24. Guns taken to river and given bath. Inspection by the Colonel in the afternoon. Everybody is dissatisfied here and would much rather be at the front. There was enough wine in the village for a couple of men to get drunk.

SUN. 25. Billets cleaned. Band concert in the afternoon.

MON. 26. At twelve noon camp is broken for the front. We camped for the night at St. Dizier.

Beds I have slept in.

BEDS WE HAVE SLEPT IN

After one week on the Western front we learned that in order to serve your country in style, the proper thing was to enlist in the Navy where you are assured of a good bed. There is one comfort that a soldier loses when he leaves his training camp. That comfort—a luxury it is to us now—is a bed to sleep in. When you hit the front, a bed is as scarce an article as one of the Kaiser's sons. After six months or even six weeks on the front the word "bed" is new to your vocabulary.

When we enlisted, our camp was supplied with canvas cots about three feet high and very frail. There were no springs or mattresses, and as a bed we thought they were very punk. We slept but we were conscious of what we were sleeping in. Later we were issued cots that in height were in more accordance of what a bed should be. Also by that time we were fairly accustomed to the springless variety of beds.

We came to France and spent our nights on a straw tick which was very satisfactory. As far as covers go we have, and have had during our days in service, three O. D. blankets, except on the front, when we had but two.

We left our training camp in southern France and took our position on the line. From the time we arrived on the front we have had a thousand different kind of beds. Of course most of them were on the bare ground, but the style and comfort of the so called "bed" depended upon the conformity of the ground. We of the motorized artillery spend many nights on our trucks. We sleep in them—sure we sleep in them—for when you are tired you are surprised to know what a bed can be made of. We believe we have slept in every position the human body can shape itself.

In our trucks we carry everything from six inch projectiles to loaves of bread; and by the way, a sack of bread makes a dandy good bed, for

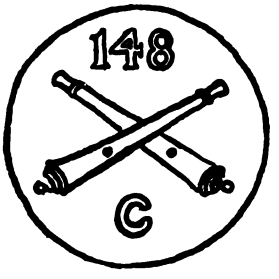
it is just soft enough to be springy and hard enough to hold its shape. Several times we have slept sitting on a box in the bottom of the truck with our legs rising at an angle of 45 degrees and resting on the sharp corner of a powder box; our backs would be hollowed out to fit against a corner of a case of corned willy and our heads bent back so as to make a pillow out of our steel helmets. Yet we slept; and why? Because every joint and limb of our bodies are so tired that they rest in any position when they have support.

If the weather is dry the ground is the best bed. But if the ground is wet, slushy and muddy, and you are forced to sleep on it, then is when a bed means all the world to you. It is mystifying what a fellow's constitution will carry him through. We have had the wet and muddy ground for a bed more times than any other. We slept several times soaking wet and yet never a cold resulted. When a fellow is "all in" he doesn't look around for a comfortable place to sleep. He flops where he is, rain or no rain, wet or dry, and arises refreshed and strong although he may be a little stiff.

Probably a graveyard would not appeal to our friends at home, but as the whole western front has become one huge graveyard, and as we have spent numerous nights there, the word, "graveyard" has no significance to us other than a place to rest. At first it is a little ticklish to sleep beside the little wooden crosses, but after a short while they are not noticed.

Dug-outs afford a fine bed for they offer a reasonable amount of shelter and the hardness is not noticed if the ground is fairly flat.

It would take a book by itself to describe the various places where we have slept, but from reading these few examples we think the reader can form a mental picture of the way we enjoy our sleep and we want him to believe that no matter how rough, how hard or how wet the bed may be, when a man has reached the limit of his endurance it is the "best bed in the world" to him.



They Paid a Big Price at Chateau-Thierry.

The Remains of What Was Once a Town.

A Tank "Going In."

CALENDAR—Continued

August 1918.

TUES. 27. At 6 A. M. we leave St. Dizier, traveling in the direction of Toul.

WED. 28. The second section tractor and gun runs away, causing slight damage to the first section. Went into camp at 1 A. M. near Roumant. At 7 P. M. we are on the road again.

THUR. 29. At 1 P. M. we go into the woods in the Verdun sector. The Regiment was scattered along the road and badly disorganized.

FRI. 30. The day is spent in the woods, sleeping. That night Christenson and Williams injured in accident and removed to hospital. At 9. P. M. we moved up to our gun positions on the front. The Americans are taking this sector over from the French and the utmost secrecy is used in order to keep this information from the enemy. All work is performed at night. To further delude the enemy and guard the secret, the Yanks adopt the French uniform when exposing themselves to enemy observation.

SAT. 31. We moved into large dug-outs lined with elephant iron, and constructed by the French in the early part of the war. Lieut. Littlefield and Lieut. Rounds ordered to the United States as instructors. Sergt. Choate leaves for officers' school.

September 1918.

SUN. 1. Our guns are in the woods one-half kilometer from the position. Roads are being widened and repaired. Gun emplacements perfected. Sign pay-roll. Very little activity on this front. The occasional report from an anti-aircraft gun breaks the silence.

MON. 2 Men work on dug-outs. Rumors that the war is over. French scouts bring reports that there are no Germans within 50 kilometers. Orders to cease all operations.

TUES. 3. We leave the position and arrive at the echelon at 9 P. M.

WED. 4. We rest at the echelon. Preparations made for long trip. Woods thoroughly policed. O'Grady exercises. Non-commissioned officers school.

THUR. 5. We receive our July pay in the morning. We leave the woods at dark and after traveling approximately 30 kilometers camp is established not far from Bar-le-Duc.

OPERATIONS OFFICE

HEADQUARTERS 148th FIELD ARTILLERY.

Sept. 13, 1918.

1. The Groupment Commander is pleased to inform the Group Commanders that Maj. Gen. Lassiter, Commanding the Fourth Corps Artillery, has highly complimented Col. Coppens, R. A. L. (French), Commander of the Heavy Artillery of the Corps, upon his excellent work done by the Artillery of Col. Coppen's command, and expressed himself as particularly well pleased with the service of the G. P. F. groupment, consisting of the 148th F. A. and the Second Bn. of the 57th C. A. C.

Our immediate Commander, Col. Coppens, also very warmly praised this groupment for its quick response, its intelligent action and good results obtained.

2. Group Commanders will convey this information to the men and officers of their commands at their earliest opportunity.

BURKE H. SINCLAIR,
Lieut. Col. Commanding 148th F. A.

DIVISIONS WE SUPPORTED
IN
THE ST. MIHIEL OFFENSIVE.

1st.

42nd.

5th

89th.

2nd

90th.

82nd

CALENDAR—Continued

September 1918.

FRI. 6. We travel by night to Gary and remain here during the day.

SAT. 7. After convoy of long duration we go into camp at the town of Void. Lieut. Doran goes forward on reconnaissance. He took his cane with him.

SUN. 8. Convoy traveling very slow on account of the rain and mud.

MON. 9. Camp for the day in the woods. Doughnuts served the men by the Salvation Army Lassies. Collection taken among the men and two hundred francs raised for them.

TUES. 10. Great difficulty experienced in getting the guns from the woods onto the road. We tried to make our position, using our own tractors, but this could not be accomplished. Aid was given us by two Holt caterpillars belonging to the 57th C. A. C. The mud was knee deep and the night dark as pitch.

WED. 11. The day is spent perfecting the gun positions. "C" Battery receives for the first time ammunition from an army ammunition train. We have an unusual amount of ammunition on hand. We expect that we will be a long time in forcing a retreat in this sector. The French claim that we are undertaking the impossible.

THUR. 12. At 1 A. M. sharp the St. Mihiel drive begins. "C" Battery opens fire in the nick of time. The entire sector is alive with huge cannon and we hear the greatest roar of the war. The light artillery, protected by the heavy, advances to a point just behind the infantry. The doughboys had perfect protection and encountered but little resistance. At 9 A. M. the enemy had retreated beyond our range and cease-firing is executed. Orders to advance. We build bridge across stream behind the gun positions, and are given further assistance by the Holt tractors. The bridge had to be rebuilt after each gun had passed. All guns on road and advancing at midnight. This last position was near Minorville.

FRI. 13. The guns block all traffic and cause the M. P.'s no end of worry. Number one tractor breaks axle. All guns in position and ready to fire at 7:30 P. M. This position was only one hundred meters from Limey and on the original front line. Ammunition was hauled to this position on the dinky railroad.

At St. Mihiel the Impossible was Accomplished.

A Dug-Out in the St. Mihiel Sector.

One of our Guns in Recoil.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH ARMY CORPS.

AMERICAN E. F.

GENERAL ORDERS *Sept. 13, 1918.*

No. 6.

1. The Fourth Corps has defeated the enemy and driven him back on the whole corps front. All objectives were reached before the time prescribed in orders, a large number of prisoners and a considerable amount of booty captured. The rapid advance of the Corps in conjunction with the action of the other elements of the First Army rendered the St. Mihiel salient untenable to the enemy, who had retreated.

2. The greatest obstacle to the advance was thought to be the enemy wire which presented a problem that caused anxiety to all concerned. The Corps Commander desires to express in particular his admiration of the skill shown by the small groups in the advance battalions and their commanders, in crossing the hostile wire and in general express his appreciation of the high spirit and daring shown by the troops, and the rapidity and efficiency with which the operation was conducted.

By Command of MAJ. GEN. DICKMAN.

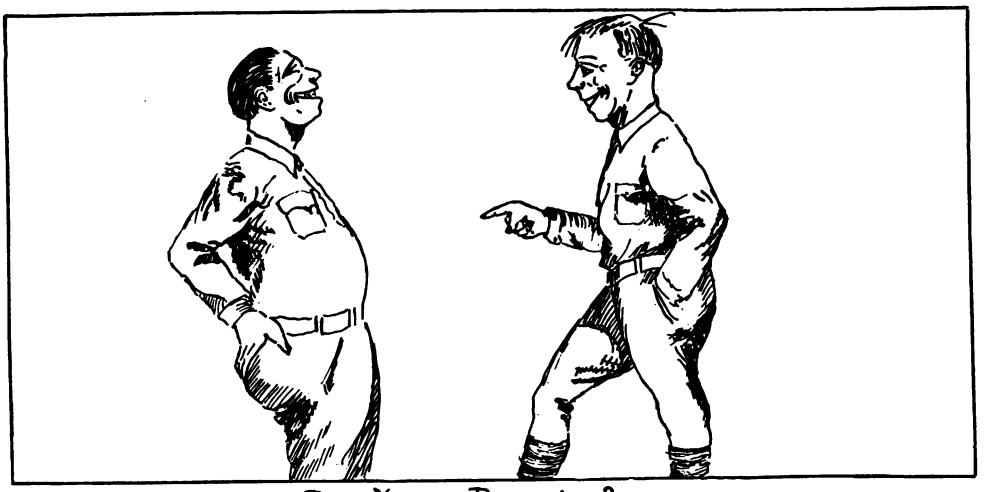
P. L. SCHUYLER,
Corps Adjutant.

STUART HEINTZMAN,
Chief of Staff.

(NOTE.—Our Regiment fought through this offensive from start to finish.)

Our Doughboys Plowed Right Through Them at St. Mihiel.

German Graves and a Portion of "No Man's Land" at St. Mihiel.



Do You Remember?

How well we liked the M. P.'s?

How disgusted we were with our aviators?

"Who won the war?" The M. P.'s

Bar-le-Duc?

The line-up in St. Dizier?

The pretty girls in Wassy?

The Holt tractors at Minorville?

The five bridges across the Meuse at Dun?

The time we first saw the Bengal flare?

The City of Vaux?

When we got our first service chevron?

How the Huns left Chateau-Thierry?

Lieut. Goff at Death Valley?

The hot chocolate at Limey?

The first Iron Cross you saw?

Who had a monopoly on the Iron Crosses?

How Doran got his souvenirs?

The Irish baby-buggy?

The mad-house at Wasserbillig?

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH ARMY CORPS.

AMERICAN E. F.

GENERAL ORDERS *Sept. 17, 1918.*

No. 8.

The Corps Commander takes great pride in repeating the following telegram received by him from the Commander-in-Chief of the American E. F.

"Please accept my sincere congratulations on the successful and important part taken by the officers and men of the Fourth Corps in the first offensive of the First American Army on Sept. 12th and 13th. The courageous dash and vigor of our troops has thrilled our countrymen and evoked the enthusiasm of our Allies. Please convey to your command my heartfelt appreciation of their splendid work. I am proud of you all. —Pershing."

By Command of MAJ. GEN. DICKMAN.

P. L. SCHUYLER,
Corps Adjutant.

STUART HEINTZMAN,
Chief of Staff.

(NOTE—The 148th participated as Army Artillery in the first offensive of the 1st Army.)

September 1918.

FRI. 13. The men have been working continuously for sixty hours and are completely exhausted. Orders received from Major Neer, Medical Officer of the Regiment to cease all work and allow the men time to obtain the much needed rest. No firing in this position.

SAT. 14. Men continue their resting. Stout, Sergt. Roberts, Harley and Shonts out souvenir hunting. We are in position but not firing. We are being held in reserve.

SUN. 15. The salient has been straightened out, the hernia removed and all objectives reached. We witness the most thrilling aerial stunt of the war. A lone German aviator brings down two of our observation balloons within thirty seconds.

MON. 16. Vin Blanc has been smuggled to the front and our meals are a little irregular. Ordered into traveling position. The camouflage, however, is not to be removed until after dark. We make a night convoy and camp for the night in the woods near Sanzy.

TUES. 17. We receive our pay. The largest mail which we ever received was distributed here this date. Camp is broken at dusk and we start on convoy.

WED. 18. At 6 A. M. we park along the road under trees. Many men take refreshing baths in nearby canal. At 4 P. M. we continue the hike, passing through Bar-le-Duc for the second time.

THUR. 19. The light convoy parks in the woods near Verdun, leaving the heavy a few kilometers behind, alongside the road. The men of the gun sections fail to make connections and miss a few meals. The gun crews emplace platforms and the ammunition detail brings up projectiles and powder.

FRI. 20. The Boches drop a few shells in the vicinity of the heavy convoy. Men devote the night time improving inherited gun positions. This position is near Germonville and nine kilometers west of Verdun. A great quantity of ammunition is being stored at the positions in preparation for big offensive.

HEADQUARTERS 148th FIELD ARTILLERY.

AMERICAN E. F.

GENERAL ORDERS *Sept. 20, 1918.*

No. 11.

1. Pursuant to the verbal direction of Maj. Gen. Lassiter, who commanded the Corps Artillery in the last engagement in which the 148th F. A. and the Second Bn. 57th C. A. C. participated under the command of the undersigned and operated in this battle as Groupment Sinclair, information is hereby transmitted that the General was exceptionally well pleased with the work of this Groupment. He stated that the Groupment had done "fine work" and that "everyone at Corps Headquarters is talking about the Groupment" and that the splendid service of the officers and men was deserving of the highest compliments.

2. The Commanding Officer of the Groupment is exceedingly well pleased with the praise from General Lassiter, and in thus complying with the wishes of the General desires at the same time to express his appreciation of the efficient operation of the different groups which called out these words of commendation from the Corps Artillery Commander.

3. It is directed that this information be conveyed to the officers and men of each battalion of this groupment in some suitable manner.

BURKE H. SINCLAIR,
Lieut. Col. 148th Field Artillery, Commanding.

CALENDAR—Continued

September 1918.

SAT. 21. The guns are moved out to the position after night falls. We live in dug-outs thirty feet underground and are ordered to remain under camouflage during the day.

SUN. 22. We receive second installment of mail. Argall is detailed to make report of enemy shelling in our region. Raining hard.

MON. 23. We become acquainted with the French tin can shower baths. Lieut. Doran has electric light installed in his dug-out. No work for the gun crews. Concentrated in the area surrounding us, are three regiments of artillery both heavy and light.

TUES. 24. The weather is perfect. We watch the enemy shell at regular intervals the cross roads to our right. Convoys en route are halted on the near side of the cross roads. After the expected shell had exploded they rushed on at double time rendering the enemy firing ineffective. At dusk fifteen regiments of tenderfoot infantry pass near our positions on their way to their trenches.

WED. 25. French Artillery abandon positions near us and we believe that the offensive is called off. Sergt. Roberts takes effective measures against French soldiers using lanterns, likely to expose our position. At 11. P. M. the drive starts with the heaviest barrage of the war. Corpl. Harris puts over gas attack of his own.

THUR. 26. At 2:30 A. M. artillery fire suddenly grows in intensity. This heavy firing continued all morning, dying down at eight A. M. The powder smoke from the cannons enveloped the region as would a fog. Our infantry has advanced eight kilometers. Thousands of prisoners escorted to the rear. Corporals Chapple, Hanna and Harris are promoted to Sergeants and Whittenberger and Orville Roberts are appointed Corporals.

FRI. 27. The Germans counter-attack and retake Montfaucon. We shift our field of fire to meet this emergency. The Yanks renew their attack and again regain possession of Montfaucon, the most valuable observation post on the Western front. General Pershing is in the sector inspecting artillery positions.

"It's hard to part, and ain't it bitter
To love a nurse and not to git her."

STRANGE BUCK—"What outfit is that?"

BEN HANNA—"Part of Kaiser Bill's firing squad."

The trouble of these 'demoiselles
Complains the Yankee Buck
Is that, each "Cherie" writes and spells
In French, dawggone the luck.

I taught her how to cuss
In English just a few,
I taught her brother "black-jack" and
Her dad to spit and chew.

Mayhap I taught her how to love.
On that I'm keeping mum;
But worst of all my crimes, I know,
I taught her to chew gum.

BILL BRUNELL—"Did you hear about one of the fellows choking to death the other night at supper."

OS NOREN—"No, how'd it happen?"

BILL BRUNELL—"He was eating a piece of corned willy and someone hollered, 'whoa.'"

SERGT. BROWN—"Our Regiment has to take off the A. O.'s and put on a pine tree insignia."

SERGT. CHAPPLE—"Why?"

SERGT. BROWN—"It never leaves."

TITLE TO THE LATEST SONG

"Mother, take in your service flag, your son is in the S. O. S."

JACK—"You say you were mentioned in a military way? In what connection?"

WHIT—"In connection with the pay-roll I balled up last month."

CALENDAR—Continued

September 1918.

SAT. 28. The guns receive march order about noon. We got orders to take up position about five kilometers beyond the captured first line. Rains make traveling very hard and the convoy is continually interupted by the Germans shelling the roads. Sergt. Hawkins leaves for Officers' School.

SUN. 29. We make a temporary stop at Esnes. The first platoon proceeded beyond Esnes and was ordered to turn around and take up a position in that city. The guns blocked the road for half a day. Part of the light convoy was caught in the traffic and were two days in returning to the Battery. For two days the road was impassable and trucks and ambulances loaded with wounded were unable to move.

MON. 30. Being unable to move, we went into temporary position at Esnes. Corpl. Williams, Pvts. Birdabove and Christenson return to the outfit.

October 1918.

TUES. 1. Work on gun positions. Engineers are working night and day in order to keep the roads in traveling condition. An American aviator delivers daily papers to us every evening. Doughnuts are made at the echelon and brought out to us at the guns. This is our first position that has not been camouflaged. Bulgaria signs separate peace.

WED. 2. Pennewill brings out large supply of quartermaster equipment. The men de-cootie-ize.

THUR. 3. Much aerial activity. Sergt. Harris leaves for Officers' School. We buy cigarettes and cigars from our Supply Sergeant.

FRI. 4. The Germans are beyond range and we are waiting to go forward.

SAT. 5. One platoon of Battery "D" takes up an extremely advanced position. We were to go in their place but Lieut. Doran took sick.

SUN. 6. March order at 1 P. M. Leave Esnes about 5 P. M. and park for the remainder of the night in a woods near Montfaucon. The road over which we passed was the worst that we had encountered.

Our Emergency Position at Esnes.

Barbed Wire Entanglements in "No Man's Land."

March Order.

CALENDAR—Continued

October 1918

MON. 7. In the afternoon the tractors with the gun platforms leave for the position. On account of the mud the guns were all night moving about twenty feet in order to get on the road.

TUES. 8. The guns were unable to reach the position at Nantillois before daybreak and were parked alongside the road. Shortly after daybreak Pvt. Lahey was killed and Corpl. Pollo was gassed. In the afternoon the guns were put in firing order. Germans heavily shell the vicinity.

WED. 9. The hill to our left is constantly shelled. The front line is two kilometers away. The American losses in this locality were very heavy and the men were lying around the fields several days after they had been killed.

THUR. 10. The line is very weak and if the enemy counter-attacks we will lose our guns. Star shells thrown up at the front line light up our positions.

FRI. 11. The enemy is retreating and things are less exciting. Machine gun barrage interrupt our sleep. Two enemy balloons have observation on us, and we expect a repetition of Death Valley.

SAT. 12. Short of ammunition. The men spend most of the time digging a dug-out for Lieut. Doran. Fritz sends over some gas shells. Men salvage stoves and endeavor to make their shelter holes comfortable.

SUN. 13. The Germans place a big barrage in the woods in front of us. Two companies of the gallant 61st infantry regiment of the Fifth Division retreat beyond our gun position and advise us to pull out. They were in the third line trenches.

MON. 14. Shells are dropped near the guns. One train brings ammunition, consisting only of appoints. We are assigned numerous targets but are not able to fire on account of the lack of powder.

TUES. 15. The kitchen is moved nearer to the guns. The previous place was constantly shelled and a "GI" can distributed fresh horse meat one night when we were eating supper. Now we have plenty of ammunition and make good use of it.

WED. 16. Rumors that Turkey and Austria have surrendered and that Germany is seeking peace.

German Tanks in the Argonne.

Putting One of Our Guns into Firing Position.

CALENDAR—Continued

October 1918.

WED. 16. A French Battery of 155 Schneider Shorts move into position to the right and rear of our guns. Argall and Evans are issued machine guns and take position in the rear of the Battery. Argall claims the purpose is to keep the Battery from stampeding.

THUR. 17. We are keeping up a slow harassing fire on important towns, cross roads and bridges. Montigny, Saulmaury and Sassey are the most important points.

FRI. 18. Seven Hun Batteries which had been located by our air service were shelling Batteries of the 146th continuously, when we were ordered to direct our fire upon them and did so with wonderful effect.

SAT. 19. All guns have fired over two thousand rounds. An enemy shell strikes ten feet in the rear of the third piece. Os Noren and Ike Anderson discover a Belgian piano in a German dug-out.

SUN. 20. A Fifth Division Commissary is located near the Battery position and for the first time for several weeks the boys have plenty of cigarettes and cigars. Corpl. Pennewill and Corpl. Williams were promoted to the rank of Sergeant. Pvts. Jones, Leach, Mattley, Torbit and Nifong were appointed Corporals.

MON. 21. The American Intelligence Department reports that our fire on Montigny and Saulmaury has been so effective that the Germans were forced to detrain their troops before reaching there. Orders were taken from a German officer directing that all German troops discontinue traffic through these towns. Lieut. Doran receives his Captaincy.

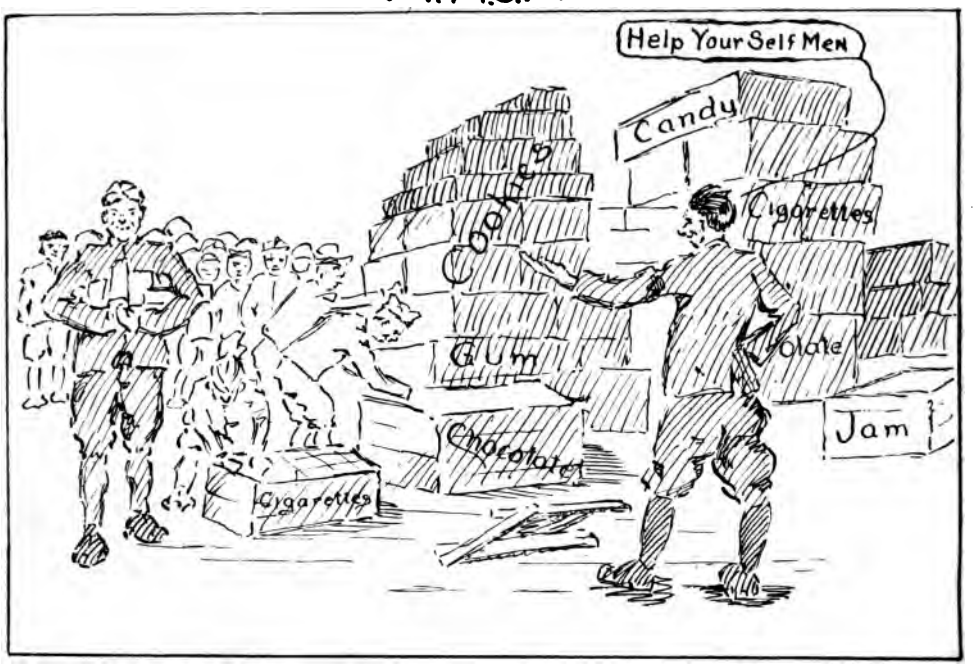
TUES. 22. The Captain has his dug-out enlarged. The camouflage over the guns is improved, yet the numerous paths made by the men, betrays our position to any enemy observer.

WED. 23. About ten men pack the piano two kilometers to our gun position and that night we had one grand jubilee.

THUR. 24. The Boche night raiders drop many bombs in our vicinity. We get replacements consisting of three Sergeants, one Corporal and fourteen Privates. Cator goes to Officers' School.

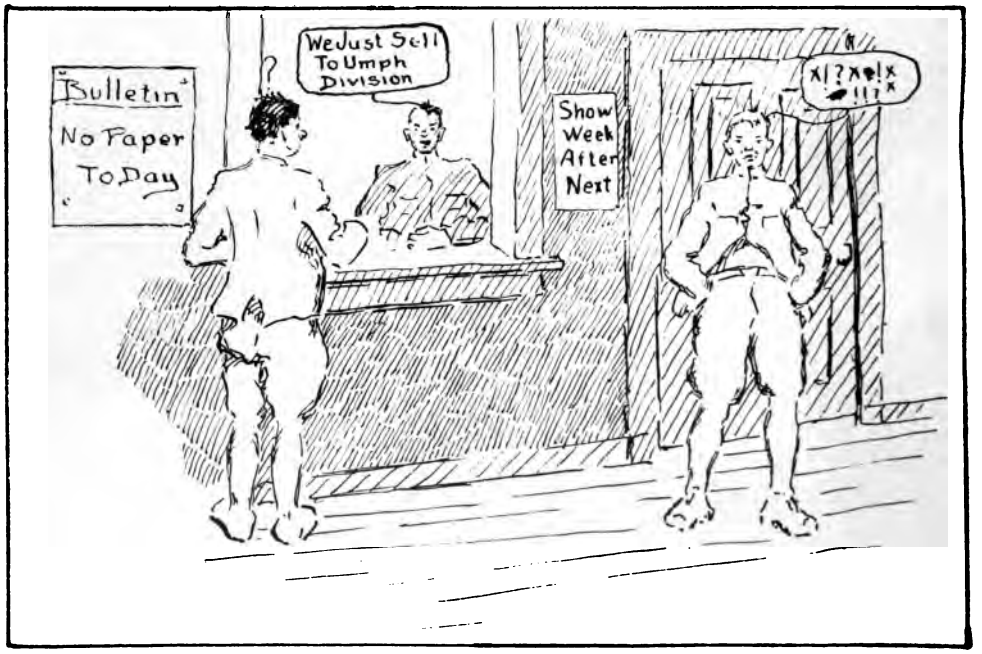
TUES. 29. We establish a Battery observation post. In the afternoon we adjust all guns on a German O. P. and were recorded with a direct hit. Sergt. Johnson was promoted to First Sergeant.

The Y.M.C.A.



The Way The People At Home Think It Is

But



The Way We Find It

HEADQUARTERS 66th F. A. BRIGADE.

AMERICAN E. F.

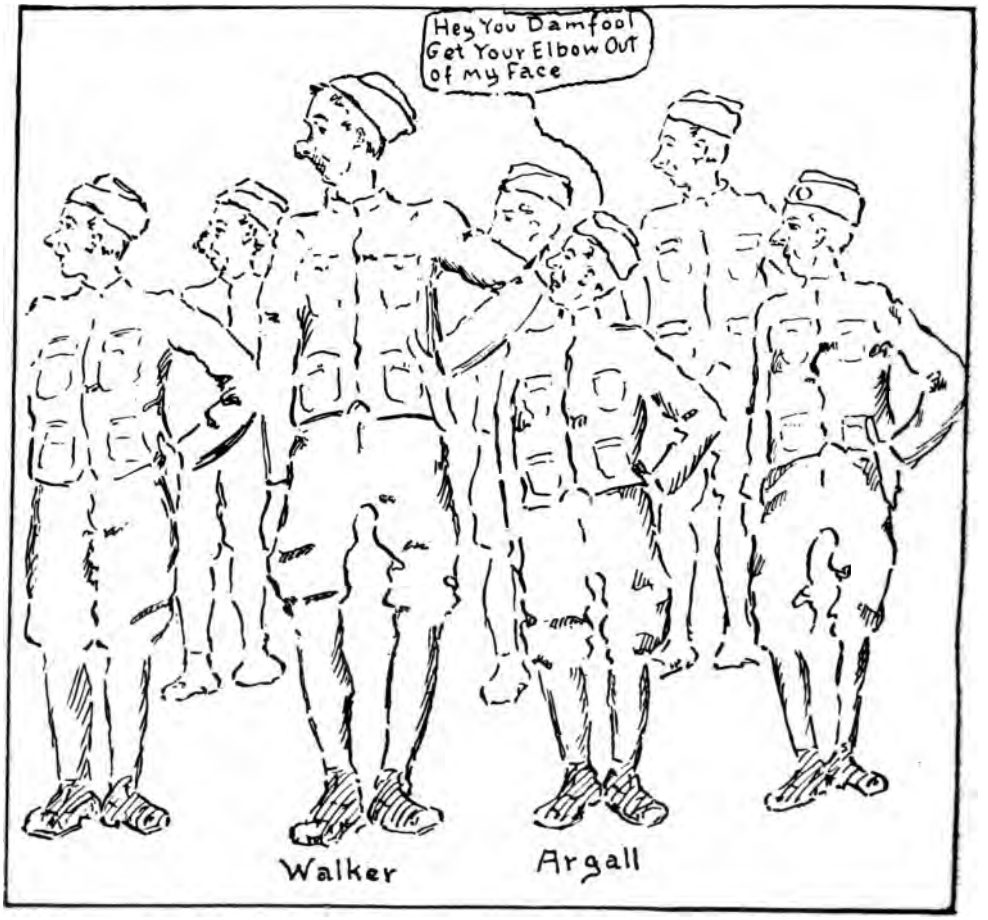
28 October, 1918

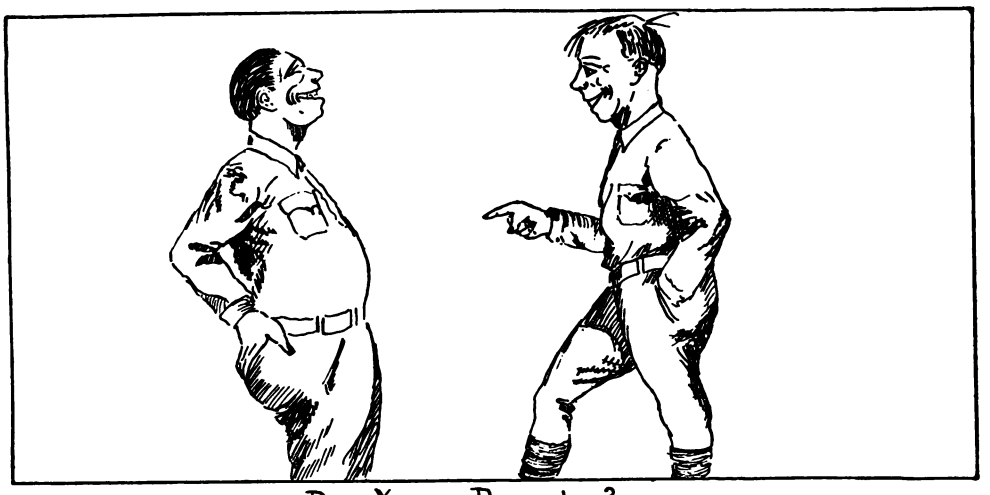
Advance of Artillery Units in Battle.

* * * Later I moved two guns from another battalion forward to Nantillois for the special purpose of reaching Saulmaury and Montigny. They were emplaced just in the rear of the infantry front lines, and it was possible to supply them quite liberally with ammunition. Two days later I got the remaining guns of that battalion to the same place which put eight guns in a rather hazardous position should the enemy counter, but was unable to get up sufficient ammunition to increase the volume of fire beyond that for the two guns first on the ground. Later still I advanced a battalion to a point about half way between Nantillois and Brieulles. It is there now ready for work and is well supplied with ammunition but have not thought it advisable to use it, since it is less than two kilometers from the front line and less than a battalion of infantry in front of it.

E. D. SCOTT,
Colonel of Field Artillery, Commanding.

(NOTE—This refers to "C" and "D" Batteries, comprising the second battalion, 148th F. A.)


Hey You Damfool
Get Your Elbow Out
of my Face
Walker
Argall



Do You Remember?

The one-armed officer in Southampton?

Our officers getting their Sam Browne belts?

The trip across the Channel?

Graning and Vail being left behind with Austin?

Rest Camp No. 1?

The English Canteens?

Boe eating soap that same night?

Your first taste of Champagne?

The German prisoners there?

What the English thought of the war?

That hike to the station?

How Santschi became suddenly both popular and famous?

Our introduction to French Box-cars?

How we slept?

The ammunition plant with all its girls?

Our arrival at Camp de Souge?

Buying a New York Herald there?

How ambitious we were to speak French?

A Few Minutes' Rest After Hours of Terrific Firing.

Church at Dun-sur-Meuse.

A Man-sized Hole.

Verdun.

CALENDAR—Continued

October 1918

WED. 30. Bob brings out candy, jam and fruit. Our guns have now fired nearly their maximum number of rounds. When in recoil and going back into battery they jump and jerk.

November 1918.

FRI. 1. A drive starts with an eleven-hour barrage. "C" Battery furnishes part of the creeping barrage. This is the first time that the G. P. F.'s have been used for barrage fire and the accuracy of Battery "C" proves that the G. P. F. can be used effectively as a barrage weapon. March order at 4 P. M.

SAT. 2. Orders are misunderstood and the tractors are several hours late. Tonight an attempt is made to get the guns on the road, but it was impossible on account of the mud and darkness.

SUN. 3. Worked all day today trying to get the guns on the road. About five P. M. the guns were ready to pull out. All night convoy.

MON. 4. We are in firing position at Aincreville by 2 P. M. The doughboys had been trying to cross the Meuse all day, but had failed on account of machine gun nests. We opened fire on the German defenses and after twenty minutes of intensive fire our doughboys made a safe crossing.

TUES. 5. The Germans are retreating fast, leaving nothing but machine guns to hinder our advance.

THUR. 7. Rumors that the Armistice had been signed but it is hard for us to believe.

FRI. 8. German Peace Delegates cross the lines near our gun position. Several of our men meet them on the road.

SAT. 9. The recoil system of the second piece is out of order and it is taken to St. Dizier for repairs. We cannot move on account of the tractors helping the first and third battalions to cross the Meuse by way of Verdun.

SUN. 10. We have enough tractors to move three guns. Rumors of peace. The guns left the position about 6 P. M.

MON. 11. About ten in the morning we learned officially that the Armistice would go into effect at 11 o'clock. The guns are not yet into position and the men work like demons trying to get ready to fire before 11 o'clock. To our disgust we are unable to get orders to fire.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

November 1, 1918.

AUSTRIA HAS SURRENDERED! ! ! ! ! !

It is reported that the Austrian Emperor has fled, that the Austrian Premier has been assassinated, and that Austria has been given 72 hours to evacuate from Italy.

TURKEY HAS SURRENDERED! ! ! ! !

The Allied fleet is now at Constantinople.

BULGARIA HAS SURRENDERED ! ! ! ! !

ROUMANIA HAS DECLARED WAR ON GERMANY! ! ! !

The brave men of our American Army in their attack of today have driven the Boche back and have captured thousands of prisoners.

All objectives have been gained.

It is absolutely essential that the success be followed up with the utmost energy to bring about confusion and demoralization and to prevent the enemy from forming his shattered forces. Now is the time to strike and strike hard.

JOHN L. HINES,
Major General.

(The above document is a facsimile of a headquarters newspaper distributed to the fighters on the front. This was our only source of information.)

DIVISIONS WE SUPPORTED

IN

THE MEUSE-ARGONNE OFFENSIVE.

33rd.

4th.

1st.

32nd.

5th.

91st.

89th.

90th.

3rd.

92nd.

26th.

79th.

CALENDAR—Continued

November 1918.

MON. 11. While we were "all in" and sought sleep, the people at home celebrated for us. To-night for the first time on the front we were allowed to build fires. We capture rockets and powder, and light up the whole country. Rumors that we are to be in the Army of Occupation.

TUES. 12. We are held in readiness to fire should the Germans again attempt treachery. The stil'ness of the night gets on the men's nerves and they are unable to sleep.

WED. 13. March order. Unable to move on account of disabled tractors. All our equipment and clothing is in bad shape. For the last four months we have been fighting continually and the strain is beginning to tell on the men. Few regiments have ever spent as long a time on the front without a relief.

THUR. 14. We leave the front and stop for the night in Aincreville.

FRI. 15. Convoy to Blercourt where we are quartered in barracks.

SAT. 16. We turn in our Whites and draw Quads and F. W. D.'s.

SUN. 17. Inspection. Everybody draws new clothing and equipment.

WED. 20. The entire Battery goes to be de-cootie-ized. The machine hatched more cooties than it destroyed.

THUR. 28. Thanksgiving. For dinner we had: roast turkey, mashed potatoes, gravy, dressing, salad, creamed peas, celery, oranges, apples, bread, real butter, jam, coffee with sugar, cheese, pumpkin pie, blackberry pie, peach pie, wine, champagne, cigarettes and cigars. Sight-seeing parties formed for Verdun.

December 1918.

MON. 2. We leave Blercourt for the Rhine. Pass through Verdun and stop for the night in German billets at Pienne. On the road we saw many mines and trees dynamited, ready to be blown across the road.

TUES. 3. We pass through Aumetz in Lorraine. Billeted for the night in a large school house in the city of Schifflange. Graning and Clay go on their wild escapade while in this place. We are to stay here the next day.

G. H. Q.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

GENERAL ORDERS *France, November 12, 1918.*

No. 203.

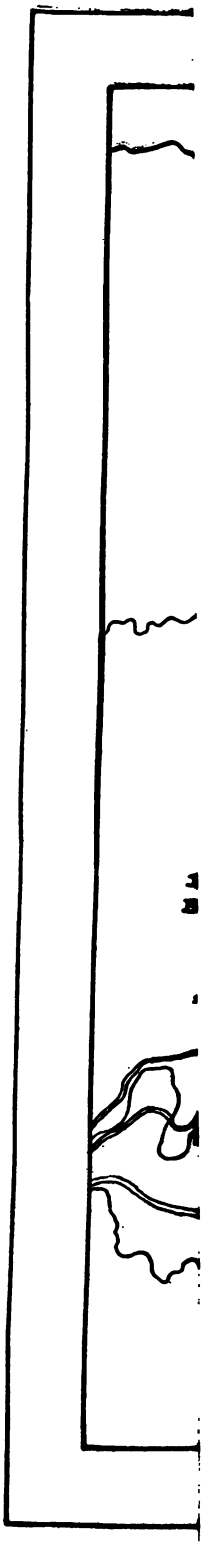
The enemy has capitulated. It is fitting that I address myself in thanks directly to the officers and soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces, who by their heroic efforts have made possible this glorious result. Our armies, hurriedly raised and hastily trained, met a veteran enemy, and by courage, discipline and skill always defeated him. Without complaint you have endured incessant toil, privation and danger. You have seen many of your comrades make the supreme sacrifice that freedom may live. I thank you for the patience and courage with which you have endured. I congratulate you upon the splendid fruits of victory, which your heroism and the blood of our gallant dead are now presenting to our nation. Your deeds will live forever on the most glorious pages of America's history.

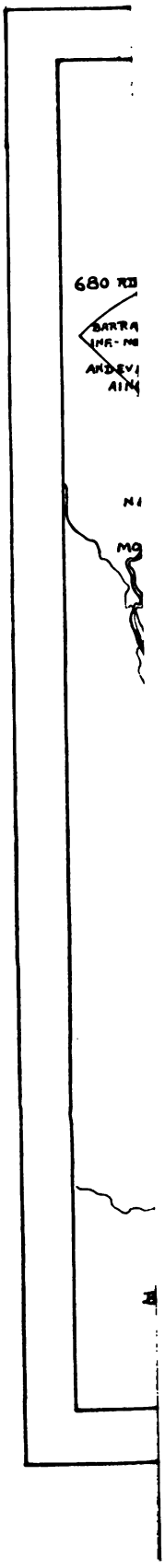
Those things you have done. There remains now a harder task which will test your soldier qualities to the utmost. Succeed in this and little note will be taken and few praises will be sung: fail, and the light of your glorious achievements of the past will sadly be dimmed. But you will not fail. Every natural tendency may urge towards relaxation in discipline, in conduct, in appearance, in everything that marks the soldier. Yet you will remember that each officer and each soldier is the representative in Europe of his people, and that his brilliant deeds of yesterday permit no action of today to pass unnoticed by friend or foe. You will meet this test as gallantly as you have met the tests of the battlefield. Sustained by your high ideals and inspired by the heroic part you have played, you will carry back to our people the proud consciousness of a new Americanism born of sacrifice. Whether you stand on hostile territory or on the friendly soil of France, you will bear yourself in discipline, appearance and respect for all civil rights, that you will confirm for all time the pride and love which every American feels for your uniform and for you.

JOHN J. PERSHING,
General, Commander in Chief.

OFFICIAL:

ROBERT C. DAVIS,
Adjutant General.

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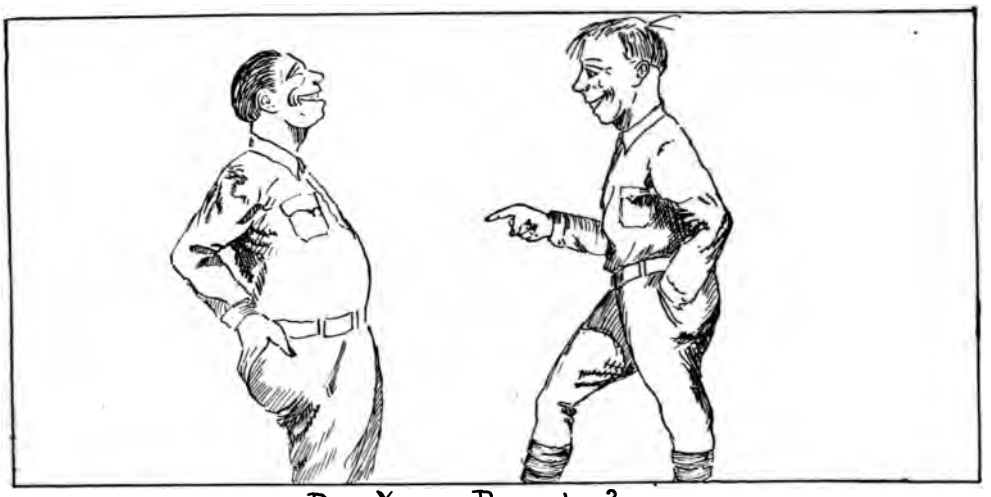


Do You Remember?

Our bath house?

The "Gold Brick" tractor drivers?

The fellow who drowned in the river Dordogne?

The prisoners of war getting hostile?

The old Aiguille Chateau?

The French soldier who stood retreat with his toy gun?

Graning's swim across the river?

The gas chamber?

"Lieutenant" Balding's famous ride through Castillon?

The population celebrating the successes on the front?

Hilton as Provost Sergeant?

When Lieutenants Gowdy and Bossart bade farewell to the Battery?

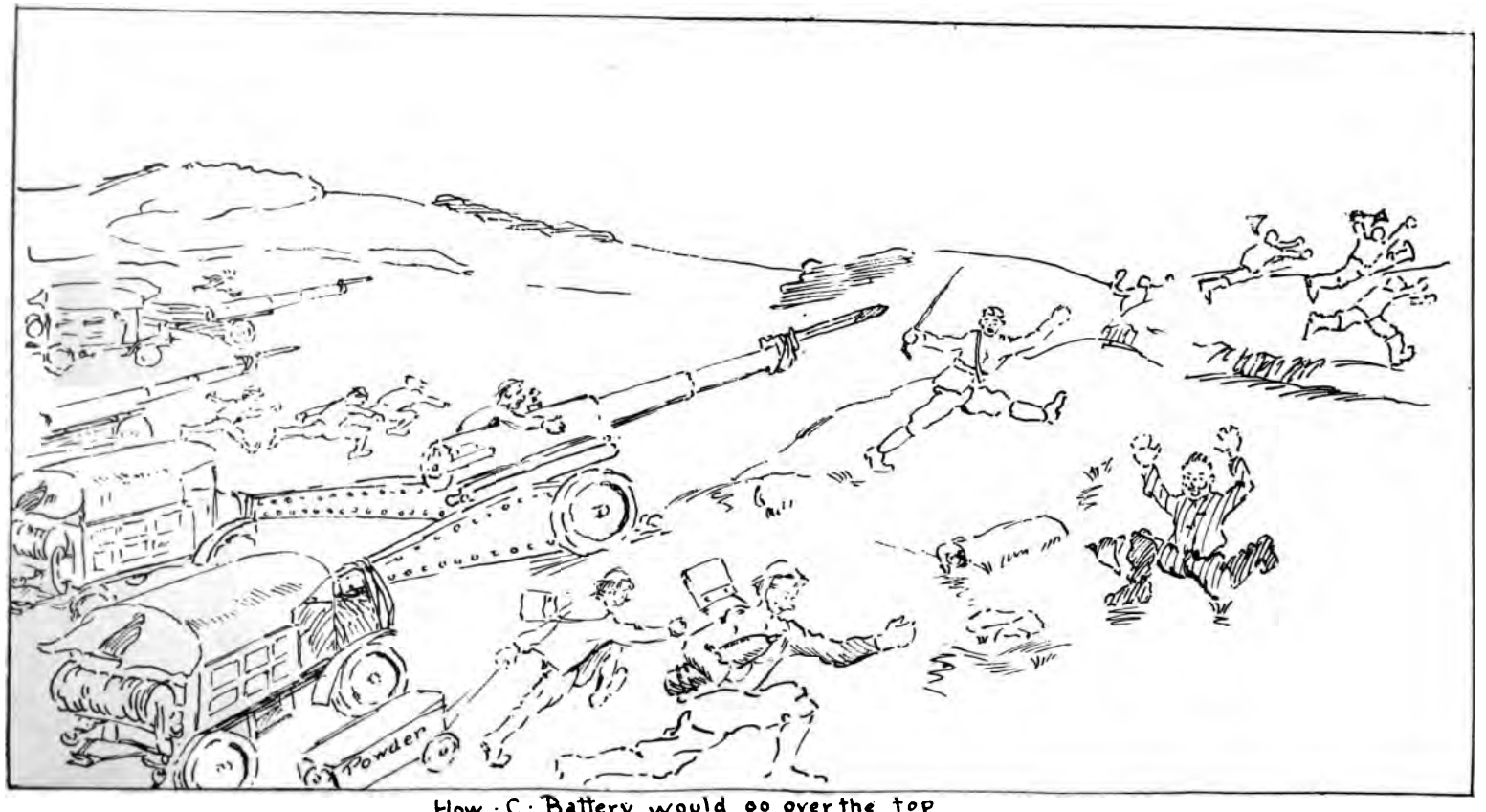
O'Grady?

The druggist on the corner?

Asking for a drink of water?

How Kurtz rid himself of the River Rat?

How shocked we were when we heard the truth about Evans and O'Bryan?



(151)

How · C · Battery would go over the top

G. H. Q.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

GENERAL ORDERS *France, Nov. 15, 1918.*

No. 206.

The following cabled communication from the Secretary of War is published to the command:

"The signing of the Armistice and the cessation of hostilities brings to an end a great and heroic military adventure in which the Army under your command has played a part distinguished by gallantry and success. It gives me pleasure to express to you the confidence and appreciation of the War Department and to those who labored with you to make this result possible this appreciation of their zeal, courage and strength, both of purpose and achievement. The entire country is filled with pride in your fine leadership and in the soldierly qualities shown by your Army. Now that a respite has come in the solemn task to which the Army devoted itself, the War Department will do all in its power to expedite the early return of the Expeditionary Forces to the United States in order that these soldiers may be restored to the opportunities of civil life as speedily as the military situation will permit. I extend to you as Commanding General of the American Expeditionary Forces my hearty congratulations and this expression of high esteem, and I beg you to make known to the officers and men of your command the fact that their conduct as soldiers and as men has stirred the pride of their fellow countrymen, and that their military success has contributed to the great victory for the forces of civilization and humanity.

(Signed) NEWTON D. BAKER.
Secretary of War."

By command of General Pershing:

JAMES W. McANDREW,
Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:

ROBERT C. DAVIS,
Adjutant General.

"The Avenger."

"C" Battery Lined Up for Inspection.

Guard Mount on the Rhine.

HEARD ON THE RANGE.

OFFICER TO TRAVI—"Great Scott! man, where are all your shots going?"
TRAVI—"I don't know, Sir, they left here all right."

"Kings up" isn't a very good hand to play these days.

Germany lost her bacon
But managed to save the Rhine.

Bolshevism is an insult to the memory of every American boy who fell in France.

During the war twelve spies were shot in the London Tower. How many were shot in the United States.

God is not with the Kaiser, and it's dollars to doughnuts the arch murderer of Europe will never be with God. His asbestos passports read for elsewhere.

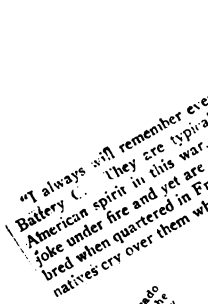
(Tune–Poor Butterfly)

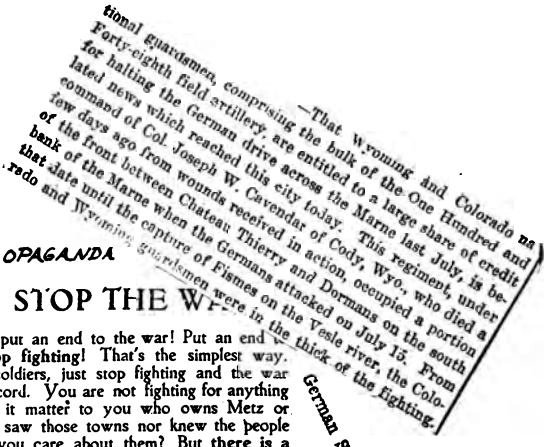
Goodbye Française; we're going back to the U. S. A.
We heard you call and we helped you win and now that
Our duty is done, we helped to whip the Hun, we are
Going away from you to the land we love.

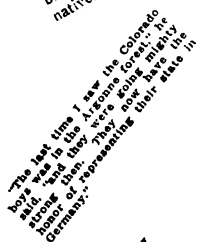
We bid farewell to the land of shot and shell,
And cannons' roar we'll hear no more,
And we will always bear in mind the pals we left behind
In this worlds-wide war; so au Revoir.

WHEN THE WAR IS OVER

When the war is over and we all rank the same
We'll call the Colonel by his first name,
We'll have the Captains shine our shoes,
We'll have the Majors bring us booze;
When the war is over and we have won;
And we'll have all the shave-tails on the run,
Just wait until I'm free
You can all have a drink on me,
When the war is over and we all rank just the same.


"I always will remember every member of Battery C. They are typical of the whole American spirit in this war. They sing and joke under fire and yet are so kindly and well bred when quartered in French towns that the natives cry over them when they leave.


—That Wyoming and Colorado national guardsmen, comprising the bulk of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth field artillery, are entitled to a large share of credit for halting the German drive across the Marne last July, is belated news which reached this city today. This regiment, under command of Col. Joseph W. Cavendar of Cody, Wyo., who died a few days ago from wounds received in action, occupied a portion of the front between Chateau Thierry and Dormans on the south bank of the Marne when the Germans attacked on July 15. From that date until the capture of Flames on the Vesle river, the Colorado and Wyoming guardsmen were in the thick of the fighting.


"The last time I saw the Colorado boys was in the Argonne forest. He said 'and they were going mighty strong then. They now have the honor of representing their state in Germany."

GERMAN PROPAGANDA

HOW TO STOP THE WAR

Do your part to put an end to the war! Put an end to your part of it. **Stop fighting!** That's the simplest way. You can do it, you soldiers, just stop fighting and the war will end of its own accord. You are not fighting for anything anyway. What does it matter to you who owns Metz or Strassburg, you never saw those towns nor knew the people in them, so what do you care about them? But **there is a little town back home in little old United States** you would like to see and if you keep on fighting here in the hope of getting a look at those old German fortresses you may never see home again.

The only way to stop the war is to stop fighting. That's easy. Just quit it and slip across «No Man's Land» and join the bunch that's taking it easy there waiting to be exchanged and taken home. There is no disgrace in that. That bunch of American prisoners will be welcomed just as warmly as you who stick it out in these infernal trenches. Get wise and get over the top.

There is nothing in the glory of keeping up the war. But think of the increasing taxes you will have to pay the longer the war lasts the larger those taxes at home will be. Get wise and get over.

All the fine words about glory are tommy rot. **You haven't got any business fighting in France.** You would better be fighting the money trust at home instead of fighting your fellow soldiers in grey over here where it doesn't really matter two sticks to you how the war goes.

Your country needs you, your family needs you and **you need your life for something better** than being gassed, shot at, deafened by cannon shots and rendered unfit physically by the miserable life you must live here

The tales they tell you of the cruelties of German prison camps are fairy tales. Of course you may not like being a prisoner of war but anything is better than this infernal place with no hope of escape except by being wounded after which you will only be sent back for another hole in your body.

Wake up and stop the war! You can if you want to. Your government does not mean to stop the war for years to come and the years are going to be long and dreary. **You better come over while the going is good.**

German Shells Fall Rapidly and Guns Are Put Out of Commission; Is Being Sent Back to United States to Recuperate

Oregon Cavalry, Now Artillery, in Heat Of War From First

"If the average of the American army is as high as Battery C, America's reputation is in mighty good hands."

SCHNELL IS BACK FROM THE FRONT

Has Narrow Escape From Hun

SPRINGS SOLDIERS TAKE PART IN BIG DRIVE

24 November, 1918.

FROM: The Commanding Officer.

TO: Chief of Artillery 1st Army.

SUBJECT: Operations of Brigade.

NOV. 11TH.

During the night of 10-11 our Brigade maintained a steady fire on the roads leading north from Stenay, northwest from Baalon and north from Juvigny. Concentrations were also placed on Bois Chenois at the request of the 90th Division. At 6 hours, November 11, our troops continued their attack. At 7:30 hours word was received from 3rd C. A. that the armistice, which had been signed, would take effect at 11 hours, and to cease firing immediately. The enemy continued firing until 10:30 and offered strong resistance to our advance. During the morning Stenay was captured and occupied, Baalon taken and the lines pushed forward to a point northwest of Juvigny. At 11 hours hostilities ceased. The line held by our troops at that time was as follows: 304-880, 303-894.

On November the 11th, the Brigade was ordered withdrawn from the lines for refitting. Battery "C" 148 F. A. and Battery "B" 146 F. A. were ordered to remain in position for immediate action until relieved by units of the 56 and 60 C. A. C. The relief was completed on the 14th and the Brigade proceeded to Blercourt rest area.

The Fourth Section, Veterans of Four Major Battles.

Sign Post on the Western Front.

Enroute to Germany.

CALENDAR—Continued

December 1918.

THUR. 5. We leave Schifflange and pass through the city of Luxembourg and are billeted in the city of Wasserbillig. Germany is just across the river.

FRI. 6. We go on a hike into Germany.

SAT. 7. Inspection. Rumor that one of our guards was shot on post. McAninch raves.

TUES. 10. Break camp and quartered in Bitburg. Salvage marmalade from the gutter. Many men enjoy a bed for the first time in nine months. Goodspeed and McLennan oversleep and left behind.

WED. 11. Our next stop is in Budesheim. Mud acquires another Iron Cross.

THUR. 12. Convoy to Walsdorf. Souvenirs are cornered by the kitchen force.

SAT. 14. Inspection.

FRI. 20. We spent the past week in drilling and hiking in rain and snow storms.

SAT. 21. We depart for Nachtsheim where we stay for the night.

SUN. 22. We make Weissenthurm, on the banks of the Rhine.

TUES. 24. Material has been cleaned. Preparations are made for Christmas.

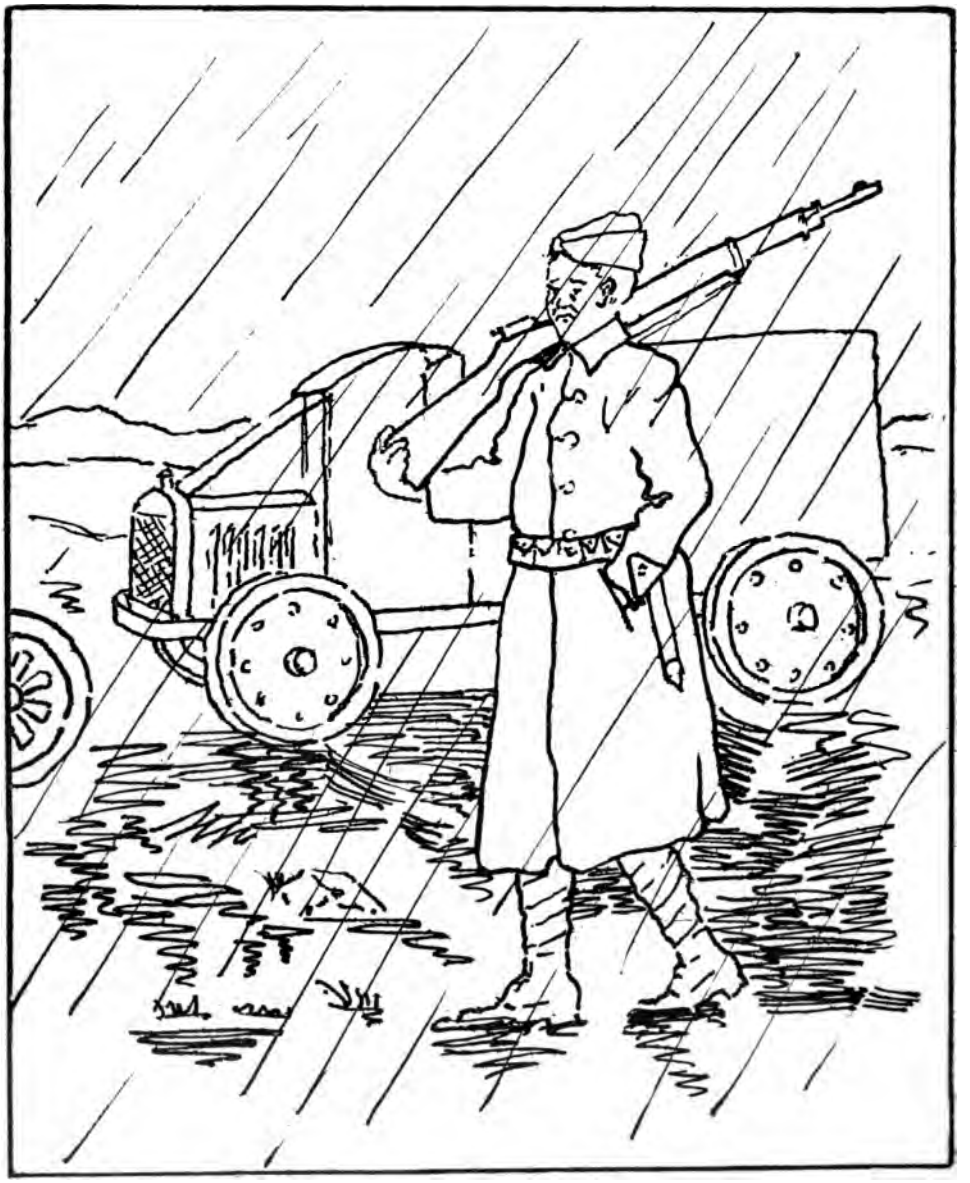
WED. 25. Christmas. Who says, "MERRY CHRISTMAS?" Six kegs of beer are opened by the cooks. We spend the day in policing up the town and guarding the material. Beer is improving in quality.

SUN. 29. We have spent our time here policing the town, guarding material, cleaning equipment and taking hikes. Guns are lined up on the road ready to leave in the morning.

MON. 30. We arrive in Höhr, Germany. We crossed the Rhine about ten o'clock this morning on a railroad bridge about six kilometers below Coblenz.

TUES. 31. Clean and occupy our billets. Settle down for a long period of misery, waiting to go home. Sergt. Choate comes back a "dovetail" from the Officers' Training School.

A Merry Christmas



We Walked Post Christmas Day while the Liberated Germans had a Real Merry Christmas.

THE OTHER BIRD

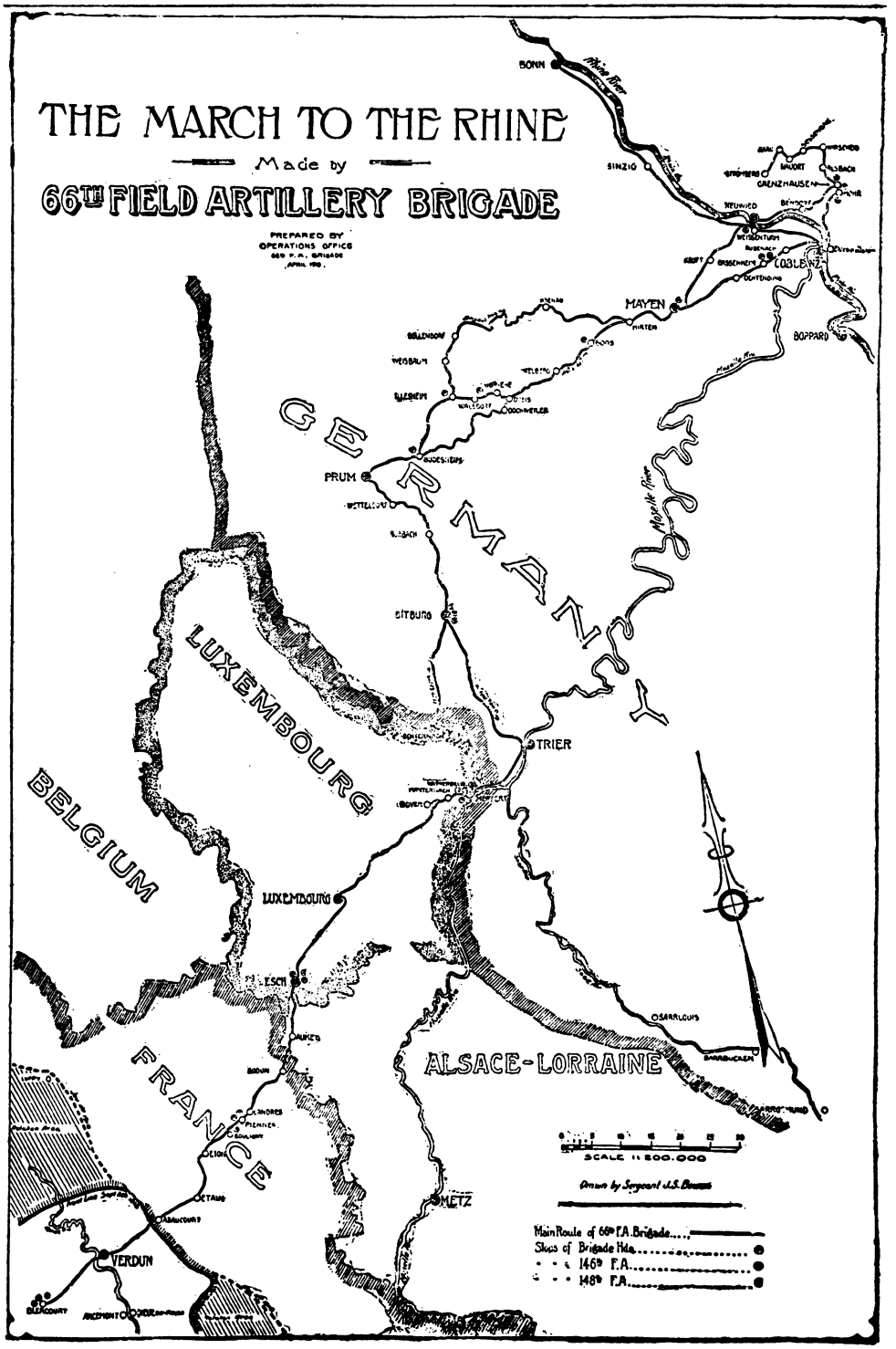
When the other Bird from the S. O. S.
Sits down to his steak and pie,
He proclaims his wrath with a scorching tongue,
And swears he'd rather die
Than count out cans of Monkey Meat
And check off loaves of punk,
That he wants to fight and hit the gaff
And a lot of other bunk.
He wears a good old Campaign hat
And a pair of russet dogs
And has a little Mademoiselle
To share his dialogues.
While the man in arms contents himself
With a can of old corned Bill.
He casually reads his undershirt,
For literature is nil.
He wears a Stetson made of tin,
His dogs weigh many a pound,
When night time comes he builds his "flop"
And turns in on the ground.

You read a lot of phony junk about the Y. M. C. A's.
But for all the fun a fighter has
You bet your sox he pays.
Somebody says down in "Paree"
There's a "Y" there that's a bear,
But the front line troops don't benefit
For the S. O. S. are there.
Up where the big boys scream and howl
And there's gas and hell and all,
They're a myth, these Red Triang'e men,
Up where your comrades fall.
Here we'll have to pause and say
A kind word for a chap
And he is the good old Red Cross man
He goes up where they scrap.
He passes out all he has
And does it with a smile,
While the other bloke grasps for the francs,
Like a miser o'er his pile.

On New Year's Day "C" Battery was Detailed to Clean the Streets of the Little German Town in which we were Quartered.

Back to the Bird in the S. O. S.
With his sorry, doleful plight,
Who really hates to count shoe strings,
And thinks he wants to fight.
I crave to take these burning youths
By their soft and tender hands,
And lead them to the scene of hell
That's bound by mortal bands.
But it's too late now and they're going back,
These boys from the S. O. S.,
They'll be heroes from "Over There"
And we'll stay till we rot, I guess.
They'll tell of how they drove the Huns
From the Marne to the river Vesle,
While the men who actually bit the chunk
Are still reading the A. E. F. mail.
They will tell of how they took the heights
Of dizzy Montfaucon,
And in the siege of the Argonne woods
Of how they carried on.
We'll occupy the Vaterland,
As we are doing now,
And eat the Chinese army grub,
Better known as "raw tin chow."
Some day perhaps our scow will sail,
And take us 'cross the foam,
But the only thing to welcome us
Will be the fact that we're home.
The cheering throngs with welcome arms,
Who met our brave (?) S. O. S.
Will be dispersed and the passers-by
Will say, "More of those Birds I guess."

But WE'LL always know who stripped the Boche
And bridged the river Vesle.
Who reduced the salient of St. Mihiel,
And stormed the Argonne trail.
The S. O. S. will spill their load
And pull their hero stuff,
But when the fighting men come home,
Say, watch us call their bluff.


THE MARCH TO THE RHINE
Made by
66TH FIELD ARTILLERY BRIGADE
PREPARED BY OPERATIONS OFFICE 66th F.A. BRIGADE APRIL 1919.
BONN
Rhine River
SINZIG
COBLENZ
MAYEN
BOPPARD
PRUM
BITBURG
TRIER
GERMANY
Moselle River
LUXEMBOURG
BELGIUM
FRANCE
ALSACE-LORRAINE
METZ
VERDUN
ESCH
SCALE 1:500,000
Drawn by Sergeant J.S. Bowers
Main Route of 66th F.A. Brigade
Stops of Brigade Hdq.
" " " 146th F.A.
" " " 148th F.A.

CONCLUSION TO CALENDAR

On Sunday, May 11, 1919, our Brigade was transferred to the S. O. S. for immediate return to the United States. It took several days to pack what equipment we were to bring home with us and to turn in to the Ordnance Department the guns, trucks, tractors and equipment we were to leave in France. About nine o'clock Monday morning, May 26th, we left the town of Höhr in parade formation, for Engers, a town about 12 kilometers distant. At 1:25 P. M. we left Engers aboard an American troop train for the port of St. Nazaire, France.

We arrived at St. Nazaire Thursday morning, May 29th, at 6:30 A. M. We arrived in camp at 8:45 A. M. and after remaining there four days in which time we were deloused and underwent several physical examinations, we embarked on the U. S. S. Peerless at 8:30 P. M., Monday, June 2nd.

The Regiment sailed the following morning at 6 A. M., bidding a last farewell to the shores of France.

After thirteen days on the water we docked in New York at 5 P. M. Sunday, June 15th. We were served supper at the dock by the Red Cross and after waiting about five hours, we boarded a ferry for Long Island City, arriving there at 11:45 P. M. We entrained for Camp Mills and were comfortably resting on good old American beds about three o'clock in the morning; the first time in a year and a half.

While in Camp Mills we had the freedom of the camp and passes were liberally given out.

On Thursday, June 19, 1919, the 148th Regiment of Field Artillery was split up and passed into history.

All men from Oregon and the vicinity left camp the following morning for Camp Lewis, Washington, the demobilization point for Oregon and Washington men. This morning the men from Colorado and Wyoming left Garden City, Long Island, at 3:30 for Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming. Other detachments for different portions of the country left for demobilization camps that evening and the following morning.

On Tuesday, June 24th, at 4:30 in the morning Batteries "A," "B," "C," "D," and "E," arrived in Colorado Springs.

Colorado Springs, the home of Battery "C" gave to its veteran sons a welcome such as only a mother town could give to her sons. The Regiment marched in parade amid the shouts and praises of the entire populace.

Leaving Colorado Springs about 10 A. M., the Batteries paraded in Denver, Ft. Collins and Cheyenne, receiving a glorious welcome in each

Taken as we pulled into Höhr, Germany.

Our Cooks and K. P.'s.

city and the appreciation from the citizens of our record on the fields of France.

On Friday, June 27th, 1919, Battery "C" was discharged from the military service of the United States.

Battery "C" 148th Field Artillery, now exists on paper only and is on record in the War Department as a Battery of Field Artillery that served with distinction, willingly and unflinchingly, in the four great battles of the American Expeditionary Forces.

LINES

Darling I am coming back,
Silver threads among the black,
Now that Peace old Europe wears,
I'll be back in seven years.

I'll drop in on you some night,
With my whiskers long and white.
Yes, the war is over dear,
And we're coming home I hear.

Home again with you once more,
Home by Nineteen Twenty-Four.
Back to where you sit and pine,
But I am stuck here on the Rhine.

You can hear the gang all curse,
War is hell but peace is worse.

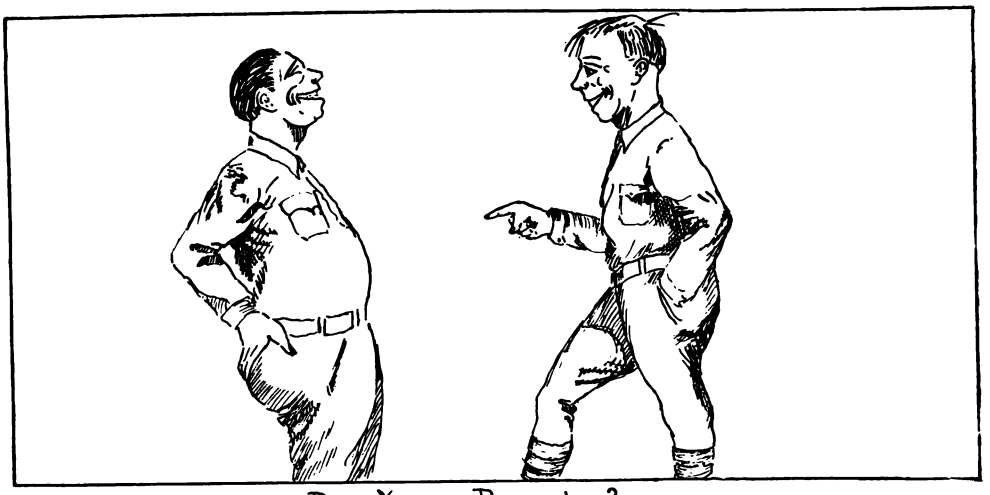
When the next war comes around,
In the front rank I'll be found.
I'll rush in again pell-mell,
Yes I will, like hell, like hell.

(NOTE—Since published, the author has died in Germany of old age.)

Fourth Section.

Inspection in Germany.

Guard Mount on the Banks of the Rhine.



Do You Remember?

Picking worms out of the cherries?

The old man who loafed around the kitchen?

Your efforts to get to Bordeaux?

The Mexican Border Service Badge question?

Christenson and Wessell as river pirates?

McGlinn and his excursion up the river?

The bad effect Lahey had on Engbeck?

Stout and his automobile?

The summer house near the station?

Madame Billy?

Bennie Gaylor's successful crab hunt?

Swede's kindness to our hostess?

"Turn the crank, Larry?"

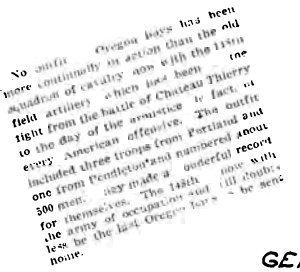
The Castillon fire department?

Captain Smith's illness?

Sergeant-Major Griffin?

The "D" Battery cook getting killed on a bicycle?

The Fair Days?



No outfit Oregon boys has been more continually in action than the old squadron of cavalry now with the 118th field artillery which has been the fight from the battle of Chateau Thierry to the day of the armistice. The outfit every American offensive. The outfit included three troops from Portland and one from Pendleton and numbered about 500 men. They made a wonderful record for themselves. The 148th now with the army of occupation and will doubtless be the last Oregon boys to be sent home.

C BATTERY NEAR COBLENZ;

WOULD GET ONE OF BATTERY C'S GUNS FROM FRANCE AS MEMORIAL TO C. S. UNIT

GERMAN PROPAGANDA

The better part of valor.

Are you a brave man or a coward?

It takes a brave man to stand up for his principles Cowards stand behind leaders and die, imagining that by so doing they become heroes.

The motive of an act is its measure. If you think the war is hell and that you as a citizen of the United States of America have no business to be fighting in France for England you are a coward to stay with it. If you had the courage to face criticism you would get out and over the top in no time to a place where there is some likelihood that you may see home again.

What business is this war in Europe to you anyhow? You don't want to annex anything, do you? You don't want to give up your life for the abstract thing «humanity».

If you believe in humanity and that life is precious, save your own life and dedicate it to the service of your own country and the woman who deserves it of you.

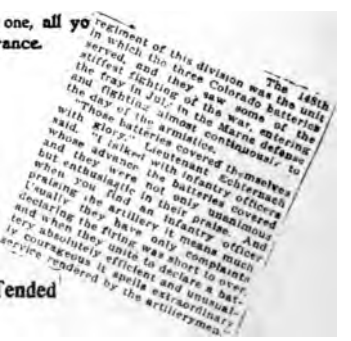
Lots of you fellows are staying with it because you are too cowardly to protest, to assert your own wills. Your wills are the best judges of what is best for you to do. Don't ask any one's opinion as to what you would better do! You know best what is the right thing to do Do it and save your life! Germany never did any harm to you, all the newspaper tales of wrongs were printed to inflame you to the fighting pitch they were lies, you know you can't believe what you read in the papers.

If you stay with the outfit ten chances to one, all you will get out of it will be a tombstone in France.

BATTERY C HAS CASUALTIES;

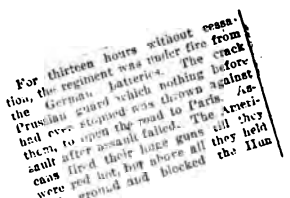
...y is expressions of praise voiced ... officers of every rank for the Colorado artillery boys who made up Battery B, "Denver's own," Battery C of Colorado Springs and Battery A of Fort Collins

...rform Feat of Smashing Hun Ammunition Train With Clean Hit



The 148th regiment of this division was the unit in which the three Colorado batteries served, and they saw some of the stiffest fighting of the war, entering the fray in July in the Marne defense and fighting almost continuously to the day of the armistice.

"Those batteries covered themselves with glory," Lieutenant Echternach said. "I talked with infantry officers whose advance the batteries covered and they were not only unanimous but enthusiastic in their praise. And when you find an infantry officer praising the artillery it means much. Usually they have only complaints declaring the firing was short to over, and when they unite to declare a battery absolutely efficient and unusually courageous it spells extraordinary service rendered by the artillerymen."



For thirteen hours without cessation, the regiment was under fire from the German batteries. The crack Prussian guard which nothing before had ever stopped was thrown against them, to open the road to Paris. Assault after assault failed. The Americans fired their huge guns till they were red hot, but above all they held their ground and blocked the Hun advance.

BATTERY C IS IN HOTTEST FIGHTING

Captain Tended Wounded Under Heavy Shelling

G. H. Q.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

GENERAL ORDERS *France, Dec. 19, 1918.*
No. 232.

It is with a sense of gratitude for its splendid accomplishments which will live through all history that I record in General Orders a tribute to the victory of the First Army in the Meuse-Argonne battle.

Tested and strengthened by the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient, for more than six weeks you battered against the pivot of the enemy line on the western front. It was a position of imposing natural strength, stretching on both sides of the Meuse river from the bitterly contested hill of Verdun to the almost impenetrable forest of the Argonne; a position moreover, fortified by four years of labor designed to render it impregnable; a position held with the fullest resources of the enemy. That position you broke utterly, and thereby hastened the collapse of the enemy's military power.

Soldiers of all the Divisions engaged under the First, Third and Fifth Corps—the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 26th, 28th, 29th, 32nd, 33rd, 35th, 37th, 42nd, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 90th and 91st—you will be long remembered for the stubborn persistence of your progress, your storming of obstinately defended machine gun nests, your penetration, yard by yard, of the woods and ravines, your heroic resistance in the face of counter attacks, supported by powerful artillery fire. For more than a month, from the initial attack of September 26th, you fought your way slowly through the Argonne, through the woods and over hills west of the Meuse; you slowly enlarged your hold on the Cotes de Meuse to the east; and then, on the first of November, your attack forced the entire left bank of the Meuse south of Sedan, and then stormed the heights on the right bank and drove him into the plain beyond.

Your achievement, which is scarcely to be equalled in American history, must remain a source of proud satisfaction to the troops who participated in the last campaign of the war. The American people will remember it as the realization of the hitherto potential strength of the American contribution toward the cause to which they had sworn allegiance. There can be no greater reward for a soldier or for a soldier's memory.

This order will be read to all organizations at the first assembly formation after its receipt.

JOHN J. PERSHING,
General, Commander in Chief.

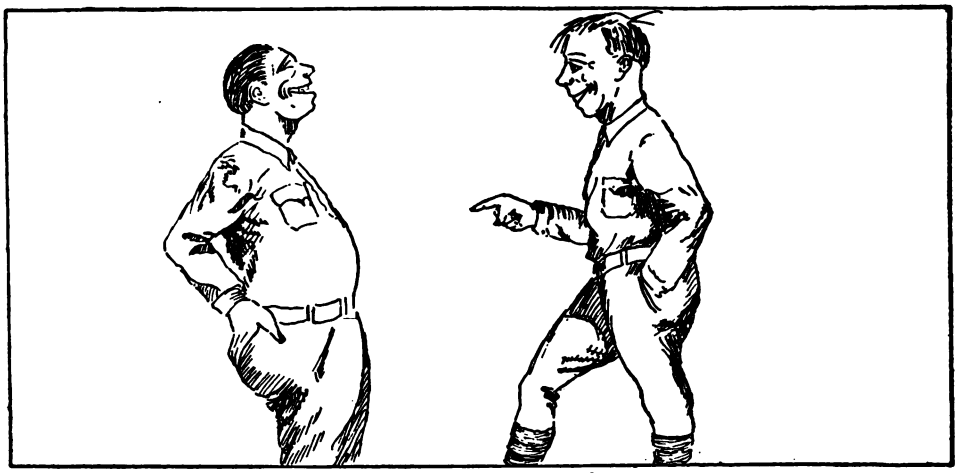
OFFICIAL:

ROBERT C. DAVIS,
Adjutant General.

(NOTE—We fought as Army Artillery throughout this offensive).

Several Times We Fired for Hours Wearing Our Gas Masks.

Third Section.



Do You Remember?

Our first funeral?

The parades at retreat?

Buying a Liberty Bond?

Our journey to Camp Merritt?

Sour beans and chile?

Days in quarantine?

Noyer's heated argument with Bradshaw?

The non-coms scattering ashes on all the paths?

The Christmas festival?

The Kangaroo Court?

The steam baths?

The officers' farewell party?

The false sailing alarm?

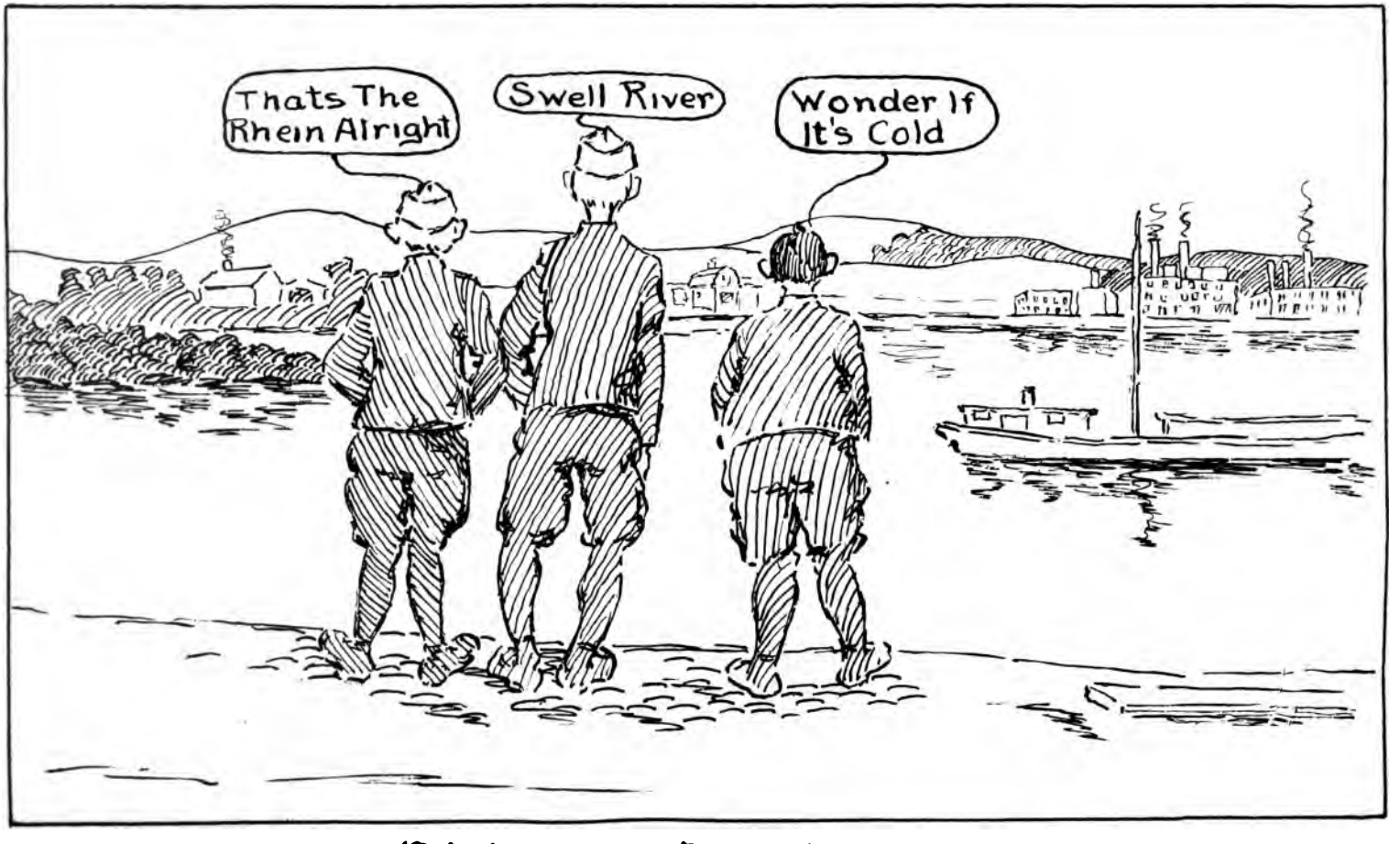
Sergeant Brown without inside dope?

When Lilley held up the Battery?

The Dedication of the new Y. M. C. A.?

The hot-hand parties?

The stocking cap fad?



(172)

(Die) Wacht Am Rhein

CAPTAIN VIC.

(*To the tune of "Days of 61"*)

How well I remember those days, now months ago
When a rookie swore at Greasers "sweet and low."
If they'd only let us at him, to the Border we would go
So we all got up and went.
Each man had his gun, his pistol and his bun;
We were all fightin' crazy for the fray,
So when the order came, were up at break of day,
Just to fight for Capt. Vic.

CHORUS

When we fit for Captain Vic, my boys;
When we fit for Captain Vic,
In those hot border days, beneath the "Broiling Sun"
When we fit for Captain Vic.

BATTERY "C"

(*Tune of "Marching Through Georgia"*)

Sing a song together, boys;
Shout it loud and far!
To Capt. Victor and his bunch
Returning from the war.
To Nick and Lou and Daniel—all
These worthy heroes are
Dear to the hearts of the Grizzlies!

CHORUS

Hurrah! Hurrah! Ring out the Chorus free!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! for Battery "C"!
Our hearts and arms are open
As we sing this joyful glee
On their return from the Border!

Horace Lunt and Sergeant Jeff
And Stuart Dodge are three
And Bartow Hall's another, whom
We're mighty glad to see,
The Country Club is proud of them,
They ever more will be
Dear to the hearts of the Grizzlies.

Third Section.

The Y. M. C. A. at Coblenz.

MAKING GOOD AT HOME

We were asked by a comrade-in-arms why we felt so sure that we would, in the years to come, hear more about our men of Battery "C."

Perhaps that can best be answered by telling just a little about the men who make up the Battery.

First we have the old "Vets" from the Border. Those fellows of real red blood and instinct for adventure who formed the skeleton of the Battery in '17, then the first recruits who were keen for the great adventure. Following them were the boys from Oregon, and a set of real men at that. Men, western men, who from their childhood had been taught the history of their forefathers, whose deeds fired their blood. Their ancestors' history flamed before them as a guiding light to justice and liberty. Their only fear was: "Will I prove worthy?"

Their country, their flag, the same country and flag that their ancestors fought and died for, had been insulted. Their country called; the world and civilization called; and their hearts were aflame with indignation and pride. They were ready to go; ready to prove worthy to die for the flag and its ideals.

And then the Frisco boys came. More western men of the same reckless type and feeling. And all of our replacements while on the front were of the same calibre, with the lone desire to prove worthy.

Now that the war is over the question in all of our minds is: "Will I succeed at home; am I fit to go home and start over again." "Did the men on the front make good; did they prove worthy?" You have but to look up their records and be convinced. "Will those same men make good at home?"

A man who has confidence in himself yet questions: "Can I uphold the honor of my country and assist her in every possible way?" then grits his teeth, throws out his chest and says "I will," is a man who will make good at home and we will hear more of him.

When ordered to put our guns into position in broad daylight where death seemed certain, did the men say, "we can't?" No, dear comrades. They set their jaws and on that memorable "first day" at Nantillois they put the guns in with the loss of but one man and one other casual.

Private Lahey will always stand in our memories as a monument to the day when "C" Battery said, "We will!" and did.

Those same men when facing serious and distressing problems either in private, commercial or political affairs will not shirk and say "I can't do it;" but will throw back their shoulders with determination and say, as in the Argonne, "I will." And that, dear comrades is why we say we shall hear more of these men of Battery "C."

Hanna Learns German

G. H. Q.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

GENERAL ORDERS *France, December 28, 1918.*

No. 240.

1 Upon the occasion of the review by the President of the United States, of the United States Troops representing the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe, near Humes, France, December 25, 1918, the Commander in Chief, A. E. F., presented the troops to the President as follows:

"Mr. President and fellow soldiers:

"We are gathered here today to do honor to the Commander in Chief of the armies and navies. For the first time an American President will review an American Army on foreign soil, the soil of a sister republic, beside whose gallant troops we have fought to restore peace to the world. Speaking for you and your comrades, I am proud to declare to the President that no army has ever more loyally or more effectively served its country, and none has ever fought in a nobler cause. You, Mr. President, by your confidence and by your support, have made the success of our armies possible, and to you as our Commander in Chief, may I now present the nation's victorious army?"

President Wilson made the following reply:

"General Pershing and fellow-countrymen:

"I wish that I could give to each one of you the message that I know you are longing to receive from those at home who love you. I cannot do that, but I can tell you how everybody at home is proud of you, how everybody at home has followed every move of this great army with confidence and affection, and how the whole people of the United States are now waiting to welcome you home with an acclaim which probably never has greeted any other army. Because this is a war into which our country, like these countries we have been so proud to stand by, has put its whole heart, and the reason that we are proud of you is that you have put your heart into it; you have done your duty, and something more, you have done your duty and have done it with a spirit which gave it distinction and glory.

"And now we are to have the fruits of victory. You knew when you came over what you came over for, and you have done what it was appointed you to do. I know what you expect of me. Some time ago a gentleman

First Section.

Ready for a Full-pack Hike.

Excursion Boat on the Rhine.

from one of the countries with which we are associated, was discussing with me the moral aspects of this war, and I said that if we did not insist upon the high purposes for which this war was entered by the United States, I could never look those gallant fellows across the sea in the face again. You know what we expected of you and you did it. I know what you and the people at home expect of me; and I am happy to say, my fellow countrymen, that I do not find in the hearts of the great leaders with whom it is my privilege now to co-operate, any difference of principle or of fundamental purpose. It happened that it was the privilege of America to present the chart for peace, and now the process of settlement has been rendered comparatively simple by the fact that all the nations concerned have accepted that chart, and that the application of those principles laid down there, will be their application. The world will now know that the nations that fought this war, as well as the soldiers that represented them, are ready to make good—make good not merely in the assertion of their own interests, but make good in the establishment of peace upon the permanent foundations of right and justice. Because this is not a war in which soldiers of the free nations have obeyed the masters. You have commanders, but you have no masters. Your very commanders represent you in representing the nation of which you constitute so distinguished a part, and this being a people's war, everybody concerned in the settlement knows that it must be a people's peace, that nothing must be done in the settlement of the issue of the war which is not as handsome as the great achievements of the armies of the United States and the Allies.

"It is difficult, very difficult, men, in a formal speech like this to show you my real heart. You men probably do not realize with what anxious attention and care we have followed every step you have advanced, and how proud we are that every step was in advance and not in retreat; that every time you set your faces in any direction you kept your face in that direction. A thrill has gone through my heart, as it has gone through the heart of every American, with almost every gun that was fired and every stroke that was struck in the gallant fighting that you have done; and there has been only one regret in America, and that was, the regret that every man there felt that he was not here in France, too. It has been a hard thing to perform tasks in the United States. It has been a hard thing to take part in directing what you did without coming over and helping you do it. It has taken a lot of moral courage to stay at home, but we were proud to back you up in every way that was possible to back you up, and now I am happy to find what splendid names you have made for yourselves among the civilian population of France as well

C BATTERY WINS PRAISE,

WITH OCCUPATION ARMY IN HUNLAND

To the old Oregon cavalry has fallen the honor of being the only all-Oregon unit of [illegible] on duty in Germany with the American army of occupation, according to a letter recently received from Captain Cicero F. Hoge now at Hoge's Germany. This body of 400 volunteers is composed of what was originally troops A, B and C of Portland, and troop D of Pendleton. Troop A, in which Cicero Hogue was then a lieutenant, served on the Mexican border in the spring of 1917, and was federalized in April of that year.

The brigade which included the Oregon troopers left for the front July 4, 1918, fired its first shot at Chateau Thierry July 7 and with the exception of four days was in action continually until 11 o'clock on November 11, when the armistice became effective. Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel, Verdun and in the Meuse-Argonne drive the Seventy-sixth has either as cavalry or artillery. At first the Oregon men were brigaded with the French but were later attached to Pershing's army. They were attached to no division but among other fought with the 26th and 42d divisions.

While France still was ringing with the celebration of America's Independence day, the Colorado men received orders to "go up." On July 6 they detrained in the area of shrapnel and observation balloons.

"We left the train at 7:30 in the morning, learned we were not to be billeted but instead would go into immediate action, got our horses and placed, camouflaged our positions and turned loose the long-pent wrath of our heavies on the Huns," Lieutenant Hart said. "It was all indirect firing but Battery C early was credited with scoring a clean hit on a German ammunition train and blowing it to

Manning French "heavies"—Immense guns provided by the French government—the Springfield boys have made a record on the bloody field of the Marne that would be enduring if they never sent over another shell. It is just this beginning, however. They are continuing to tear into the German with fury.

Following the organization of the [illegible] cavalry [illegible] Portland and Pendleton the entire body was mustered into the federal service at Spartanburg, S. C., as part of the [illegible] Division. Colorado artillerymen supplied the heavy field artillery, [illegible] while with the Thirty-sixth [illegible] Eastern [illegible] up the 36th field artillery brigade.

[illegible] the ship [illegible] January [illegible] the [illegible] division to which they have now been assigned. In Germany the 116th has been attached to the 41st Army Corps of the Second army. Later at Camp [illegible] where they were equipped with the [illegible] guns. This six-inch gun had been used as heavy artillery by the French but upon being loaned to the Americans was used as mobile artillery.

A formal letter of thanks sent by their French commanding general testifies to the gallant service rendered by Battery C and other units of the One Hundred Forty-eighth artillery in the fighting on the Rheims-Soissons salient last month. Just where the Colorado Springs artillerymen are stationed now is not known but they put in 15 days of vigorous work in that vicinity. It is believed, and that without a single casualty.

"The night of the great Artillery duel, July 15, Lieut. William H. Schade of Battery C, who is range officer for the regiment, and [illegible] officer for the regiment's right-hand man, located a concentration of Huns in [illegible] must be in front of us. The word went along for A, B, C and D batteries to prepare for a shelling of that wood. The signal came, and the 75 mm. French guns of the battalion roared as one and continued to roar the next [illegible] ing the official French communique mentioned that the German detachments in [illegible] wood had retired."

Coloradoans Crack Gunners of First Corps.

The most important message that he brings, according to Lieutenant Hart himself, is the tidings that the Colorado men are not only the crack gunners of General Liggett's first army corps, but that every officer and man is well, happy and doing his best to crush now, the power of the Prussian

Former Cavalry Troops Win Glory as Artillerymen in Thickest of Fighting.

as among your comrades in arms of the French army. It is a fine testimony to you men that these people like you and trust you, and the finest part of it all is, that you deserve their trust.

"I feel a comradeship with you today which is delightful, as I look about upon these undisturbed fields and think of the terrible scenes through which you have gone, and realize now that the quiet peace, the tranquility of settled hope, has descended upon us all; and, while it is hard so far away from home, confidently to bid you a merry Christmas, I can, I think, confidently promise you a happy New Year, and I can, from the bottom of my heart say, God bless you."

2. This order will be read to all organizations at the first assembly after its receipt.

By command of Gen. Pershing:

JAMES W. MCANDREW,
Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:

ROBERT C. DAVIS,
Adjutant General.

RUMORS

Rumors Run so Wild that they Often have to be Controlled by the Commanding Officer.

NEW FABLE IN SLANG

(With apologies to George Ade.)

Mr. Young Fellow was a brave man. He had enlisted for the duration of the war. He belonged to that body of Parasites called Artillery.

In the course of time he became an acrobat. He could about-face three times and hit the Hole of a Dugout without Notice. He learned to Fall in the Mud every time the Birds Sang. He saw s ghts which made his Spine Shiver like a Tin Can on a Dog's Tail. With it all he was contented. He was doing his bit.

One day they stopped Fighting. All up and down the line was quiet as an Arctic Funeral. Mr. Young Fellow took stock of His Affairs and decided that the Army Wasn't so bad if it was Run Right. So when they gave him his Discharge he told the Officer that he wanted another Hitch.

You see, Mr. Young Fellow was brave enough, but his top Floor was Unfurnished. It never occured to him that Three Years of Army Life in Peace Times was merely a forerunner of an Eternity of Hell.

He got his Hitch all right. Suffering bones of a boiled Owl! He was Hitched so tight that every time he moved his Head his Ribs Cracked. He was the Captain's Doormat. When the Colonel's Kidneys wouldn't work he assisted the Doctor. He did Anything and Everything that no self-respecting American soldier should do. For it all he was never cursed more than Five Times a Day, and once a month could get a three hours Pass if the Colonel wasn't busy.

This is a Sad Story. Were it not so, it never would have been written. In conclusion, let it be said that after Long Suffering he finally died the Death of a Grave-Digger.

MORAL:—Don't be a damn Fool and RE-ENLIST.

ROMANCE AND A MOTORCYCLE

Marie, the daughter of the Duchess of Luxembourg was beautiful, unmarried and just twenty-one.

While the Americans were wafting their way through her country on their victorious march to Germany, Marie remarked that she would like to meet some of those gallant and dashing Yankee fighters who had saved Paris.

News of her desire spread like fire and reached the little hamlet of Schifflange where Battery "C" was resting a few days preparatory to resuming its onward march.

Two Corporals met and after a brief discussion decided to take advantage of the present opportunity to meet a princess. One of them was a dispatch rider who controlled a motorcycle with side car attached, the property of Uncle Sam. Without divulging their plans they started that afternoon for Luxembourg, a distance of forty kilometers. They carried with them as an offering, a carton of cigarettes and two bars of laundry soap. Yes the lady would meet at least two Yankees.

They had covered but a short distance when they had to stop to repair a broken chain. A few kilometers further the exhaust pipe dropped by the wayside. Shortly the front mud guard became loosened and caused further delay.

They arrived in Luxembourg late that evening.

* * * *

They had covered thirty-five of the forty kilometers of the distance home and could plainly see the lights of the city of Esch, to which Schifflange was a suburb. It had been raining hard and the two adventurers were experiencing difficulty in keeping the road.

An F. W. D. truck suddenly loomed up in the darkness. There was a crash. All was darkness.

The two corporals were carried to their billets where they soon regained consciousness. The motorcycle and men were unfit for further immediate service. The truck was only slightly damaged.

A week later the Colonel called the corporals before him, demanding an explanation of the wreck and their visit to the city. Unfortunately there is nothing in the Army Regulations covering romance, and punishment necessarily followed. One corporal was reduced to the rank of private and the other was fined a nominal sum.

However the corporal and private meet on the sly occasionally, compare photographs and enthusiastically remark, "She was worth it. Oh Boy!"

G. H. Q.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

GENERAL ORDERS
No. 238.

France, December 26, 1918.

It is with soldierly pride that I record in General Orders a tribute to the taking of the St. Mihiel Salient by the First Army.

On September 12, 1918, you delivered the first concerted offensive operation of the American Expeditionary Forces upon difficult terrain against this redoubtable position, immovably held for four years, which crumpled before your ably executed advance. Within twenty-four hours of the commencement of the attack, the salient had ceased to exist and you were threatening Metz.

Your Divisions, which had never been tried in the exacting conditions of major offensive operations, worthy emulated those of more arduous experience and earned their right to participate in the more difficult task to come. Your Staff and Auxilliary services, which labored so untiringly and so enthusiastically, deserve equal commendation, and we are indebted to the willing co-operation of veteran French divisions and of auxilliary units which the Allied commands put at our disposal.

Not only did you straighten a dangerous salient, capture 16,000 prisoners and 443 guns, and liberate 240 square miles of French territory, but you demonstrated the fitness for battle of a unified American Army.

We appreciate the loyal training and effort of the First Army. In the name of our country I offer our hearty and unmeasured thanks to these splendid Americans of the 1st, 4th, and 5th Corps and the 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 26th, 42nd, 82nd, 89th, and 90th Divisions, which were engaged, and of the 3rd, 35th, 78th, 80th and 91st Divisions, which were in reserve.

This order will be read to all organizations at the first assembly formation after its receipt.

By command of General Pershing:

JAMES W. MCANDREW,
Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:

ROBERT C. DAVIS,
Adjutant General.

(NOTE.—The 66th F. A. Brigade was operating with the 1st Army as Army Artillery.)

Value of soap

Soap was so Scarce when we Arrived in Germany that a Cake of it Would Buy Anything we Chose to Have.

IT MAY BE TRUE

While his Battery was stationed at Höhr, Germany, with the Army of Occupation, Pvt. Lucky was taken sick and sent to a hospital in France. After his recovery he was assigned to a casual company which returned to the States where he was mustered out.

Sixty years have elapsed. Mr. Lucky was sitting in a hotel lobby in Denver. General Pershing enters and our old comrade from force of habit snaps to attention and salutes. General Pershing notices that the man is in civilian clothes, and concludes that our friend was at one time a soldier.

The following conversation ensues:

"You have been a soldier?"

"Yes sir."

"When did you serve?"

"In the World's War, sir."

"With what outfit?"

"The 148th Field Artillery, sir."

"What Division?"

"No Division, sir, we were Army Artillery."

"What Brigade?"

"The 66th Field Artillery Brigade, sir."

General Pershing slams his hand down on the table and exclaims:

"Well I'll be damned if I haven't forgotten and left the 66th F. A. Brigade in Germany."

Our Tractors and Guns Amazed the Germans.

HEADQUARTERS

66th FIELD ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

AMERICAN E. F.

19 March, 1919.

MEMORANDUM:—To Organization Commanders:

It is my desire to compliment the Brigade on the excellent appearance presented during the review by the Commander-in-Chief on Sunday, March 16th, 1919.

Both the Commander-in-Chief and the Corps Commander stated that the Brigade presented a very neat and soldierly appearance.

This Brigade had an enviable record of over five months continuous service on the line. The satisfactory manner in which it has thus far successfully accomplished its irksome and vexatious duty as a part of the Army of Occupation, has called forth favorable comment from all its higher commanders. The Brigade has a reputation. Let us not relax in our efforts, but rather let every member of this Brigade by his neat and soldierly appearance and by the conscientious care of the material entrusted to us, maintain that reputation which will always be a source of great satisfaction to us when our duty "over here" is done.

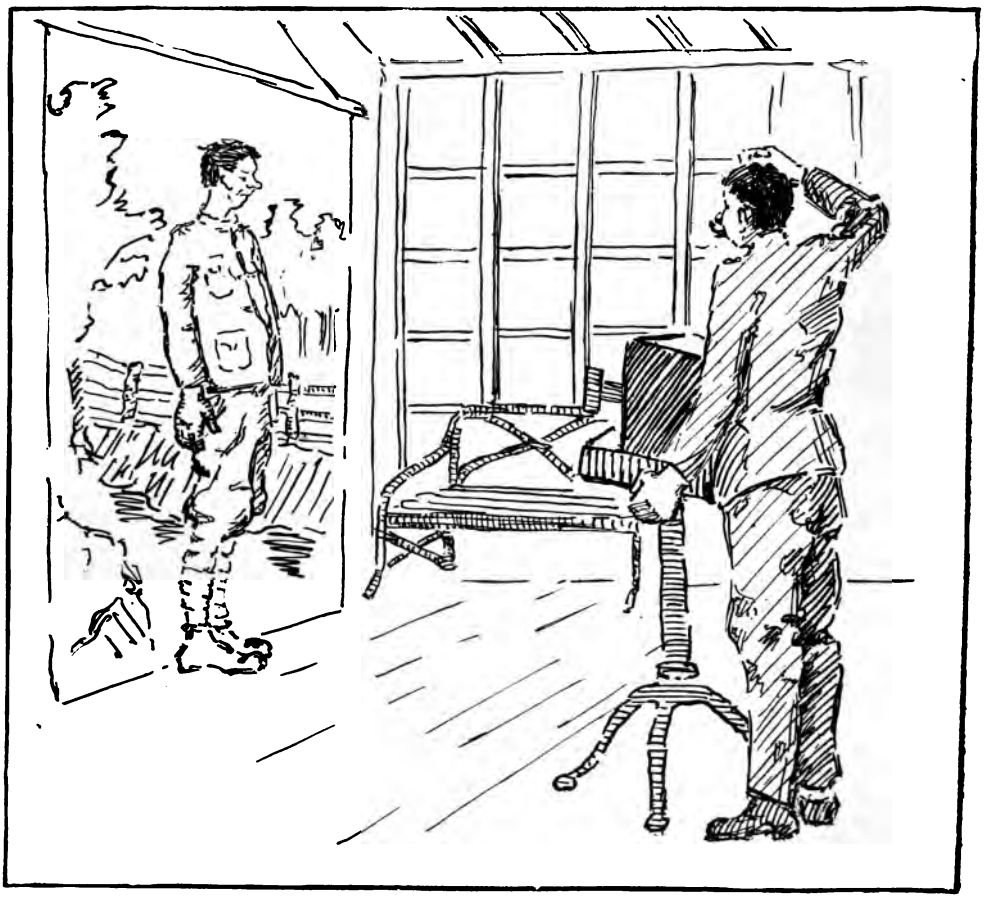
P. H. Worcester,
Colonel Field Artillery,
Comdg. 66th F. A. Brigade.

Headquarters 148th Field Artillery, American E. F., 21 March, 1919.
To all organizations.

1 To be read at one formation.

By order of Major Hungerford,

George I. Smith,
Captain 148th Field Artillery,
Adjutant.



Peaceful pursuits

The first thing we did after we got to Germany was to have our pictures taken for the folks at home.

WHEN WE GET BACK FROM GERMANY

When we get back from Germany,
When we get back from war,
The National Guard can go to hell,
For we'll enlist no more.
We'll change our clothes and take a bath,
And by the Holy Lord,
We'll jump into a jitney bus and vote for Henry Ford.

GLORIOUS

I was drunk last night,
Drunk the night before,
Going to get drunk tonight,
If I never get drunk any more.
For when I am drunk,
I am as happy as can be,
For I am a member of the Souse family.
Oh glorious, glorious,
One keg of beer for the four of us,
Glory be to God that there are no more of us,
For one of us can drink it all alone.

Thou too, sail on, O German State;
Your course you shifted pretty late;
Now, laden to your water line,
You dare the gale and floating mine.
. . . . . .
We want to see her keep afloat,
Because we own the darned old boat.

Mountain Boys Were Thrown Into Big Battle at Tip Of German Wedge When the Crucial Moment Arrived.

Everywhere along the front, against which the Germans hurled their offensive in July, the allied troops began to fall back except where the One Hundred and Forty-eighth field artillery, with other American units, was stationed along the south bank of the Marne. This was the point nearest Paris and the spot where the Germans most hoped to penetrate.

Had they succeeded in going thru it would have been almost impossible to save Paris.

BATTERY C MEN TELL OF BIG FIGHT

BATTERY C CITED FIVE TIMES; HOLDS RECORD FOR BIG GUN SNIPING

Buy Bonds for Battery C Today

WAR OUT TO BE A FOOL FOR BATTERY C

AMERICAN PROPAGANDA

Friends of German Democracy

MANNER UND FRAUEN
AUS DEM DEUTSCHEN VOLKE!

SOLDATEN!

1. Eure Regierung hat diesen furchterlichen Krieg gewollt und entfesselt — deswegen kann das freie Volk der Vereinigten Staaten nicht mit eurer Regierung über den Frieden reden.

Wenn ihr den Krieg hasst und den Frieden wollt, so werft diese Regierung der Kriegsmacher über Bord und schafft eine Regierung, welche die Friedenswünsche des Volkes vertritt.

2. Eure Regierung hat den Neutralitätsvertrag mit Belgien zerrissen, hat Belgien und Nordfrankreich in eine Wüste verwandelt. Eure Regierung hat das Völkerrecht mit Füssen getreten, Hunderte von Frauen und Kindern durch die U-Boote auf den Meeresgrund geschickt. Eure Regierung hat die Giftgase in die Kriegführung eingeführt, sie hat die Verbrechen gegen Treu und Glauben angehäuft, die heiligsten Verträge gebrochen, und deswegen kann niemand zu eurer Regierung das Vertrauen haben, das die Vorbedingungen eines ehrlichen, dauernden Friedensvertrags bildet. Das Wort der deutschen Regierung gilt nichts mehr im Rate der Völker, das deutsche Volk kann Frieden schliessen, nicht seine Regierung.

Battery C Played Important Part in Stopping the Huns at Chateau-Thierry

HUNGERFORD'S COURAGE IN ACTION TOLD BY BATTERY C SOLDIER ON FRENCH FRONT

SCHNELL TELLS OF OTHER CASUALTIES IN BATTERY C

Nifong Sleeps Between 2 Logs

BATTERY C MEN TELL OF HEAVY SHELLING

Personal Sidelights

1st Sergt. Eric A. Johnson, Jr. *"Swede."*

127 N. 4th St., Victor, Colo.

Enlisted at Victor, Colorado, to see the world. After a year in France and Germany with his accumulated knowledge and experience, joys and disappointments, he decides that America is the country, Colorado the State, and Victor the town for the dwelling place of his affections. Swede had a chronic case of Goldbrickitis at Camp Greene. Became very lively on the front. Was wounded at Death Valley and after three months of luxury in the hospital he eagerly rejoined the outfit.

"It don't make a bit of difference to me, but you know how it is."

Mess Sergt. Joseph J. Otto. *"Otto."*

800 S. 3rd. St., Columbus, Ohio.

A chef of no mean ability. Has been with us from the start. Takes keen delight in dishing out slumgullion stew, Salmon, corn willy, hard-tack and bread pudding at all hours. Otto would feed us food fit for Captains were it in his power. He uses his German and rations to good advantage. When exhibiting souvenirs Otto can outclass the whole Battery.

"Where are those K. P's?"

SERGT. ROBERT. O. PENNEWILL. *"Bob."*

Elks Club, Colorado Springs, Colo.

We thought we had here a hotel manager, but he proved to be a first-class doctor. Medicine and canteen goods his specialty. Likes to please the officers. A pretty good old scout who always takes an interest in the welfare of the boys. His canteen makes a profitable business. He intends to retire after leaving the army.

"I sell for just what it costs."

SERGT. ARTHUR N. ROBERTS. *"Shorty."*

Jarbidge, Nev.

A crack shot from the west. He believes that a six shooter makes a good persuader. While at La Courtine he made the acquaintance of Spike Hennessey and since then always has tried to put into effect Spike's ideas when dealing with the men. What we like about Shorty the most is his mild temper. Even under the most difficult circumstances he finds time to write numerous letters.

"Everybody out to police up."

SERGT. FRED O. BROWN. *"Fred."*

Olathe, Kans.

The source of all rumors. A vertiable fountain of knowledge. Inside information at all times. He refused the opportunity to attend Officers' School as he thinks the enlisted man plays a more honorable part. A chaser of "Hello girls." Fails to see where hard-boiled methods accomplish any good.

"We are going to move next week."

SERGT. NEAL J. HAWKINS. *"Hawkins."*

Very quiet. He believes we will not have good discipline if the Sergts. get too familiar with the "bucks." Very attentive to his duties. When 1st Sergt. of "C" Troop he established a reputation for fairness and squareness. Set a good example at Death Valley. Was sent to the Officers' Training School and later returned a "Dovetail."

"That's easily done."

SERGT. EVERETT C. MCANINCH. *"Mac."*

Edmond, Okla.

A bad man from Oklahoma. Sometimes called a "Bra-a-a-ave" man. His section the cleverest in the Battery. At one time he was a college professor. A chum of Kindsfater's. Claims that a projectile from his gun brought down an aviator at Nantillois. He has a keen appetite for stolen poultry.

"Sound off, you ignorant———"

SERGT. WILLIAM CHOATE. *"Bill."*

1045 E. 21st St. N., Portland, Ore.

A reserved and peaceful man. At Death Valley the bursting shells chased him around a tree until he was dizzy. He especially disliked slackers as one of them married his girl while he was fighting in France. Passed an examination for a commission but on account of the war ending, he did not receive his promotion.

"Well that was hard luck."

SERGT. ORSON S. CHAPPLE. *"Chappie."*

2259 Monroe Ave., Ogden, Utah.

A pal of Capt. Doran—at least it is rumored that they lived in the same town before the war. There is no evidence of Mormonism, however. A crab for discipline. Loved and admired by all of his associates. Shows no partiality.

"All out and capstan."

SERGT. GEORGE W. WILLIAMS. *"Pap."*

Victor, Colorado.

A miner from the Cripple Creek District. He is handy with his dukes and promoted several fights while in the Battery. While over here he in vain sought a widow with a chateau and a wine cellar in connection. Never let "Pap" beard you. Was injured on the St. Mihiel front but pulled through safely.

"Give 'em Hell."

SERGT. BEN HANNA. *"Ben."*

Albany Hotel, Denver, Colo.

A specimen of old Ireland. Good natured and always one of the boys. A member in good standing of the Poker Club. This is not Ben's first war. "Spirits" coveted by a Major appeals particularly to Ben. He is Irish from the top of his head to the bottom of his feet and does his best to let us know it.

"That's a kindness I'll never forget."

SERGT. STANLEY C. GOULD. *"Goldie."*

165 Vernon St., Norwood, Mass.

Always smoking a pipe. We think he is American born but by his speech he is a typical Englishman. Very devoted to his family and is tickled to death when he receives his mail. Likes to brag about the sixteen-inch guns he worked with while in the C. A. C.

"Now on the ramparts—"

SERGT. CHARLES HAUGSTEN. *"Charlie."*

574 E. 8th St., N., Portland, Ore.

Used to sell millinery in Oregon. A pal to all of our officers. Very fond of, and efficient, at quartermaster work. Officers and ranking non-coms well pleased. Has an insatiable desire to eat in the kitchen. The first man in the Battery to start the souvenir craze.

"That is no fault of mine."

SERGT. LOUIS REED. *"Looie."*

1232 Swan St., Parkersburg, W. Va.

A minister's son but not true to type. He could speak sufficient German to enable him to get on the good side of the frauleins. Has a reputation of being an athlete. Prides himself on his literary ability. He is one of the few in the Battery that is strong for the "Y."

"Let's get next to this old lady."

SERGT. WILLIAM F. KRAUSE. *"Dutch."*

339 Virginia Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

Had a difficult time to make the natives understand his Pennsylvania Dutch. As billeting officer he always got the pick of the town and managed to have two or three good rooms at his disposal. It is best that we leave this country soon, or Sergt. Krause's affections will be planted here with some fraulein.

"That's a good billet you've got."

SERGT. RALEIGH HARRIS. *"Raleigh."*

125 E. 8th Ave., Denver, Colo.

Very diplomatic in his line. He has a gas attack of his own. He fraternized with all of our top soaks. Was detailed to the Officers' Training School but the sudden termination of the war lost for him his Commission. Raleigh considers himself witty and tries to keep the Battery in good spirits.

"You're good, you are."

CORP. EUGENE BURT. *"Burt."*

723 E. Cimarron St., Colorado Springs, Colo.

An electrician in civil life which contributed to his success in the army. Attended the house party on the Border. Wears specks to improve his personal appearance. Writes numerous letters home and then wonders how they get in the papers. Gene failed to raise a fashionable mustache.

"Say, looka here now—"

CORP. NOBLE CRAWFORD. *"Kuppa Koffee."*

205 Pacific St., Portland, Ore.

Was one of the telephone girls. Hails from Albuquerque, N. M. Always singing some wild song for the benefit of others. He is full of pep. He is easily offended over trifles but soon forgets his troubles and is as joyous as ever. His main delight is kidding Peterson.

"Hey, you worthless bum—"

CORP. WILLIAM A. ARGALL. *"Bill."*

1301 E. 10th Ave., Denver, Colo.

Bill loves the kids in the Battery. Emptied his canteen, sold his knife, burned his matches and stopped his watch to obtain rest from the "pestering kids." Our efficient mail orderly. Cruel to the Y. M. C. A. and partial to the Salvation Army. A worry to those censoring his mail. Always will regret that he enlisted in a kid's outfit. Gets up every morning before reveille.

"Don't ask foolish questions."

CORP. JAMES B. KASER. *"Jimmy."*

1140 Belevan Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

A miner from Victor. A very serious minded fellow and tends to business during drill hours, but when it comes time to play he cuts loose and is as lively and carefree as the rest. A good wrestler and takes an interest in athletics. Attended gas school and while on the front he chose the most unearthly hours to awake us with his alarms.

"You fellows oughtn't to do that."

CORP. JOHN POLLO. *"Pollo."*

Steamboat Springs, Colo.

Likes to exploit the Colorado strike and the National Guard. He believes that the men are to blame and the officers are faultless. Seems to be strong for discipline. Pollo was gassed by the shell that killed John Lahey. After spending two months in the hospital and the S.O.S., he rejoined us at Höhr.

"Oh boy."

CORP. THOMAS GRANING. *"Tommy."*

317 S. Wahsatch Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Has had more narrow escapes than any man in the outfit. Outside of nearly being drowned in the river Dordogne and being nearly killed in a motorcycle accident, and being kidnapped by a German fraulein in Walsdorf, Tommy's existence abroad has been one continuous round of pleasure. During a gas attack in Death Valley, Graning preferred to "play out" a rubber of bridge to donning his mask.

"Where do you get that old stuff, Jack?"

CORP. JAMES M. BAXTER, *"Scottie."*

253 Chapman St., Portland, Ore.

One of our "Ladies from Hell." Took an extra shot at the Huns at Beuvardes. An interpreter of Scottish songs and usually will display his talent for officers only. His laugh causes amusement in itself. A Cannibal for sweets. If Scottie would speak English we would consider him more civilized.

"Don't let that fellow into line."

CORP. JOHN F. BRAUER. *"Tuffy."*

22 Maple St., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Brauer enlisted to keep Nifong out of trouble. Always pleasant and courteous. He still maintains that there is a swimming pool in Stratton Park. William Jennings Bryan loved his grape juice but he hasn't anything on Brauer when it comes to Vin Blanc. The only thing we got against "Tuffy" is that he is the pal of Ike Nifong.

"Hey, Ike."

CORP. JOHN N. CABANISS. *"Jack."*

Box 611, Chico, Cal.

Held a high position in civil life and found the life of a buck private hard to take. Was an acting sergeant at Camp Lewis but resigned to be with "C" Battery. Jack tried out all the cafes and hotels in New York but declared that none of them could compare with the St. Francis or Tates.

"See me later about that."

CORP. WALDO T. STOUT. *"Bungy."*

630 Union Ave., N., Portland, Ore.

Gets our share of the mail. From the letters he receives he sure must have been popular in Oregon. We know he was popular in Castillon. It is rumored that "Bungy" is going to marry one of the attractive mademoiselles in Castillon. He earned the right to wear the D. S. C. when at Death Valley he left his place of safety during a terrific bombardment to rescue two old plugs—of tobacco.

"Gee, its a lot of trouble to read all of these letters."

CORP. CHARLES H. LEONARD. *"Leonard."*

Winlock, Washington.

Has a brother who was sent to the States as an instructor in Field Artillery soon after we hit the front, and thinks he has put one over on him. He engaged in several occupations while on the line. We think he likes to figure firing data the best. Rather hasty to render his decisions and frequently has to recall them. He was accused of being a New York Jew by Abraham Edidin.

"I'm going to get up for reveille in the morning."

CORP. ARTHUR J. DUNN. *"Jack."*

421 Craine Ave., Detroit, Mich.

A Denver shoe salesman with high ambitions. Proud of his smile—so are we. In Camp Baldwin Jack made application for the flying game. His most trying days were spent at Camp Mills. Always bawling somebody out and no one can come back strong enough to offend him. He uses a Virginia accent which he cultivated in Michigan.

"She's the finest little girl."

CORP. MILTON WHITTENBERGER. *"Whit."*

139 Main St., Long Beach, Cal.

A blond haired lady killer. Impresses us as having inside information. "Whit" would be glad to give us some of his dope but he fears that he would betray the confidence of those higher up. He describes in detail his social activities. Strong for the Dutch treats. Ambitious to become a tractor Sergeant. He has a super-six and we all know it. Very reserved, and selects his associates with great care.

"That's keen stuff."

CORP. JOHN BANKEIRO. *"Yunk."*

84 Richland Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

A keen minded pugilist from Frisco. A knock-'em-dead and drag-'em-out kid. Fond of entertaining the boys a la contortionist. A protege of Lieut. Turner's and a good mixer. "Yunk" is perfectly harmless but he would like to have the boys believe that he is a "tough" guy.

"Ask Lieut. Turner."

CORP. RUDOLPH JOHNSON. *"Rudie."*

1196 E. 35th St., N., Portland, Ore.

A fair, freckled-faced, auburn-haired youth from Scandinavia. A regular lady killer and is going to get married as soon as we hit the States. He acquired a reputation for work at the front and now that the war is over "Rudie" believes that working is one of the non-essentials.

"Heave! Heave!"

CORP. ORVILLE ROBERTS. *"Shorty."*

Sheldon, Mo.

Shorty is from Missouri, chews tobacco and likes the army. Very clever in performing antics for the German frauleins who fall in love with him at first sight. At the request of a sweet little German maid Shorty reluctantly parted with his treasured misplaced eyebrow. He is a good worker, and regardless of how hard the work may be, he is always in good spirits, nothing seems to dishearten him.

"Well, you can't do that."

CORP. EUGENE C. NIFONG. *"Chew."*

810 E. Willamette Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Nifong left us at Mills with the horse detail and is one of two of that crew to get back to the Battery. He is never satisfied. He was transferred to Regimental Headquarters twice and both times he managed through his restlessness to get back to the outfit. "Chew" was distinguished three times by his home paper; once when he enlisted, once when he slept between two logs, and when the war to him became a bore. One of the few men who could command the Colonel's attention with a few words.

"Sound off, 2nd Battalion."

CORP. ERNEST M. MATTLEY. *"Mattley."*

Jackson, Cal.

An ex-sailor who is strong for discipline. Earned his stripes in a gun section. Later Mattley took up automobiling and found it much better to his taste. He navigated his Quad over many a stormy sea and never once lost his balance.

"Well, I'll tell you now."

CORP. CLIFFORD C. LEACH. *"Leach."*

New Salem, N. D.

A husky, good natured fellow who never sees a dark side to anything. Always ready to laugh when there is nothing to laugh at. He is a man who has not yet outgrown his kid ways. That's what we like about him. Hard and faithful service gave him his stripes.

CORP. CHARLES A. TORBIT. *"Charlie."*

Fountain, Colo.

A corporal who gets along with everybody. Charlie has never been known to have a chewing match with a buck private. Was very fond of the work in a gun crew and is thinking of following something similar when he gets back to civil life. Although coming from a wild and woolly town he is quiet and peaceful.

"Well I say so."

CORP. WILLIAM F. JONES. *"Beat."*

430 S. 4th St., Victor, Colo.

A pal to the top soak. Everybody can obtain sympathy from Beat. He is one of the few men who never sounds off and is considered a pretty good soldier. Earned his stripes on a gun section. We don't know exactly how old he is, but we know he is not a kid, for he is a pal of Argall.

"They don't do that in Victor."

CORP. FRANK E. ARNOLD. *"The Duck."*

Snover, Michigan.

Is more interested in others' affairs than his own. Took a particular delight in having telephone girls page him at the front. He came to us at Nantillois and still wishes he was back with his old outfit. He is generally on the job. We do not know what he did in civil life but when it comes to carpentry he is right there.

"Did he say that?"

CORP. JAMES HARLEY, JR. *"Jock."*

334 S. Convent St., Trinidad, Colo.

A Scotchman and a pal to Argall. "I" is an important word in his vocabulary. Has a jolly disposition and knows the Highland fling. Enjoys nothing more than to corner men new to the front, and convince them that "C" Battery is the greatest outfit on the line.

"I am not Scotch, I am Irish."

CORP. HARVEY I. SHONTS. *"Shonts."*

Edwest, Colorado.

A typical Colorado farmer and proud of the fact. Never gambles but will play poker for francs occasionally. A gas expert and a critic of souvenirs. A hero in his own home town, the only man from there that ever saw service in France. His greatest worry is his hair, which is rapidly leaving him.

"Dad gummit."

CORP. MERRILL E. BENEKA. *"Beneka."*

939 E. 14th St., N., Portland, Ore.

Rather a clown who has never taken life or the army seriously. In the States he was quite a lady killer judging from his luck in France. He is one of the fellows who kept his folks in hot water by telling them what a devil he was at the front. His greatest talents are along vaudeville lines.

"You know me."

MECH. EARL M. SMITH. *"Smittie."*

906 Galena Ave., Galena, Kans.

Extremely proud of his record at the front as well as his past civilian record. He likes to have someone tell him how good a mechanic he is or even have you listen while he tells you what he can do. Was rather unpopular with the gun crews at the front, but records show that "C" Battery's guns were in firing condition more than any other Battery's in the Regiment.

"You'll have to come around later, I'm busy."

MECH. AURELIO RAGGIO. *"Ragg."*

3060 Buchanan St., San Francisco, Cal.

A man with a peculiar laugh. "Ragg" possesses the ability to kid them all along. He takes a special delight in Bill Argall. Had a narrow escape at Wasserbillig but with a graceful flying leap he saved his life. He is quite a wizard when it comes to repairing trucks.

"Well, those damned truck drivers."

MECH. JAMES H. COCHRAN. *"Jimmy."*

306 Prospect St., Ft. Morgan, Colo.

"Jimmy" learned all about our guns by taking off the wheels and greasing them while he was attending a French Ordnance school near Paris. He is an all around mechanic and even indulges in carpentry work once in a while. At the front Jimmy was a mother to his chief, Smittie.

"Well I don't know a thing about it, you'll have to ask Smittie."

MECH. ARTHUR A. WHITE. *"White."*

Box 180, Elk Grove, Cal.

He doesn't say much but thinks and does quite a bit. His favorite pastime at the front was making souvenirs and we venture to say that "White" has a variety of souvenirs that can't be equaled. Has the reputation of being the best mechanic in the Regiment.

"I'll fix that."

MECH. BENJAMIN A. GAYLOR. *"Benny."*

Elbert, Colo.

"Benny" takes a great interest in the African game of golf, probably the greatest crap shooter in the Regiment. Supposedly made a stake off from the boys. He prides himself on the fact that he never did any drilling since being in the Army.

"Come eleven—look out there craps."

MECH. WILLIAM L. CARTER. *"Nic."*

595 Davis St., Portland, Ore.

The Baker City stage driver. The only man in the outfit who is willing to work at all times. He very cleverly impersonates both Charlie Chaplin and Raggio. He was assistant to "Ragg" on a tractor and was transferred with him to the echelon. Speaks Raggio language fluently.

"Put a cigarette in my mouth, my hands are greasy."

COOK, THOMAS STRINGHAM. *"Tom."*

2228 Water St., Boulder, Colo.

Raynor's constant associate. Likes to kid the boys along as they get their slum, so they will neglect to criticize what he is handing out. Won seven hundred francs while at the front. A Black Jack shark. As a cook Tom is a good fighter.

"If I ever get out of the army, I'll never look at another kitchen."

COOK, WILLIAM H. DEISTLEKAMP. *"Deis."*

2129 Union St., San Francisco, Cal.

A quiet and modest cook. He is very accommodating and will part with anything which is in the kitchen. "Deis" drew the short straw at Nantillois and had to leave his dugout to stir the rice. Won our gratitude with French Fries and Hot Cakes.

"Take it when I am not looking."

COOK, ROBERT F. EUBANK. *"Bob."*

Fountain, Colo.

"Bob" is proud of two things; one is his ability to ride a broncho and the other is his promotion from incinerator sergeant to cook. Likes to impress Otto that he is always on the job. He cannot keep his hands out of the hot grease. Chuckles with satisfaction when he learns that the kitchen is to be located near a gin mill.

"If I give it to one, I'll have to give it to the whole Battery."

COOK, DANTE MARTINELLI. *"Mart."*

117 Aspern Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Here is a man with a very excitable nature. He has quite a reputation for making french fried potatoes and handing out juicy steaks. However he catered to those with Commissions only, and we are not qualified to judge his ability. He introduced Italian dishes to the Battery. Was wounded at Death Valley.

"No mattah."

BUGLER, EARL A. BROWN. *"Brownie."*

Childress, Texas.

"Brownie" is the son of Jack Brown, sheriff of Childress, Texas. His favorite theme is girls. Can always relate a story better than the one just told. His army career has been filled with disappointments; one day he is a private and the next he is a bugler. At the front he was a telephone operator and there was not a more willing man on the detail.

"Well that's nothing, I—"

BUGLER, BENJAMIN R. WILLIS. *"Red."*

Union, Ore., Box 143.

He learned the finer arts of goldbricking in the navy and applied them with great success in the army. While at the front "Red" earned quite a reputation as a truck driver. He would rather bugle than soldier any day. Like all sailors he has a girl in every port.

"If they don't put me back to bugling, it's damn little work I'll do."

WAG. LELAND E. BALDING. *"Cad 8."*

Arvada, Colo., Box 225.

One of those wise birds from Denver. He has a line of talk that can not be equalled. Tries to give the impression that he is hard, yet he is perfectly harmless. He is very fond of publicity in his home town. At the front he managed a F. W. D. very well.

"We mooped down the drag and I paid the freight."

WAG. LEO BELLOWS. *"Bellows."*

Polo, Illinois.

Makes a better listener than entertainer. Very quiet and reserved as becomes a tractor driver. Will give his opinion only upon the most weighty matters. What we like most about Bellows is that he never starts an argument and has not the appearance of a tractor driver.

"Well, I don't know—"

WAG. PAUL J. BLAIN. *"Blain."*

224 E. 13th and Clark, Goodland, Kansas.

A boiler maker from Kansas. A personal friend of Smittie's and how they got along together so well we have never been able to find out. A mechanic and a truck driver. Not very long in English but finds that a few cuss words help out. A Newlywed.

WAG. CLARENCE A. COX. *"Cox."*

Box 44, McCormick, Wash.

A small-town deputy sheriff from Hilsboro. A good mechanic and chauffeur. He sang romantic songs to the ladies in Paris and made a direct hit with one especially, who lived at the Hotel Ritz. Leader of the scrap iron quartette. His tractor was stuck in the mud at Montfaucon and they found that it was overloaded with souvenirs.

"I was here first."

WAG. RAYMOND DARLING. *"Grace."*

665 E. Morrison St., Portland, Ore.

Imported from Hawaii, carried along to provide juicy, spicy entertainment for our officers. Dances, sings and impersonates equally well. The Battery's "funny" man; kept us light hearted and never allowed gloom to come over us. We wouldn't be contented without our "Darling."

"Have you seen Goof Harris?"

WAG. WILLIAM H. EAST. *"East."*

1320 Court St., Salem, Ore.

Absolutely quiet. A good mechanic and appears to be ambitious. While at auto school his class elected him as their acting sergeant. He takes everything seriously and seems to get little pleasure out of army life. We would like to have him filled with champagne so that he would "sound off" for the boys.

"That makes no difference."

WAG. MYRON R. EVANS. *"Evans."*

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Evans enlisted because he thought he would have an opportunity to pay his respects to the beauties in Paris. To meet any social situation whatever and talk his way airily through it, Evans reads "Vanity Fair." Was seen riding about New York in a Pierce Arrow Limousine. We don't blame him for getting "lost" in New York. This war has been a bore to Evans.

WAG. ELWOOD T. HAAS. *"Haas."*

326 S. Nevada Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

A lad who never would take the army seriously. One of Sergt. Cator's friends, consequently he spent most of his time at the echelon. He admitted that he was a pretty good pugilist. Has a quick temper and has been very lucky to get by with it in this mans army. Was a truck driver at the front. Occasionally indulges in football and baseball.

"Watch me."

WAG. HARRY R. HUNT. *"Dug-out."*

282 Waller St., San Francisco, Cal.

He so loved his meals that he gave up drill to be first in line. Never kicks about the quality of the grub, but only on the quantity. One of the native sons. Took leave on his own accord to see Paris and claims that nothing there equals what there is in Frisco.

"Tractor drivers first."

WAG. JOHN LOBERG. *"Yohn."*

Blair, Wis.

Came to us at Camp Mills and broke into the limelight at Camp de Souge when he tried to dictate terms to the Cavalry Provost Guard. Was a carpenter but has developed into an excellent truck driver. Never known to start a conversation; probably he is ashamed of his Swedish accent.

"Yumping Yimminy."

WAG. CECIL J. MARTIEN. *"Martien."*

Milwaukee, Ore., Route 2, Box 140 A.

The founder of the "Society for the Abolition of Reveille." He is capable of making himself heard in any crowd. An accomplished player of the harmonica. Never lost an argument, for no one could be found who could talk as loud as he.

"Might is right."

WAG. JOHN L. REISINGER. *"Johnny."*

Manitou, Colo.

It seems strange that a man of his dancing abilities should take to tractor driving. He has gained so much weight in the army that we think his dancing days are over. A disciple of Whittenberger. Johnny always managed to keep on details which he preferred to drilling.

"That's easy."

WAG. GUY G. RIZOR. *"Rizor."*

Durkee, Ore.

A man who very often comes up to you and tries to mooch a cigarette without anybody seeing him. He is very elated with driving a Latil. Used to be a cavalryman and is credited with some good horsemanship. Has been known to shy at girls on the street.

"Got a little tobacco?"

WAG. PERCY L. THORNTON. *"Shorty."*

General Delivery, Portland, Ore.

Used to call him "Rob Nickles," an old street car conductor—made a good truck driver though—guess it's because there are no fares to be collected. A good natured scout and will always do you a favor. Drove the B. C. Truck at the front and claims that it is a disgrace to drive a Quad.

WAG. ATILLIO TRAVI. *"Frisco Kid."*

343 Edinburgh St., San Francisco, Cal.

Considers himself quite a kidder but the only man's goat that he ever got was Kindsfater's. No one could ever understand why his Latil was nearly always in the shop and why it took so long to repair it. Can't stand to have any one come back at him. Nothing pleases him more than to have someone take his picture.

"Henry, come in the house."

WAG. GEORGE E. UNDERWOOD. *"Lady Fingers."*

366½ Broadway, W., Portland, Ore.

Takes great pride in his personal appearance. He amuses himself by trying to kid someone. His greatest worry is his feet; it may be their size. Chuck full of good advice on any topic. Quite a ladies' man and gets innumerable letters from his home town.

"I did not."

WAG. GERVIES O'BRYAN. *"Jerv."*

Nederland, Colorado.

Wherever you hear a noise Jerv is there. Our wildest Irishman. Has a soft job driving a White reconnaissance car and intends to hang onto it. He has a temper as quick as powder. Suffered a great deal from home-sickness. Possesses a kind nature and is everybody's friend.

"You may be the world to your mother but you are nothing to me."

PVT. FRANK M. ARNOLD. *"Dad."*

The oldest man in the Battery but has the pep of a youth of 20. Enlisted to fight and not to soldier. If he had been a doughboy he would have many Huns to his credit. He has a craze for souvenirs and spent his extra time looking for them. Was always on the job and made his presence felt.

"Watch yourself."

PVT. FRANK A. LAMBERT. *"Shorty."*

Oak Grove, Ore.

A lad who used to be a soldier and claims that a sailor's life is a snap to the life on the western front. Judging from certain experiences we agree with him. He has had many and varied experiences and delights in entertaining us with his stories.

PVT. FRED G. ARNOLD. *"Fred."*

24 Burton St., Loughborough, Leicester, Eng.

He is an Englishman, not by the jokes he cracks, but by his everlasting good nature. Was once an English soldier and a good wrestler. Can wrestle still but seldom indulges. We agree with Fred that the S. O. S. played us a dirty trick when they salvaged our barrack bags.

"That makes no difference."

PVT. SELMAR BOE. *"Boe."*

1440 Montana Ave., Portland, Ore.

A pal of Caplet's. Boe is always explaining to Cap how he happened to miss reveille. He drives a troublesome Quad, which at present is the object of all his criticism. Possesses a cigarette holder three feet long. Thinks he is tough but we consider him as gentle as a lamb.

"Well, is that right."

PVT. CHARLEY BRIM. *"Brim."*

Hartwell, Mo.

One of the champions of the southern gang. Brim is from Missouri down near Lapland, and is true to the Missouri slogan. During his army career he has the honor of being in every section; which he liked best we don't know. Brim is not a bit bashful in telling us what he thinks of the army.

"This army is rot."

PVT. WILLIAM L. BRUNELL. *"Bill."*

303 Hancock St., Portland, Ore.

A singer and admirer of romance. He serenaded all the fat women of Castillon. Bill doesn't believe in hard work—he is not an exception. A graduate of the French Automobile Academy. Bill's hardest job in this man's army is to get up for reveille.

"Lend me five francs."

PVT. ROY B. BERRY. *"Berry."*

Sebastapol, Cal.

We never know what is on his mind except when he is "feeling good" and then he tells all he knows. A teamster by profession, but in the army a good man on the gun section. Rattle-brained ideas of Lieutenants and Sergeants only amuse him.

"Dog gone."

PVT. IRVIN B. BIRDABOVE. *"Birdabove."*

Xavier, Mont.

An intelligent Crow. He was wounded at Death Valley, later assigned to the 15th F. A. but took French leave and returned to the outfit. He and the rest of the tribe went on the warpath at Le Havre and with cries of "Powder River" he descended on the Camp, causing considerable excitement. Never says an unnecessary word.

"Ugh."

PVT. OSCAR J. BURNS, JR. *"Burns."*

Crested Butte, Colo.

Worked in the Q. M. at Baldwin, where he obtained the wrong idea of the army. Burns was a charter member of the poker club at Merritt. Entertained the sailors with a fake fight on the "Baltic." Burns filled the vacancy caused in the mechanical division of the Battery when Joe McCuan came into his own.

PVT. LOUIS CAPLET. *"Cap."*

Xavier, Mont.

A good scout. Likes to have a friendly tussle with anybody whose size gives him the advantage. Cap was one of the main pulls in the second section. His ambitions were realized when he became an assistant tractor driver. Likes to be in the limelight and is very often heard sounding off.

PVT. CHARLES A. BROWN. *"Brownie."*

Cripple Creek, Colo.

In his opinion an enlisted man is a slave, a dog and a fool—generally called a private by the officers. Takes full advantage of a soldier's right to grumble. When "Brownie" boosts for a thing the chances are that every man in the Battery is for it.

PVT. ERNEST H. BRUCE. *"Ernie."*

416 N. Prospect St., Colorado Springs, Colo.

First joined the navy, switched to the army and transferred to the kitchen. In Baldwin it was fowl that kept him awake at night; in Castillon it was Vin Blanc; and at the front it was gas. Maybe Ernie couldn't throw Cator, but we'll bet he could knock him out.

"Give us a little Chubbins."

PVT. IRVIN J. CHRISTENSON. *"Chris."*

Kotney, Idaho.

A Swede who speaks German fluently. Very talkative when in a good mood. Chris thinks the army is alright in war time but he can't hand it much in time of peace. The man to fire the first shot at the Huns. One of the "River Pirates." He doesn't like "sound off" and other nonsense.

"Raus mit 'em."

PVT. DAVID J. COLE. *"Davy."*

Husum, Wash.

The most ambitious man in the Battery. When not on duty he is studying, anything from botany to woman suffrage. At the front he operated a telephone most of the time and later transferred to the ammunition detail, but why, we never have been able to find out. To be popular with the girls he tried to raise a mustache but we think it was Davy himself that the girls fell for.

"Gosh hang it."

PVT. NED DECKER. *"Ned."*

Stuart, Iowa.

Rather embarrassed when one of the fellows asks him to show his pictures. Ned is, besides a soldier, a willing "Y" worker. It pays to advertise; Ned knows, for now he is writing to more girls than any man in the outfit. Takes special delight in relating to new arrivals the wonderful history of the Battery.

"Snap at it."

PVT. ALEX DEMOS. *"Alex."*

Seattle, Wash.

Have not yet seen him scared. Likes to pose as a strong man. Raises a Von Hindenburg mustache, which he holds very dear. Always willing to meet anyone in a test of strength. He is humored too much by the men and is a "spoiled boy."

"Hit 'em and take 'em."

PVT. PAUL CLEAVE. *"Sir Cleave."*

Meeker, Colo.

The Battery's bureau of information. Can talk for hours without convincing. Discusses electricity, politics, farming, science, economics and dressmaking with equanimity. Cleave is one of our hardest workers; always doing more than his share.

"And the like."

PVT. JOSEPH D. CONDON. *"Step and a half."*

2460 W. Lake Place., Denver, Colo.

A tall, slender, handsome soldier with no worries attached. Accepts conditions as they are. Was wounded in the arm and leg at Death Valley and refused to be evacuated to the hospital, preferring to remain on duty with the outfit. A corporal or sergeant's job does not interest Joe. Was the other man on the horse detail to return to the outfit.

"It makes no difference, lad."

PVT. ZACHARIAS COSMAS. *"Jack."*

Ensley, Ala., Box 278.

He was never known to miss a drill or formation. At Death Valley he lost his helmet and saved his life by holding a pair of shoes over his head. A good worker on a gun section but has not yet been able to tell the difference between B. M. 7 and B. M. 9 powder.

"I did know."

PVT. COMER C. CONWAY. *"Skeeter."*

Chapman, Ala.

Old Skeeter is from away down south and is always longing for mother's biscuits and honey. Skeeter was always at his post no matter how dark the night. He always says, "gosh a'mighty," and when very provoked says, "gosh a'might damn." Only the natives understand Skeeter, for he jabbers like a cock-a-too.

"Gosh a'mighty."

PVT. WILSON DUPREE. *"Whiskers the 2nd."*

Lexington, Ala.

A good little man that was always there. One of the southern gang but was always working. He endeavored to raise a better mustache than Ike. He is never caught in an argument with one of the "native sons." Was on a gun section and never growled on account of the work to be done.

"Wal I'll swan."

PVT. JOHN ENGBECK. *"Jack."*

27 S. 4th East, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A newlywed from Salt Lake who claims Portland, Ore., as his home. A hatter by trade but an all around good fellow by nature. G. P. F's. were harder to handle than hats, so Jack operated in the signal detail while at the front. He aspired to something higher, but now that the war is over he is satisfied to let things ride. Extremely proud of his jigging.

"That's old stuff."

PVT. ABRAHAM EDIDIN. *"Edidin."*

2138 Evergreen Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Never ate pork until he came into the army. Prides himself on being a good soldier, and probably he is, for he came from the C. A. C. A good singer and wants us all to hear his voice.

"They don't know nothing."

PVT. WILLIAM J. EUBANK. *"Bill."*

Fountain, Colo.

Has much respect for Belleau Woods. Takes special delight in venting his feelings on the breech block but never on any person. Could be easily mistaken for an aiming post. Never complains of any detail, so consequently when the top kicker is looking for a detail Bill is sure to be one of the goats.

"I'll be all right in the morning."

PVT. GRANT M. FREZIERES. *"Grant."*

Manitou, Colo.

This lad is from the foot of Pike's Peak. If dancing was part of the drill, Grant would have no kick on the army. His name suggests that he is a Frenchman, but we found that the only thing he liked about France was the mademoiselles. He is a tractor driver and still has hopes of being made a wagoner.

PVT. ANGELO FICCIO. *"Fish."*

2721 Morgan St., Tampa, Fla.

A piano player, a tailor, and has the gift of gab. Our latest addition to the "noisy bunch." He wanted a cartoon of himself and his shop in this book—our cartoonist said "it couldn't be done." Fish has learned that the army is no place to make money.

"If I can't do it, it can't be done."

PVT. WILLIE A. FLORES. *"Willie."*

Rambin, Louisiana.

The man with the gold front. Always made an impression on the frauleins by showing his gold teeth. He was always well heeled, but the source is unknown. A regular cut-up and a patron of the wine shops. Flores deemed himself so important as to require an order from the Captain to get his hair cut. Known as the man with the gold front.

PVT. JESSE G. GONZALES. *"Villa."*

1784 Filbit St., San Francisco, Cal.

A good-hearted Mexican from California. A butcher in civil life and has followed that profession in the army. Made himself famous by his choice steaks. A lady-killer in Frisco, and never tires relating his escapades with the beautiful women.

"Sure, help yourself."

PVT. MALCOLM D. GRAHAM. *"Mal."*

1601 Nevada Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Colorado's crack sprinter. While at Baldwin, Mal salvaged a cake, much to the sorrow of Maharry. Swears off smoking the first of every month. He has a bad habit of talking in his sleep. While we were in New York, Mal made several trips about the country in the direction of Baltimore. Mal had little difficulty in locating the deck when the fire extinguisher fell on the floor.

"Don't kid me, lad."

PVT. DANIEL GILL. *"Gill."*

1721 E. 21st St., Portland, Ore.

A man who came to us at Souge; knows the game and plays it fair. Constantly chuckling; anything pleases Gill. Is an automobile mechanic but preferred to be at the front on a gun section. His ambitions were never realized in the army.

"Aw, go on."

PVT. DEWEY GOODSPEED. *"Dewey."*

231 E. Vermijo Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Very frivolous and changes girls every week. The only thing he doesn't like about this army is being in it. When it comes to busting trucks and motorcycles, Dewey is right there. Dewey is a good worker but he doesn't believe in demonstrating his abilities.

"That's alright."

PVT. WILLIAM R. GOULD. *"Bill."*

Reno, Ark.

This man is a great friend of the barber's. A shark at poker, blackjack and craps. Another one of our C. A. C. men, but does not claim that the C. A. C.'s won the war. He is very fond of Coblenz and it appeals to him strongly. He also likes the frauleins. Chums with Flores.

PVT. GUY W. HANSON. *"Dutch."*

304 Chatatam St., Mobile, Ala.

A southerner and a regular clown. Very interesting and amusing to talk with. Was wounded in the foot at Death Valley. In civil life he was a marine engineer. An authority on saw mills. Dutch is very fond of talking and is always ready to engage in argument, no matter what the subject.

PVT. WALTER D. HODGKINSON. *"Walt."*

317 S. Wahsatch Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Came to "C" Battery at the outbreak of the war and served through all of our operations. Went to Brest on the motorcycle detail and had some thrilling experiences. At Blercourt he was injured in a motorcycle accident and left the outfit just before we started for Germany. Was willing and always gay and proved to be a friend in time of need.

"Sure I'm game."

PVT. HENRY A. HARRIS. *"Hank."*

403 W. Maple St., Wichita, Kans.

A dry-farmer from New Mexico, ex-cook, and a man of few words. Has a very funny and attractive laugh. He is always laughing and he is the only one that can see the joke. Spent most of his time at the front playing black jack. A good cook but a better man on a gun section; not so many to please.

PVT. ALBERT E. HATCH. *"Bert."*

225 N. 5th St., Victor, Colo.

A Cripple Creek miner. Took the boys on many a joy ride while we were in Castillon. A good athlete. Likes wine and will help anybody celebrate. A champion of the worthy cause of the assistant drivers. A truck driver who degenerated into an assistant tractor driver.

"I'll tell you how it is."

PVT. PETER C. HAUSER. *"Pete."*

757 Freemont St., Portland, Ore.

Popularly known as the "Albina Bum." "Silence is golden" applies very well to Pete. Likes to roll 'em. He would make a good funeral director. When you are out and on the bust, you can depend on Pete for your trust.

PVT. FRANCIS L. HINDS. *"Hinds."*

434 Jefferson St. W., Portland, Ore.

Kept close acquaintance with cooties—the acquaintance extended long after the armistice. A Sunday School teacher in civil life but does not apply his teachings in the army. He is frequently known as "one of the 57." A faithful worker and never shirked his duty.

"Oh, say—"

PVT. SILAS HARRIS. *"Goofy."*

367 Bellevue Ave., Daly City, Cal.

A songster from Frisco. They say in civil life he sang for a living—we don't doubt it, for he seems to be a pretty good entertainer. He found the Colonel very amusing one day and broke forth with an outburst of laughter that was very unmilitary. On arrival in a new town "Goofy" slicks up and goes out to locate some pretty frauleins and to take stock of the place.

"Where is Darling."

PVT. FRANK W. HATHAWAY. *"Hathaway."*

468 Yam Hill St., Portland, Ore.

A brown-eyed beauty. One of our men who takes great pride in his personal appearance. The only man to have the honor to be a first-class private twice. Very fond of and efficient at K. P. An assistant driver on the front who soon developed into a good "Quad Shover."

PVT. JOHN F. HUBACEK. *"Hubacek."*

1403 S. 2nd Ave., Maywood, Ill.

The man to whom the credit for most of the book's cartoons are due. Sprechens the Deutsch and has a good time with the frauleins. He is also a photographer and puts out some good pictures. While in Höhr he spent most of his time running the spot-light for the 148th show. He left with the show when it went on its tour of the Occupation Area.

"That ought to make a good picture."

PVT. JOHN T. HUTCHINSON. *"Hutch."*

Doyle, Lassen Co., Reno, Nevada.

Could not get enough chow by lining up, so he acquired the job of permanent K. P. Always contends that the duties of a tractor driver are more laborious than any other job. Had numerous clashes with the M. P's. and always emerged victorious. Hutch soon found out that a jackie's cap did not conform with army regulations.

"Give me a kiss, Joe."

PVT. WILLIAM G. HOLMAN. *"Hip."*

710 Albina Ave., Portland, Ore.

The only fellow who ever beat the army. Was transferred to Brigade Headquarters and from there to the 146th F. A., where it did not agree with him and was sent back to us, the only outfit that could give him a good home. A mechanic and known to us as one of the "Albina Bums."

"Oh, Baxter—"

PVT. FLOYD A. JOHNSON. *"Johnson."*

Maple Hill, Kans.

A relic from the Border Campaign and a man who has "been there." A farmer in civil life and plans to take up a homestead when he gets back. A pal of "Happy" Townsend and has not been the same fellow since "Happy" left us. Endeavored to show a tractor a good time at the front.

"You don't know a damned thing about it."

PVT. LOUIS C. HENDERSON. *"Looie."*

220 E. Las Animas St., Colorado Springs, Colo.

One of our motorcycle demons. Looie is a good truck driver also. His White won the race at Chateau-Thierry. He seems never satisfied and is always trying to transfer. Used to be a dog-robber but now thinks he has risen above that. He is always in for a good time and always seems to have one.

"You tell 'em."

PVT. WESLEY W. HENDRICKS. *"Toothbrush."*

Kendrick, Colo., R. F. D. B.

A pal of Bob's and is always in for a soft job. Was a member of the bald-headed club. Another one of our men who tried to raise an A. E. F. mustache. Would rather be in the Q. M. than be a powder monkey. On the drill grounds he finds it hard to keep in step.

"You'll have to see Bob."

PVT. JESSE O. JOHNSON. *"Old Jess."*

Florala, Alabama.

The king of the ammunition detail. Old Jess worked according to his moods. Formerly a supply sergeant and fond of bragging about what he got away with. He is always talking of that little girl of his down south. Trained under Gruber.

"Wal, I'll swear."

PVT. AVERY F. JONES. *"Jones."*

Nicholas, S. C.

A southern fellow who speaks with the accent of the south but does not associate with the "southern gang." Very interested in tobacco and very enthusiastic about his tobacco farm down south. A crack shot with the service rifle and will be on the team representing the 148th in the shooting matches.

"Well, boys—"

PVT. GEORGE E. JOSEPH. *"Joe."*

2116 W. Pikes Peak Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

A side kicker's of Whit's and a good worker if in the right mood. A telephone operator who would show up any central. Very often seen with Warner Small; probably that is why he is liked so well. Was on the Battery football team and shows lots of pep if offered encouragement.

"Is that straight dope?"

PVT. GEORGE B. KURTZ. *"Kurtz."*

Ft. Logan, Colo.

The Major's dog-robber and the bird who can give 'em all information. While over here he spent his time driving a Dodge, impersonating Paul Revere. Lives at Bn. Hdq. but comes to the Battery occasionally to get a square meal. Had numerous experiences in Castillon and very fond of relating them.

"I have a line of my own."

PVT. MIKE KLINE. *"Mike."*

Belle Fourche, S. D.

A fellow who shovels it in with both hands and complains of the punk grub. The C. A. C. gave us Mike. Came to us at Blercourt and was transferred back to his old outfit while we were enduring our stay in Höhr town "on the Rhine." He has Irish written all over his map.

"If we only had better grub."

PVT. HENRY KINDSFATER. *"Bootnose."*

Milliken, Colorado.

He always takes advantage of his position when on guard and does not hesitate to call an officer. There was one time in the army that Henry found it necessary to shoot snipes. He believes in acquiring his passes from the Brigade Commander. His Quad couldn't resist the temptation to climb a telephone pole.

"You tell 'em, native sons."

PVT. NICHOLAS E. LONG. *"Nic."*

Worsester Bldg., Portland, Ore.

A man with no enemies. Drove a Latil on the front. Used to drive with Travi and would rather drive with him than the General himself. A member of the Ole Quartette. He is like "Os," has got to have a song before he can talk business.

"Aw! come on, let's have a song."

PVT. JACK W. BORER. *"Jack."*

Box 157, Yuma, Ariz.

A great man from Arizona. Rumor has it that he shot a man over a card game. A hunter, sportsman, gambler, business man, outlaw and last, but not least, a devil with the ladies. He was the best dressed soldier in the S. O. S. He could never manage to get his nails trimmed in time for reveille.

"How's the chance to get a little milk and toast."

BUG. DAVID MORRIS. *"Morris."*

1528 Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Our bugler from the C. A. C. Makes a hit with all of the girls. Comes from N. Y. and endeavors to make us believe that he has experienced all there is in New York City. Was transferred to us at Blercourt and left the outfit to rejoin his old Company while we were at Höhr. Some say that he is a good bugler.

"At ease, men."

PVT. CHESTER LITTLE. *"Blonde."*

Forest Home, Ala.

A handsome, blond haired fellow who hails from the south. An enthusiastic crap shooter. Sergt. Roberts finally discovered his camouflaged dug-out at Nantillois and called his attention to the fact that there were plenty of shells to wrestle. He is very fond (?) of all kinds of hard work.

"Let me see."

PVT. BENJAMIN F. LITTLEFIELD. *"Ben."*

Greer, S. C.

The apparent leader of the southern crew. A slicker at gambling but a shark at poker. Always loans and spends his money in a good-hearted way. The leader of the quartette of revival songs while on the front but now that the war is over we seldom hear him singing revival hymns.

"The old army game, chuck-a-luck."

PVT. FRANCIS A. LAMAARE. *"Lamaare."*

38 Harbor St., Salem, Mass.

Changes from one section to another at will. He is as shy as a fox, and we never know what his next move will be. Very fond of guard duty. A source of grief at formations and inspections. A good worker and keeps his peace.

"Heah."

PVT. JAMES CECIL LARRISON. *"Whity."*

112 N. Spruce St., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Would rather miss reveille than eat the best breakfast the cooks could prepare. Admits that he does not care for the military game. He was a truck driver and his main objection to the White truck was it's limited speed. Judging from the way he drove his truck we believe Whity would make a good aviator.

"Hop on and ride."

PVT. BOYCE LITTLEFIELD. *"King B."*

Greer, S. C.

A shark at black jack. He always picked his prey with careful scrutiny. One of Gruber's soldiers but never learned his lesson. It was a race between him and Skeeter to see who would get off the hill first when the Huns were shelling Esnes. A good rifle shot.

"Do you remember."

PVT. LAURENCE MCCOY. *"Mac."*

1357 Curtis St., Denver, Colo.

In Castillon he spent most of his time with the mademoiselles trying to learn to speak French. On the ammunition detail on the front, and always had Sergt. Roberts on his trail. Give Mac a square deal and there is no better worker in the outfit.

PVT. EDWARD E. MCCARTNEY. *"Mac."*

1608 Lincoln Ave., Hot Springs, Ark.

Spits out his words as if they were hot. After he has completed his say, you wonder what he has been talking about. At times he is terribly despondent, for the army to him is one continual round of grief. Mac is still looking for that truck driving job.

"Well, I know—"

PVT. VERL R. PARK. *"Tex."*

Provo, Utah.

Was very popular with the telephone girls in the states but ours gave him no pleasure. Carries on a large correspondence with the girls at home. Went to auto school but did not specialize in autos. Was one of the ammunition drivers who could be depended upon.

"Whip her out and let her pop."

PVT. BENJAMIN F. MYERS. *"Ben."*

Fairview Terrace, Stanford, Conn.

A lad who believes that a Quad needs as much persuasion as a mule and also thinks it is sensitive to cussing. A very pious lad, wears a wound stripe and bunks with Pew. He is fond of midnight parties.

"Back in the C. A. C."

PVT. CLARENCE C. MYERS. *"Myers."*

Pinele, Mont.

The Battery's barber. After a fellow gets shaved he goes and fills his mouth with water to see if he leaks. Unusually quiet for a barber. Doesn't care whether he works or not but finds it easy to get out of drill.

"Who's next?"

PVT. ANTONIO D. NICOLINI. *"Nic."*

Ione, Amador County, Cal.

Nic is an Italian and says for a money proposition the army is punk. Has made a lot of "kale" in the States and after the war plans to go to Italy and show his folks a good time. As long as he can have a cigar in his mug he is happy. Nic, like the rest of the Italians, is very popular with the ladies.

"Oh, no you don't."

PVT. ISAAC W. ANDERSON. *"Ike."*

Gresham, Ore.

Makes a hit with the frauleins—thinks it's his Dutch that causes them to fall for him, but it is his good looks. Hails from Gresham, the largest suburb of Troutdale, a town of 300 inhabitants. Admitted to be a village cut-up. Was wounded at Nantillois but is too modest to wear a wound stripe.

"Oh boy."

PVT. NATHAN MASTERSON. *"Masterson."*

Pierpont St., Peabody, Mass.

He is not alone when it comes to possessing a great likeness to the French mademoiselles. Relics and souvenirs are also in his line. Always ready to learn, regardless of what it is. A serious minded fellow, but can enjoy all kinds of play.

"How do you get that way?"

PVT. WILLIAM MATSON. *"Mat."*

Redlodge, Mont.

The only man in the Battery who went through the war without ever once putting on his gas mask. We believe he is a Swede. It is on record that he smiled once since being in the outfit. When the army taught him to play baseball he became interested in the outfit. A good man on a gun section.

PVT. ROBERT L. MCEWAN. *"Fuzzy."*

1085 E. 24th St., N., Portland, Ore.

He is not at all interested in drills and is hard to find when there is a fatigue detail. In sports he shows such an amount of pep that one does not recognize the Fuzzy of the diamond as the Fuzzy of the drill ground.

PVT. MARTIN V. MANLEY. *"Dicka."*

Ft. Meade, Fla.

From a good State and is homesick most of the time. Always raving and wishing he had some good old Florida fruit. He is very fond of snakes and professes to be an amateur naturalist.

"Well, it's like this."

PVT. JOHN F. MORIARTY. *"Wild Irishman."*

139 Pine St., Holyoke, Mass.

The smallest man in the Battery; he has to stand on a soap box to shake hands with Walker. One of the Captain's dog-robbers. Under the tutelage of Yunk we expect him to become a famous pugilist. One of the kids of the Battery who became a man when we got our long pants.

PVT. ROSARIO J. MORIN. *"Morin."*

147 Main St., Sanford, Maine.

A quiet Frenchman. Came to us at Blercourt from the C. A. C. Very enthusiastic about Socker and is a clever player. He probably came over here to locate some of his long lost relatives after he had finished with the Huns. A good worker and accepts all details without a rumpus.

PVT. CLARENCE MCLENNAN. *"Mac."*

224 N. Spruce St., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Chief Dispatch Rider, Corp. McLennan, was discharged at Camp Merritt but sneaked out of the U. S. A. and joined the 146th. He finally rejoined the Battery at Aincreville. A pal of Dewey, which we think makes him so reckless. He has been all over France as a member of the A. E. F., but with no particular outfit. He intends to settle down and stay with us until we get home.

"Don't ask me."

PVT. JOSEPH F. MCLAUGHLIN.

33 French St., Watertown, Mass.

One of the very few (?) men who is fond of missing reveille. A great chum of Boe's; sometimes they are called the "twins." The only time he likes the "Y" is when they hand out chocolate and doughnuts; he doesn't like it very often. A C. A. C. man but has quit "sounding off" about what they did in this guerre.

"Let's go."

PVT. ALVIN L. NOYER. *"Al."*

1146 E. 16th St., N., Portland, Ore.

Always dolled up. Shaves daily, but why, we don't know. Uses powder to beautify his complexion. He out-rivals any stenographer at gum chewing. In the circus at Castillon he proved to be a typical Cleopatra. Has a habit of agreeing with all of his superior officers. A shark at baseball.

"Now you're kidding."

PVT. ERNEST S. MCCARTY. *"Mic."*

1133 N. St., Fresno, Cal.

This is a lad from Ireland, and he is not ashamed to admit it. Happy-go-lucky with never a care in the world except when a G. I. can is coming his way, and then he is careful enough to get out of the way. When he is asleep and not in some scrap he is a pretty good sort of a fellow.

"You know me lad."

PVT. FLOYD NAPIER. *"Napier."*

Chillicothe, Iowa.

Professes to be an electrician in civil life. Belongs to our C. A. C. gang. He is from Iowa but claims no relationship to Decker. We never know what is on his mind for he never expresses it. Is in the telephone section and hopes to enlarge his electrical experience.

PVT. ERNEST NORTH. *"North."*

133 Franklin St., Scranton, Penn.

A juggler and vaudeville actor. A good mixer. He is always wanted by Chapple for missing all calls. Pulls some good dry comedy once in a while. What he thinks of the army, would be censored.

"Oh hell."

PVT. LEONARD E. LEWIS. *"Old 1st Class."*

Gentersville, Ala.

A 1st-Class private of the southern gang and they are proud of him. The only man in the outfit that shuts his eyes when he laughs. Hard to find when on the ammunition detail but when on the guns you couldn't find him at all. Some say that he has the reputation of being the hardest worker of the southern gang.

"Give me butts."

PVT. OSCAR E. NOREN. *"Os."*

895 Brooklyn St., Portland, Ore.

"That there" fellow from the University of Oregon. Has to have a song before he can talk business. Always ready for a good time and when a little work is to be done he will help out if they get him before he sees them coming. Has a great respect for an oncoming G. I. can. Also a truck "shuvver."

"Come on, let's have a song."

PVT. WALTER M. HUNT. *"Hunt."*

9321 Jeffery Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Has had considerable hard luck while in the army, but has always managed to pull through all right. He came to us at Nantillois and claims no relation with either the "native sons" or the southern gang. Was on a truck while at the front and although he has been separated from us several times, he is back again and expects to stay till the last.

WAG. LEM PRITCHETT. *"Lem."*

Alicia, Arkansas.

Our newest arrival, transferred to us while we were stationed at Höhr. Came from the 154th Infantry, 39th Division. He is the only doughboy we have in the outfit and it is up to us to convert him to the artillerymen's point of view. He is interested in farming and will probably follow that line when he gets back. A crack shot with the pistol.

PVT. AXEL PEARSON. *"Axel."*

Missoula, Mont., R. F. D. No. 1, Box 2.

A man who chews snuff and seasons his speech with smiles. His name denotes that he is a Swede but that is nothing against him. Axel swore off drinking the day he spilled his much cherished wine. Likes the mademoiselles and frauleins and is always amusing them.

"Give us some."

PVT. IRA H. PETERSON. *"Pete."*

Mist, Ore.

Crawford's side kicker and orderly. He is conscious of the fact and admits that he is the best lineman "C" Battery ever had. Time for him is too valuable to waste on others. A good and willing worker at the front and kept the communication open.

"What's the matter now."

PVT. RAYMOND A. PALMQUIST. *"Ray."*

Route 4, Gresham, Ore.

An Oregon man and a Prince of Goodfellows. Served on a gun section throughout the war and always stuck to his duty. Ray left us a few days before the Armistice on account of meeting with an accident. He came from the same part of Oregon as "Ike" Anderson but we think there is no relation between the two, although they may have their eyes on the same girl.

PVT. ALLAN W. HALE. *"Hale."*

Ridgefield, Washington.

An Oregon man who chums with Beneka. Because Beneka is a successful vaudeville star we think it is no reason that he should endeavor to teach Hale the same tricks. Hale received his discharge while we were at Höhr and it was good for him, for we believe Beneka's influence was taking effect.

PVT. PATRICK O'SULLIVAN. *"Pat."*

West Pullman, Ill.

The wild Irishman from the C. A. C. Very curious about all of the points of the G. P. F. Pat's favorite pastime is to chew a few pounds of tobacco each day. He doesn't belong to the "southern gang" or the "native sons" but he holds his own with both of them.

"Where's Skeeter?"

PVT. ROLLAND C. PEW. *"Pew."*

Plymouth, Amador Co., Cal.

He says that every time a shell came his way it bore his name. We don't doubt it for when they come they say Pew-ew-ew-ew. When on M. P. duty he is in his glory. He can get more pleasure out of one glass of Vin Blanc than any man in the outfit. He is a good baseball player and takes pride in showing his skill.

"Not on your life."

PVT. JOHN W. PORTIS. *"Port."*

1316 Union St., Portsmouth, Ohio.

A C. A. C. veteran who seems quite new to the Springfield. He brags about having the toughest beard of any man in the outfit, but manages to smooth them over, when he goes on pass to Coblenz. Every Jane he sees go by he exclaims, "gee, aint she a peach."

PVT. EARL RASMUSSEN. *"Earl."*

Whealand, Penn.

Hails from Michigan and is always longing for Detroit and the good old summer time. He trained with Ernie Bruce but never pulled off the bout. We think he took the training to secure the diet given to our prize fighters. Would like to be a ladies' man. Rather secretive about his trips to Coblenz.

PVT. JAMES W. REED. *"Reed."*

3029 54th South, East, Portland, Ore.

Speaks English, French and German fluently and gets along fine with the girls. Likes to give the impression that he is highly educated. Deals in long worded discussions and never runs out of wind. Wears eye glasses to improve his looks. Solicits correspondence.

"Jimminy Crickets."

PVT. THOMAS J. REYNOLDS. *"Reynolds."*

429 E. Buchanan St., Portland, Ore.

Found it hard work to subsist on Battery feed and pack projectiles after spending most of his time in the Headquarters Company. He soon got accustomed to the Battery work and was a good man on the ammunition detail. He came to us at Nantillois.

PVT. ARTHUR H. RAYNOR. *"Raynor."*

White Pine, Montana.

Raynor's favorite topic is deer, and favorite occupation is K. P. Owner of the eighteen-pound shotgun. He exhibited his skill as a marksman by killing a pet deer belonging to a Frenchman. Always works up enough ambition to answer sick call and is never late. Raynor has got us all beat when it comes to relating stories.

"Aw go on."

PVT. JAMES I. SALTER. *"Salter."*

A man who never swears, smokes or drinks. A school teacher in civil life. One of the "southern gang" but does not associate with them. A good worker and believes in taking his time. Very popular with the better sex.

PVT. ZELL D. STANFORD. *"Zell."*

Chapman, Ala., Box 55.

The only man who can hold his own with the "native sons" when it comes to talking. At home he may like to work but he does not consider the army his home. A very dear friend of Sergt. Chapple's and they were never known to have any differences.

PVT. EARL C. STEENBURG. *"Earl."*

720 Ridge St., Keokuk, Iowa.

A fellow who is very reserved and quiet, but surprised us all when he displayed an enormous amount of energy in athletics while we were enduring the torture at Höhr. Joined the outfit while we were firing from Rochet Woods. Very fond of swimming, they say his favorite sport at home is to swim the Mississippi.

PVT. JOHN A. SHEPPARD. *"Sheppard."*

Gillespie, Ill.

The best pot shiner in the outfit. One of our favorite K. P.'s Unusually neat for a K. P. and one who is aspiring to be a cook. An old side-kicker of Raynor's. They used to step out among the mademoiselles and frauleins.

PVT. EDWARD D. SCHOMACKER. *"Ed."*

Garden Home, Ore.

Would have the entire army regulations revised. Possesses a great liking for roll top desks, French maidens and well founded rumors. Upon matters of great importance, such as M. P. or the peace conference, he has the inside dope. As manager of our baseball team he won considerable fame. He fell hard for several mademoiselles but to our knowledge never made a hit.

"Absolutely."

PVT. LEOPOLD ROY. *"Roy."*

22 Creston St., Seabrook, N. H.

Was with the 155 shorts, wears a wound stripe and has a good record. He can read, write and speak French which makes him out of place here in Germany, except to translate the letters the boys receive from the mademoiselles. A pal of Cleave's. On convoys he always was wondering when we were to eat.

"None of that old stuff."

PVT. FRED G. RUBLE. *"Ruble."*

508 Park Ave., Piqua, Ohio.

Came from Ohio and is strongly in favor of the baker's trade. Very fond of playing cards when there is money in sight. Was enthusiastic about salvaging while on the front. Visited Paris while we were stationed at Höhr and thinks that opportunity alone compensates him for his trials while in the army.

PVT. CLARENCE W. RANDALL. *"Walt."*

Gypsum, Colo.

Used to be the Captains dog-robber. Fell into disfavor when he burned Lieut. Turner's cot. Became famous on the motorcycle detail on which he earned the reputation as a "connoisseur" of wine. When not busy with the Captain's personal effects, he ventured forth in search of souvenirs.

"I'll get even with that guy.

PVT. ROBERT RANKIN. *"Scotty."*

Victor, Colorado.

If Scotty was stalled in the Sahara desert without food or water, but a jug of Vin Blanc, he would call it paradise. When it comes to working he is right there. If he wasn't jolly he wouldn't be called "Scotty." In Castillon he pulled some parties that caused a great deal of amusement.

"And would ye believe thawt."

PVT. JOHN W. RIHNASKY. *"Rihnasky."*

Newcomer, Penn.

A C. A. C. man who was transferred back to his old outfit while we were stationed at Höhr. He never could understand how a fellow could "twist" a Quad. Very fond of getting Blain in an argument. He thinks the C. A. C's. won the war, it is probably because he has not been with the 148th long enough.

"Let's go."

PVT. WILL ROBERTS. *"Will."*

147 Pike St., Huntersville, Ala.

Very restless when in civil life; always changing places. Sort'a likes the army as it offers him the chance to lead the wanderer's life. He is a good relater when telling of his daring and reckless experiences. A good soldier (?), goes out to drill when marked quarters.

"What's on for today?"

PVT. CHARLES STEINER. *"Steiner."*

Rothsay, Minn., Route 2.

Says he is not a German, at least not a "pro." Harbors a dislike for hospitals and surgeons. His dialect is a cross between an Irish and Swiss. Credit Steiner with all of Berry's achievements and possessions. Judging from his hatred for the Germans he would have made a good doughboy.

"I'll betcha."

PVT. FREDERICK L. STEVENSON. *"Steve."*

139 E. 14th St., Portland, Ore.

Gets a kick out of life playing penny-ante. Likes to become involved in all arguments, resents disagreement. Thinks that his section excels all others. His girl fears that the French maidens have captured his affections.

"You can't pull that old stuff."

WAG. HEBER SARGENT. *"Sarg."*

Hoytsville, Summit Co., Utah.

A tractor driver who can not be told anything by the mechanics. One of the few men who hates the army like poison. Very amusing when growling. You can very easily tame him with a little sympathy. He considers his opinion to be law.

"Aw shucks."

WAG. WARNER B. SMALL. *"Herpie."*

323 N. Institute St., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Prematurely bald and it seems to worry him. Although a perfectly able man he likes to be waited upon. A lady-killer from Cripple Creek. It is rumored that he acquired his nickname by using Herpicide. He is one of the select gang. His F.W.D. could be easily started when the shells were breaking near.

"How goes it gentlemen?"

PVT. EDMOND J. SWEENEY. *"Old Naval Militia."*

456 E. 17th St., N., Portland, Ore.

Saw previous service in the Naval Militia. Very adept at throwing verbal barrages which do not always reach their objectives. On certain occasions he is known to exhibit skill as a dancer. Claims to be Irish —he don't need to tell us that. Cold water plunges seem to fascinate him. He has the "gimmes."

"Scratch my back."

PVT. ANTONIO TRAVERSARO. *"Tony."*

21 Lizzie St., San Francisco, Cal.

Acquired all his English while in the army. He is from Frisco but don't mix with the "native sons." An Italian by birth and a gentleman by nature. Very fond of the French damsels. Secured a furlough while the Battery was in Germany and went to Italy to see his folks.

PVT. RAYMOND D. SCHLEMMER. *"Schlemmer."*

1215 Lippert Rd., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Likes to "polly" deutsch with the frauleins. He belonged to the C. A. C. at one time but since he has been with the 148th he sees his past folly. Joined us at Blercourt. A teacher of English in our post schools. Has a reputation for occasionally uttering some witty sayings and springing some comedy stuff.

"It is, you know."

PVT. LEONARD E. SMITH. *"Smith."*

Laural, Mont.

An Oregon trooper reputed to be a good scrapper and poker player. Managed a truck on the front. He is not boisterous but can have a good time in any crowd. Give Smith a good truck and you can depend on him to get the ammunition to the guns. Spent his most trying days at Nantillois.

PVT. PERCY SHOLES. *"Percy."*

Trojan, S. D.

Used to be a cook, that is, he held the rank of cook. One of the best sprinters in the Battery. He left us at Nantillois for a period of rest in the hospital. Rejoined us later at Höhr. A charter member of Battery "C" and is the same Percy as he was the day he enlisted.

COOK JOSEPH M. FUCHS. *"Fuchs."*

781 Savier, St., Portland, Ore.

The cook that Troop "C" gave to us. Has been a cook during his whole army career. At the front he was engaged in handing out slum to the 2nd Battalion Headquarters. Since leaving the front he has been cooking for the Officers' mess. He must be a good cook.

PVT. NOAH L. TUCKER. *"Noah."*

Laurel Hill, Fla.

A tall, good looking southerner who came to us at Rochet Woods. Seems to be a favorite with the southern boys; and is with us all. Belonged to Sergt. McAninch's section and offered to whip any guy that said anything against that section. A good worker and gave the Boche all he had.

PVT. WILLIAM R. WALKER. *"Walker."*

Lockbourne, Ohio, R. F. D. 2.

Our biggest man. Six feet, ten inches. Has feet that put Chaplin's in the background. Has an ideal reach of four feet. Nature was considerate when she made him kind and peaceful. Came from the C. A. C. and intends to stay with this outfit for the remainder of his career.

PVT. ALVIE L. WHEELER. *"Whispering Wheeler."*

Mildred, Montana.

Lost his voice in England and found it in France. Considers himself somewhat of a chef but all we can say is, that he is a good can-opener. A dry farmer from Montana who took out a homestead, and has nearly earned the right to own it. Drawls his voice and furnishes amusement for the whole Battery.

"Wall I reckon."

PVT. ASHLEY O. WILLIAMS. *"Williams."*

Clarendon, N. C.

A man that never tires of telling about his wonderful girl. Came to us at Nantillois. Very interesting to converse with and according to his testimonies his girl can't be beat. He is comical while he is serious. From N. C., and has the southern drawl which is very attractive to us Westerners.

PVT. ARTHUR F. WEBER. *"Weber."*

5332 Bowmanville Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A pal of Walker's; at least they bunk together. Not as large as Walker and probably could not whip him. That is why they get along so well. Weber is also from the C. A. C. He received a discharge while we were stationed at Höhr. We all wished that we could have gone home with him.

PVT. JOE WERRE. *"Weary."*

Elgin, N. D.

His name is characteristic of his actions. He would have made a fine Y. M. C. A. worker. Gained weight on the luxuries of the kitchen when serving in the capacity of permanent K. P. The hardest thing he ever did was to make an application for discharge.

PVT. GEORGE WALKS. *"Chief."*

Xavier, Mont.

An Indian direct from the reservation. He delights in amusing the boys by pulling out his whiskers—a razor is unknown to him. A good soldier, a good worker and sets a good example. Always jolly and is perfectly at ease.

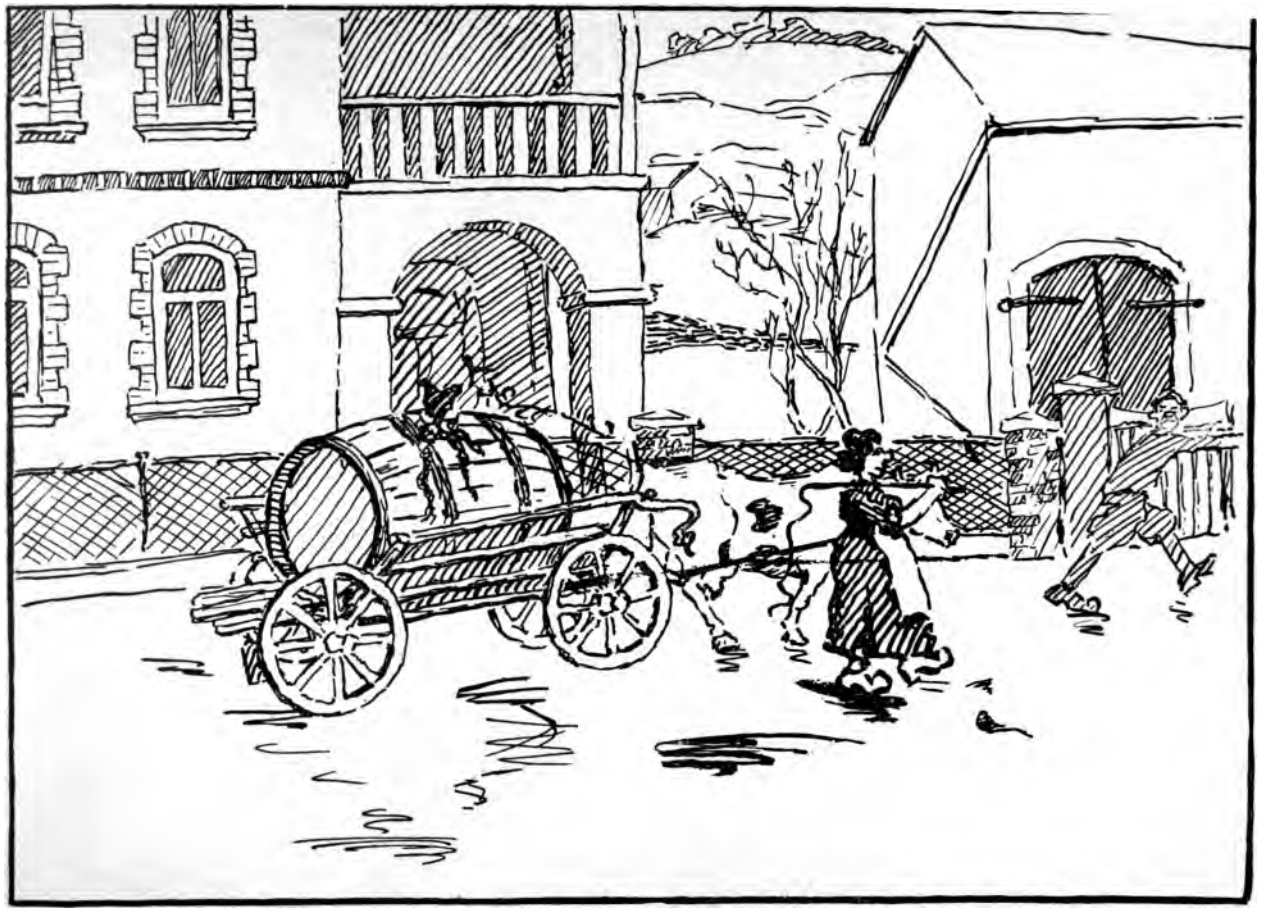
"Powder River, let 'em buck."

PVT. ALBERT J. WORTHINGTON. *"Worthy."*

Copita, Tex.

Tries to be a soldier to the best of his ability but is not appreciated by his superiors. Slow and plodding but never known to lay down on the job. Never seen talking to the better sex during his whole army career. He has not changed a particle since he enlisted and we suppose he will be the same old Worthy seventy years from now.

"Aw."



Sweet Memories Of Höhr

We call these "honey wagons;" they are wagons in which the Germans haul away their refuse. The odor is not at all pleasant, and a gas mask is a good thing to have when one is coming your way.

PAST OFFICERS OF "C" BATTERY

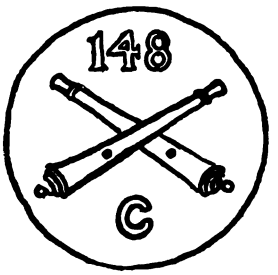
A good portion of the credit for the success of Battery "C" is due to the officers that have at one time or another commanded in "C" Battery. We have had several officers and each one we well remember. Every one of our past officers worked with zeal and energy to put this outfit on a par with the best. The accomplishments and reputation of "C" Battery is the reward for their untiring efforts and endeavors to place it in the foremost rank.

At all times our officers were with us and for us. Their rank did not hold them alcof from the enlisted personnel of the Battery. They trained with us, they instructed us and commanded us with a spirit of firm co-operation and impartiality.

Some of them were on the line as officers in "C" Battery. Others served on the front in different organizations. They all saw service on the line and a few of them tasted German steel.

We extend our appreciation to them for their faithful services and are proud to say that these officers were at one time commanding in Battery "C."

MAJOR VICTOR W. HUNGERFORD.
CAPTAIN CANTON O'DONNELL.
CAPTAIN ARTHUR F. DORAN.
CAPTAIN DANIEL W. KNOWLTON.
CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. SCHADE.
2ND LIEUT. PAUL E. BOSSART.
1ST LIEUT. JEFFERSON HAYES-DAVIS.
2ND LIEUT. ARVIN D. ROUNDS.
2ND LIEUT. GEORGE B. THOMAS.
2ND LIEUT. JOHN DUNN.
2ND LIEUT. HORACE F. LUNT.
1ST LIEUT. JAMES H. GOWDY.
2ND LIEUT. OTTO ELLIS.
1ST. LIEUT. JESSE BENSON.
1ST. LIEUT. CALVIN G. LITTLEFIELD.
1ST LIEUT. ANDREW J. LAWTON.
1ST LIEUT. EDWARD F. HART.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FORMER "BUCKS" OF BATTERY "C"

The average "buck" private of any organization usually feels rather meek in that he is not of higher rank, this is not true in Battery "C," as some of its enlisted personnel has risen to national prominence. Each and every member of Battery "C" occupies an exalted position, regardless of their title.

The records of the men who enlisted in Battery "C" and gained their first knowledge and experience with that unit, and who have received recognition of their services by way of Commissions, are accomplishments of which we are justly proud.

ALBERT R. GARDNER, JOURNALIST.

Enlisted in Battery "C" as private, April, 1916.
Promoted to Sergeant, August, 1916.
Promoted to Sergeant-Major, November, 1916.
Attended the first Officers' Training Camp, Ft. Riley, May 15 to Aug. 15, 1917.
Commissioned Captain Field Artillery, Aug. 15, 1917.
Assigned as Instructor in Field Artillery to Second Officers' Training Camp, Ft. Sheridan, Sept., 1917.
Promoted to Major, Field Artillery, December, 1917.
Assigned to 332nd F. A., Camp Grant, May, 1918.
Transferred to the Field Artillery School for Brigade maneuverings, Camp Doniphan, June, 1918.
Assigned to General Staff, Washington, D. C.
Promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, Field Artillery.
Assigned Chief of Staff of Artillery.
Handled the records of expansion of the U.S. Field Artillery until May, 1919.
Ordered overseas to complete records. June, 1919.

H. A. SAIDY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Enlisted as private in Battery "C," May 31, 1916.
Promoted to Corporal, July, 1916.
Promoted to Sergeant, December, 1916.
Mustered out with Battery "C," March, 1917.
Entered first Officers' Training Camp, Ft. Riley, May 15, 1917.
Commissioned Captain, F. A., August 15, 1917.
Command of Battery "E," 341st F. A., Camp Funston.
Attended School of Fire, Ft. Sill, Graduated in March, 1918.
Instructor School of Fire, March 1 to December 18, 1918.
Promoted to Major, F. A., Sept. 18, 1918.
Discharged Ft. Sill, December 16, 1918.

BARTOW H. HALL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Enlisted as private in Battery "C," May 31, 1916.
Promoted to Corporal, July 1916.
Mustered out with Battery "C," March, 1917.
Commissioned 2nd Lieut., Officers' Reserve Corps, May 10, 1917.
Attended Officers' Training Camp, Ft. Riley, May to August, 1917.
Promoted to 1st Lieut., Aug. 15, 1917.
Attended Artillery School, Lauman, France, Oct., Nov., Dec., 1917.
Assigned to the 6th Field Artillery, January 1918.
Commanding Battery "E" from March 1st till return to the States.
Promoted to Captain, April 25, 1918.
Participated in the Cantigny, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne operations.
Twice wounded, June 17th and Oct. 4th, 1918.

HORACE F. LUNT, MINING ENGINEER.

Enlisted as private in Battery "C," May 31, 1916.
Promoted to Corporal, July 23, 1916.
Promoted to Sergeant, July 28, 1916.
Discharged, Nov. 11, 1916.
Commissioned 2nd Lieut., Nov. 12, 1916.
Resigned, March 26, 1917.
Commissioned Captain of Engineers, U. S. Army, Sept. 20, 1918.
Duty as student, Engineer Officers' Training School, Camp A. A. Humphreys, Va., Sept 30, 1918 to Jan. 10, 1919.
Discharged, Jan. 10, 1919.
Commissioned Captain, Engineers Section, Officer's Reserve Corps, Feb. 24, 1919.

STUART PHELPS DODGE, JOURNALIST.

Enlisted as private in Battery "C," May, 1916.
Promoted to Corporal, July, 1916.
Mustered out with Battery "C," March, 1917.
Attended first Officers' Training School, Ft. Riley, May to Aug., 1917.
Commissioned Captain Field Artillery, Aug. 15, 1917.
Assigned to Hdq. Co., 340th F. A., Sept. 3, 1917.
In command of Hdq. Co., 340th F. A., and Assistant Operations Officer till end of war.
Army of Occupation, Nov. 29, 1918 till May 8, 1919.
Participated in the St. Mihiel Offensive.
Discharged at Camp Upton, June 24, 1919.

GARDNER L. WILLIAMS, SALESMAN.

Enlisted as private in Battery "C," May, 1916.
Promoted to Corporal, July, 1916.
Promoted to Sergeant, Sept., 1916.
Mustered out with Battery "C," March, 1917.
Attended 2nd Officers' Training Camp, Ft. Sheridan, Sept., Oct., Nov., 1917.
Commissioned 1st Lieut. F. A., Nov. 15, 1917.
Assigned to the 10th F. A., Dec., 1917.
Attended School of Fire, Ft. Sill, March, 1918.
Discharged, Feb., 1919.

JESSE N. BENSON, MINING ENGINEER.

Enlisted as private in Battery "C," May, 1916.
Promoted to Corporal, July, 1916.
Promoted to Sergeant, Nov., 1916.
Mustered out with Battery "C," March, 1917.
Attended 2nd Officers' Training School, Ft. Sheridan, Sept., Oct., Nov., 1917.
Commissioned 1st Lieut., Nov. 15, 1917.
Assigned to Battery "C," 148th F. A., April, 1918.
Transferred to Field Artillery R. R., June, 1918.
Further record unknown.

JAMES H. GOWDY, CLERK.

Enlisted as private in Battery "C," May, 1916.
Promoted to 1st Sergeant, July, 1916.
Elected 2nd Lieut., Sept., 1916.
Promoted to 1st Lieut., Nov., 1917.
Transferred to the M. T. C., June, 1918.
Participated in the Aisne-Marne Offensive, St. Mihiel Offensive and the Meuse-Argonne Offensive.

WASHINGTON PASTORIUS, INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE.

Enlisted as private in Battery "C," May, 1916.
Promoted to Corporal, July, 1916.
Promoted to Sergeant, December, 1916.
Mustered out with Battery "C," March, 1917.
Attended 1st Officers' Training Camp, Ft. Riley, May to August, 1917.
Commissioned 1st Lieut. Field Artillery, Aug. 15, 1917.
Assigned to Headquarters Co., 340th F. A., Sept. 3, 1917.
Sailed for France, June 13, 1918.
Regimental Signal Officer till end of war.
Army of Occupation, Nov. 29 till May 8, 1919.
Commissioned Captain F. A., March 26, 1919.
Participated in the St. Mihiel Offensive.
Discharged June 18, 1919.

LEWIS GIBBS CARPENTER, INSURANCE AND INVESTMENTS.

Enlisted in Battery "C" as private, May, 1916.
Commissioned 1st Lieut. Field Artillery, National Guard of Colorado, July, 1916.
Resigned Commission, May 12, 1917.
Attended 1st Officers' Training School, Ft. Riley, May to Aug., 1917.
Commissioned 1st Lieut. F. A., Aug 15, 1917.
Promoted to Captain F. A., Dec., 1917.
Attended School of Fire, Ft. Sill, 1918.
Commanded 1st Battalion, 340th F. A., until July, 1918.
Transferred to Division Headquarters, 89th Div., Aug. 1, 1918.
Participated in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne Offensives.
Wounded in action at Beaufort, France, Nov. 7, 1918.
Army of Occupation from Nov. 1918, till March, 1919.
Evacuated to the U. S. as convalescent, April 15, 1919.

MORRIS A. ESMIOL, BROKER.

Enlisted in Battery "C," as a private, May, 1916.
Promoted to Corporal, July, 1916.
Mustered out with Battery "C," March, 1917.
1st Officers' School, Ft. Riley, May to Aug., 1917.
Commissioned Captain, Field Artillery, Aug. 15, 1917.
Assigned to 340th F. A., Sept., 1917.
Sailed for overseas, June 13, 1917.
Army of Occupation Nov., 1918 till May, 1919.
Participated in the St. Mihiel Offensive.
Discharged at Ft. Russell, June, 1919.

JEFFERSON HAYES-DAVIS, BANKER.

Enlisted as private in Battery "C," May, 1916.
Promoted to Sergeant, July, 1916.
Mustered out with Battery "C," March, 1917.
Commissioned 2nd Lieut. Battery "C," April 22, 1917.
Promoted to 1st Lieut. 148th F. A., Nov. 22, 1917.
Transferred to Headquarters Company, 148th F. A., Dec., 1917.
Attended School for Artillery Aerial Observers, Feb., March and April, 1918.
Arrived at the front with Escradrille 40, May 19, 1918.
Participated in the St. Mihiel, the Meuse-Argonne and Aisne-Marne Offensives.
Cited for gallantry in action at Vosges, France, Aug. 3, 1918.
Recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal.
Promoted to Captain of Air Service, March 1, 1919.

JOHN W. DIAMOND, COAL DEALER.

Enlisted in Battery "C," July, 1916.
Promoted to Sergeant, July, 1916.
Promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant, July, 1916.
Promoted to 1st Sergeant, Aug., 1916.
Mustered out with Battery "C," March, 1917.
Attended 1st Officers' Training School, Ft. Riley, May to Aug., 1917.
Commissioned Captain Field Artillery, Aug, 15, 1917.
Assigned to the 340th F. A., Sept., 1917.
Detailed as Regimental Adjutant, Oct., 1917.
Further Military record unavailable.

HARRY R. GALBRAITH, AUDITOR.

Enlisted as private in Battery "C," May, 1916.
Promoted to Corporal, Aug. 6, 1916.
Promoted to Sergeant, June, 1917.
Discharged from Battery "C," Aug. 1917.
Inspector, Ordnance Department, State of Colorado, Nov., 1917.
Commissioned 1st Lieut. Field Artillery Reserve, March, 1918.
Assigned to Battery "D," National Guard of Colorado, March, 1919.

PAUL E. BOSSART, SALESMAN.

Enlisted as private in Battery "C," May, 1916.
Promoted to Corporal, July, 1916.
Promoted to Quartermaster-Sergeant, Dec., 1916.
Commissioned 2nd Lieut. Battery "C," 148th F. A., Oct., 1917.
Transferred as Instructor to French Artillery School, Langre, France, June, 1918.
Assigned to 307th Battery, French Artillery, July 10, 1918.
Transferred from the 307th French Artillery to Instruction Staff, French Artillery School, Oct., 1918.
Discharged at Ft. Howard, Md., Feb., 1919.

LEROY A. RADTKE, STUDENT.

Enlisted as private in Battery "C," May, 1916.
Promoted to Corporal, Aug., 1916.
Promoted to Quartermaster-Sergeant, Oct., 1916.
Mustered out with Battery "C," March, 1917.
Attended 2nd Officers' Training School, Ft. Sheridan, Sept., Oct. and Nov., 1917.
Commissioned 2nd Lieut. Field Artillery, Nov., 1917.
Further record unknown.

GEORGE B. THOMAS, COLLEGE PROFESSOR.

Enlisted in Battery "C," May, 1916.
Promoted to Corporal, July, 1916.
Promoted to Sergeant, July, 1916.
Elected 2nd Lieut. Battery "C," Aug., 1916.
Resigned Commission Battery "C," Sept., 1916.
Further record unavailable.

JOSEPH L. EATON, FARMER.

Enlisted as private in Battery "C," July, 1917.
Promoted to Corporal, Oct., 1917.
Promoted to Sergeant, Nov., 1917.
Assigned to Artillery School of Instruction at Gondrecourt, France, March, 1918.
Recommended for Officers' Training School, April, 1918.
Attended Officers' Training School, Saumur, France, June, July and Aug., 1918.
Commissioned 2nd Lieut. Field Artillery, Aug., 1918.
Further record unavailable.

GEORGE S. BALLOWE, SALESMAN.

Enlisted as private in Battery "C," June, 1917.
Promoted to Sergeant, Oct., 1917.
Recommended for Officers' Training School, June, 1918.
Attended Officers' Training School, Saumur, France. Aug., Sept. and Oct., 1918.
Commissioned 2nd Lieut. Coast Artillery, Oct., 1918.
Assigned to 148th F. A., Nov., 1918.
Army of Occupation, Dec. to May, 1919.
Participated in the Champagne-Marne Defensive, Aisne-Marne Offensive and the Meuse-Argonne Offensive.
Discharged Ft. Russell, June, 1919.

WILLIAM P. CHOATE, BANK CLERK.

Enlisted in Troop "C," Oregon Cavalry, April, 1917.
Transferred to Battery "C," 148th F. A. as Corporal, Oct., 1917.
Promoted to Sergeant, Aug., 1918.
Attended Officers' Training School, Saumur, France, Sept., Oct. and Nov., 1918.
Recommended for Commission Field Artillery, Nov., 1918.
Commissioned 2nd Lieut. 148th F. A., April, 1919.
Assigned to Battery "C," 148th F. A., May, 1919.
Participated in the Champagne-Marne Defensive, Aisne-Marne Offensive, St. Mihiel Offensive.

ARTHUR L. CATOR, FARMER.

NEAL J. HAWKINS, SALESMAN.

RALEIGH R. HARRIS, DRAFTSMAN.

These three Sergeants attended Officers' Training School at Saumur, France, but the signing of the armistice prevented them from receiving commissions. They refused to accept commissions as offered them in the Officers' Reserve Corps.

THEODORE T. LEONARD, REAL ESTATE.

WILLIAM L. SELLS, SALESMAN.

These two Sergeants were detailed to the U. S. as instructors in Field Artillery.

PAST MEMBERS OF "C" BATTERY

These men were a part of "C" Battery either serving in the States, or in the American Expeditionary Forces. Some were with us until nearly the last. Others left after only a very short period with the Battery since we became a part of the A. E. F. We consider them as still members. A few have left the organization entirely. We consider them members not because they have been near us, but because their spirit has been with us. We connect their names with Battery "C" and always shall. Some have been wounded and evacuated to the United States. We lost others through accidents, some slight, some serious.

In the future when "C" Battery's Honor Roll is called THESE men will answer, "PRESENT."

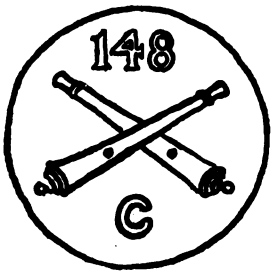
GEORGE S. BALLOWE.
ANDY BARR.
LOUIS J. SCHNELL.
ARTHUR L. CATOR.
DAN ROSENZWEIG.
WILLIAM L. SELLS.
THEODORE T. LEONARD.
FRANK M. CHAMBERLAIN.
HUBERT McGLINN.
EMIL EICHENBERGER.
THEODORE B. JOHNS.
JAMES A. PECK.
JESSE PIERCE.
HERSCHEL SMITH.
LOUIS J. JOHNSON.
JOSEPH H. McCUAN.
FRANK L. ESTES.
FRANCIS R. EASTLAKE.
CHARLES N. OVERMAN.
HARRY ROTERT.
RICHARD E. LAHEY.
FRED P. JENSIK.
RHYNEHARDT E. McCASKILL.
MALCOLM N. McCASKILL.
ARTHUR W. JONES.
WILLIAM L. CARPENTER.
CARL H. GROTH.
WILBUR H. WANDELL.
HARRY SANTSCHI.
CHARLES W. WESSELL.
GEORGE H. MILLER.
JOHN HAREM.
ALBERT ANDERSON.
IVAN G. MORRIS.
JOSEPH SCHACTER.
EDWARD J. MILNE.
CHARLES B. NEGUS.
JOSEPH L. EATON.
WALTER H. LILLY.
HORTON H. BLAIR.
CECIL HOLMES.
HARRY G. DAWSON.
ROY G. HARRIS.
ALBERT H. PROCTOR.
FRANK C. TOWNSEND.
ZIGFRED JENSEN.
ERNEST LE QUATTE.
JOHN H. VAIL.
THEODORE CARLSON.
JAMES W. CONDON.
ROLLAND W. CREEKS.
FRANK DOLL.
CHARLES JOHNSON.
WILLIAM H. KING.
RUDOLPH MITCHELL.
WILLIAM I. NEWBROUGH.
FRANK B. RUNYON.
JOE SMITH.
CHARLES STRANGE.
ERNEST M. WRIGHT.

PAST MEMBERS OF "C" BATTERY—Continued

WESLEY W. BENEDICT.
JOHN J. BOVARD.
GUY D. BUTTERFIELD.
GEORGE G. ELMORE.
HUBERT R. ERLBROOKES.
OTTO A. KELLY.
CLYDE G. PARKER.
LEE E. KENT.
SAMUEL L. PHILIP.
JAMES W. REED.
THOMAS M. CLEMMENT.
WILLIAM M. BANNING.
GEORGE W. BAUMHOFF.
GEORGE M. BURRELL.
ROBERT A. CHADWICK, JR.
THOMAS G. CORLETT.
HORACE G. FRANZ.
FRANCIS GILPIN.
CLIFFORD G. KNAPP.
ARNOLD T. POOLEY.
ROBERT RHEA.
HARRY SHELLENBERGER.
FREDERICK M. P. TAYLOR.
JOSEPH F. UNDERWOOD.
THOMAS P. NEWBOLD.
THOMAS LAWRENCE.
NORMAN SMAIL.
CHARLES THOMAS.
MILIA ORENGRADSKY.
FRANK G. PALMER.
CHARLES F. LAUTERMAN.
CHARLES F. WAGONER.
WILLIAM K. PAPAS.
CECIL A. ROCK.
HUGH WOOLSEY.
CLAUDE V. SCHENCK.
OSCAR H. STONE.
WILLIAM S. ABBOTT.
WILLIAM L. BARTLETT.
ROCKWOOD BULLARD.
LEWIS G. CARPENTER.
OLIVER E. COLLINS.
GILBERT EVERETT.
ALBERT R. GARDNER.
WILLIAM D. HOWERTON.
RAY E. MILLER.
HORACE M. RAGLE.
CLAUDE RICHMOND.
FRANKLIN C. SMITH, JR.
FREDERICK J. TIENKEN.
GILES EGGLESTON.
C. C. MINOR.
MARION F. MORRIS.
JOHN T. SHERMAN.
SHERMAN LOGSDEN.
EARL BRAGG.
CARL F. NELSON.
ORVILLE J. HOVEY.
C. KRAFFT.
GEORGE S. ABBOTT.
J. MYERS.
GEORGE W. WALSH.
FRANK. F. TYSON.
GARDNER L. WILLIAMS.
APOLLIS C. ESMIOL.
WASHINGTON PASTORIUS.
HABEEB A. SAIDY.
MORRIS A. ESMIOL.
BARTOW H. HALL.
HARRY R. GALBRAITH.
EDWARD J. MAY.
BRUCE A. GUSTIN.
ROY SMITH.
FRANK WADE.
EVERETT BROWN.
JOHN W. DIAMOND.
KRAFFT E. GINDER.
ARTHUR A. HAMPTON.
ANDREW HJUL.
CARL T. HUMPHREY.
DELMAR V. IRVIN.
FREDERICK W. JUNG.
CHARLES L. MCMANNIS.
EARL H. MAHARRY.
JOE W. MARCROFT.
FRANK J. MONTAGUE.
LEROY A. RADTKE.
HARRY STANLEY.
JOHN E. SULLIVAN.
JOHN E. SHEERAN.
EUGENE A. TIPTON.
JAMES H. TOOL.

PAST MEMBERS OF "C" BATTERY—Continued

ALLAN M. TRUE.
LESTER WALLOCK.
MORGAN W. WYLAND.
RAYMOND W. JOHNSON.
JOHN R. FARRINGTON.
WILLIAM T. POLLOCK.
ROY W. VAN VACTER.
FREDERICK D. MOORE.
WILLIS M. MARSHALL, JR.
LOYAL D. KRYDER.
EDWIN L. MADDOX.
ARTHUR W. PINNICK.
GEORGE D. RILEY.
GEORGE E. MITCHELL.
RICHARD BRADSHAW.
HUGH C. COFFIN.
WILLIAM C. ARMSTRONG.
ROBERT H. GREER.
WILLIAM C. KELSEY.
RALPH L. BODDY.
ARNOLD G. BUCKNER.
ALBERT FORTIER.
FENTON FORD.
ALFRED R. JAMES.
STANLEY MCHATTON.
DANIEL THIESSEN.
WILLIAM B. GARRETT.
MILTON E. BUTLER.
STUART P. DODGE.
EDGAR STITH.
LLOYD M. BODE.
JESSE R. SAMMS.
JOHN H. ALLEN.
ARTHUR G. BRANFORD.
LEE S. GARDNER.
THOMAS I. HYDE.
JOSEPH C. MARSH.
FRANCIS G. MILNER.
WILLIAM MURPHY.
FLOYD C. ROBERTS.
RALPH SEVERNS.
BENJAMIN E. THOMAS.
BRYAN SALADAY.
SANTO J. AUSTIN.
BERNIE L. GREENE.
GEORGE R. VANCE.
GEORGE F. MULLEN.
FRANK SABUDA.
PERCY R. WHITE.
THEODORE AMENT.
JOHN M. COOPER.
ELWYN A. GOODSPEED.
ROBERT KUNTZ.
ROBERT R. MCINTYRE.
CLARENCE MOORE.
EARL E. PEAK.
ORVILLE SEE.
STEPHEN SINKO.
CHARLES H. VAIL.
MURRAY HUBBELL.
LOUIS GOOD.
WILLIAM WEIR.



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